

May 1927

THE RED BOOK M I N E



Which Way
Youth Headed?"

Borden Harriman

Arthur Somers Roche's

Latest Novel

"Fallen Angels"

"The Moral
Revolt"

By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

THE NEW Lucile, Paris - Holeproof STOCKING



A clinging, filmy chiffon of pure thread silk... coloured by Lucile in chic and tantalizing hues for spring and summer modes



A famous doorway in the world of fashion—
11 Rue de Penthièvre—through which step
the world's most smartly dressed women to
select Lucile-Paris costumes.



© H. H. Co.

These sketches are reproductions of originals from Lucile's studios in Paris. The one above is a chic afternoon model in rose crêpe de Chine, trimmed in soft-toned gold lace. With it Lucile suggests the shades: *Fleur de lis, Céleste, Valerie.*

HERE is news for every woman in America. A new and "frenchy" stocking that, this season, we believe will be worn more than any other. A great hosiery maker and a celebrated *couturière* collaborated in its making.

TO PARIS FOR COLOUR

The science of knitting flawless, cob-web chiffons is best known in this country. But the flair and inspiration for exquisite colour rests in Paris. So, for the first time, a world-famous maker of America joins with the master artist of *le beau monde*... Lucile.

Now there comes a new conception of the stocking mode. A new sense of correct colours, proper shades—and how to choose them. For Lucile forecasts the mode and then creates new Holeproof shades to correspond. Thus American women by the thousands, today, wear colours seen along the world's most fashionable promenades in Paris.

Pure thread silk
Full Fashioned
Lucile-Paris colours

\$1.95

This lovely stocking is offered you in every one of Lucile's new colours. In sheer chiffon it is extremely smart for evening wear as well as afternoon. In its heavier service weight it is chic as well as serviceable for daytime use.

Holeproof Hosiery
Milwaukee, and London, Canada

This dainty afternoon frock is distinctly different and its lines are proving immensely popular. It will be modeled from *crêpe de Chine* in a charming *rose-grey* shade. With it Lucile recommends one of the new shades: *Doris, Peuple, Fleur de lis.*

MANY COLOURS—FEW CORRECTIONS
Ordinary shades may seem to match the mode, but Lucile asserts that in twenty nicks often one alone will be correct. That's why there is one Lucile pink, Fanchon; but one Lucile beige, Riviera. So in Lucile you have a colour authority that Holeproof, alone, of all fine hosiery can offer you.

THIS STOCKING COSTS \$1.95

The Lucile-Holeproof stocking picture here comes in transparent, sheer chiffon as well as heavier service weights. Free from imperfections. Free from streaks or shadows, as are all Holeproof styles. Dyed in new shades by a non-fading process. Invisibly reinforced at toe and heel for extra weeks of wear. Full-fashioned—slenderizing and delicately alluring.

See this number at your Holeproof store. Other styles range from \$1.00 to \$2.95. All are of the same flawless texture. All give the same long wear.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a protest from over-coddled gums

*Our gums are soft—
sometimes they bleed—for their health has been
impaired by lack of stimulation from our food.*

HAVE you ever noticed as you brush your teeth, a tinge of pink upon the bristles of your brush?

If you have, it is a sign that your gums need your immediate attention. It does not necessarily mean that you have pyorrhea, but it certainly does indicate that you should at once begin to look after the health of your gums.

Why gum troubles are so prevalent today

Most cases of "pink tooth brush" and other troubles of the gums can be traced to a dormant condition of the gum tissue, to a lack of exercise and of stimulation.

Our diet is soft and creamy, we eat too quickly. Our teeth and gums do not get enough rough, hard chewing that coarser fare would give. The circulation within the gum walls becomes sluggish and slow.

The gingival tissues lose their tone, they grow soft and tender to the brush. They bleed—the first warning of more serious troubles to come—of gingivitis—Vincent's infection or even, perhaps, the dread pyorrhea.

How Ipana and massage repair the damage soft food does

To change the culinary habits of our households is a task too radical to attempt. Servants would leave. Guests might not enjoy it. But it is simple, as any dentist will inform you, to keep the gums in health in spite of modern food.

Massage is one great aid. Ipana Tooth Paste is another. A gentle frictionizing takes but a minute morning and night and helps to restore the normal circulation, to relieve congestion and to bring



the gums back to a healthy state. As one authority says:

"The instant the gums are brushed properly the blood starts to flow more rapidly and a new life and color make their appearance."

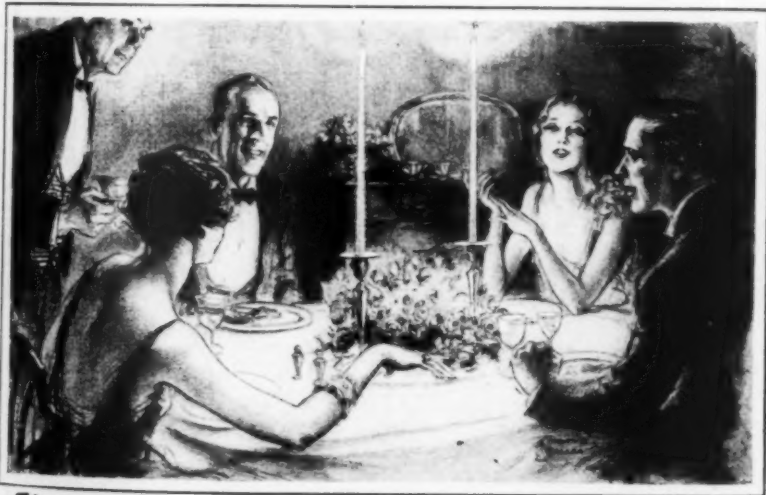
And this frictionizing, or massage, is all the better if Ipana Tooth Paste is the agent. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic known and used by the dental profession for many years. This ziratol content gives Ipana its remarkable power to aid the massage in toning the gums and in rendering them firm, sound and more resistant to infection.

Make a full-tube trial of Ipana

The coupon in the corner will bring you a ten-day tube—enough to acquaint you with Ipana's delicious flavor and its unexcelled cleansing and polishing properties. Indeed, thousands use it for these virtues alone.

But the full-size tube from the drug store, providing more than a hundred brushings, makes a fairer and more thorough test of its good effects on your gums. So give Ipana the full 30 days' trial and see if you, too, do not decide that this is the tooth paste you want to use for the rest of your life.

* From a standard text-book on preventive dentistry



Under a regime of modern food—soft and over-refined—our gums grow soft, weak and unhealthy. This page explains the simple method dentists recommend to offset the lack in our diet, and to keep our gums firm and sound.

IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-57
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Dayton Thorobred Extra-heavy Tubes. Grey—of finest rubber. Red—of purest antimony. Steam welded and reinforced at valve base. They will hold air.

Cheaper MILES, safer miles—smoother miles — faster miles — with the UNPARALLELED Dayton Stabilized Balloon

EVEN the most experienced, conservative drivers are thrilled by the matchless performance, ruggedness, and trouble-free service of the Dayton *Stabilized Balloon*. Again the sponsors of the pioneer low air pressure tire—the Dayton Thorobred Cord—revolutionize the standards by which tire values may be judged.

Stabilized construction was developed exclusively by Dayton engineers. It combines every tire advantage—long life, easy steering, smooth riding, and utmost safety. Stabilizing bands of friction rubber draw center of tread parallel to center of rim, thus preventing

"shimmying." Flat, center-traction tread has complete four-point road contact. No singing, no rumbling. Quick-grip, quick-release non-skid gives lightning "get-away"—no slipping or sliding. All rubber used is specially tempered by an exclusive Dayton process and will survive the drubbing punishment of extra thousands of miles of ruts and roads.

It takes an unusual product to win such enthusiastic endorsement as users invariably give the amazing Dayton *Stabilized Balloon*. Examine the tire itself. See the Dayton dealer before you buy tires.

The Dayton Rubber Manufacturing Co., Dayton, Ohio



Dayton* STABILIZED* BALLOONS

* ON WHEELS OF LARGE DIAMETER—install Dayton Thorobred Cords—superlative tire values that shatter all mileage records. The Dayton Thorobred is the pioneer low air pressure cord—the first to combine comfort with safety and endurance.

McCormack is truly McCormack on the New Orthophonic Victrola

WHETHER an exacting operatic air or one of those simple, haunting melodies for which the popular tenor of Old Athlone is better known, it is vividly McCormack on the new Orthophonic Victrola. Just as truly as though you sat in the fourth row at a McCormack recital!

For the Orthophonic Victrola reproduces everything and misses nothing. The mannerisms . . . the very *personality* of the artist . . . these are re-created perfectly by Victor's new and exclusive principle of "matched impedance." Only in the living presence of the singer can you hear

such music as the Orthophonic Victrola brings to your fireside.

An unlimited source of home entertainment

Without regard to hour, day, or season, the new Orthophonic Victrola is ready to entertain you and your friends with music of your own choosing. No matter what the type of music—operatic, symphonic, popular song or spirited dance—it will be sung or played by the world's foremost artists.

If you have not yet heard the new Orthophonic Victrola play the new Orthophonic Victor Records, you cannot conceive of the tremendous

strides that have been made in the science of sound-reproduction. Critics, musicians and music-lovers have been amazed that any instrument could achieve such realism.

The new Orthophonic Victor Records rival in importance the invention of the Orthophonic Victrola itself, as a contribution to better music in the home. They reproduce tones that are neither too soft nor too loud, but full, round, mellow, natural. These new records play on *any* instrument . . . and greatly *improve* its playing quality!

Let your ears tell you what words cannot. Go to your nearest dealer and ask for a demonstration of the new Orthophonic Victrola. There are many beautiful models, from \$95 to \$300, list price. Silent electric motor (\$35 extra) eliminates winding. You play . . . and enjoy.



The Orthophonic Victrola furnishes the finest music for the home. The Four- forty (above) is \$165, list price.

The New Orthophonic Victrola

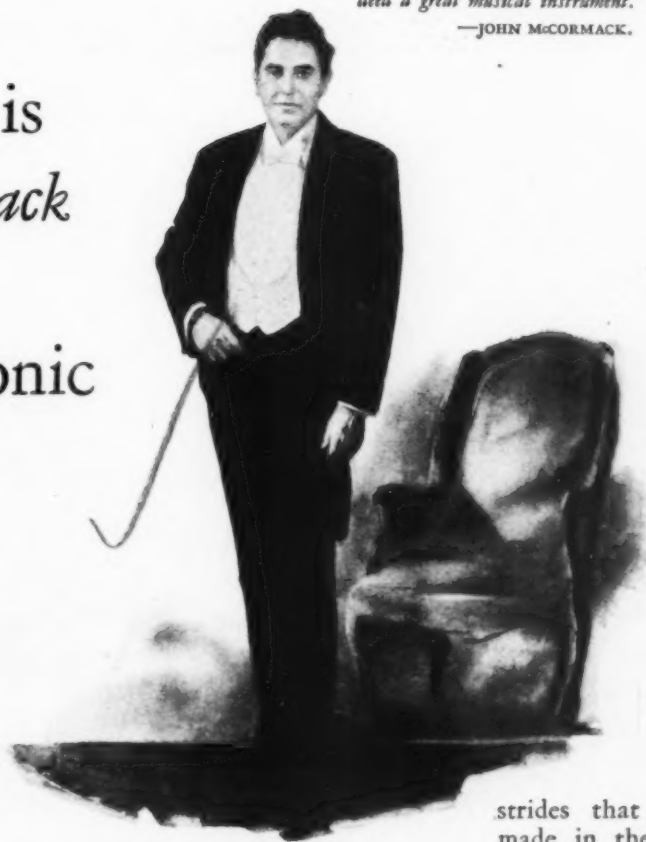
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.



CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.

"The Orthophonic Victrola is indeed a great musical instrument."

—JOHN McCORMACK.





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The RED BOOK Magazine

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Manuscripts and art material submitted for publication in this magazine will only be received on the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while such manuscripts or art material are in the publisher's possession or in transit.

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HUGH WILEY

No other American writer of fiction has a better understanding of the mental processes of the Oriental, especially the Chinaman, than Hugh Wiley. And no other writer of fiction in this country has achieved wider popularity, and at the same time higher critical praise, than he. For the next—the June—issue of this magazine he has written what is believed to be his greatest story. It is entitled "The Patriot," and with the world's eyes upon China, nothing could be more timely.

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National Safety Council says so!

THE National Safety Council recently held its Fifteenth Annual Safety Congress and Exhibit, attended by over five thousand safety exponents from all parts of the United States and from foreign countries as well.

One and ONLY one automobile was invited to exhibit at this Congress. And that one—the Improved New Safety Stutz.

The invitation of the Council to the Stutz Company says, in part:

"Your organization has produced a motor car which will not only help further to reduce the number of accidents, but also minimize the seriousness of their results. We are particularly anxious to have the New Safety Stutz at the exhibit because it marks a new epoch in the automobile industry."

The greater safety and security claimed by its makers for the Improved New Safety Stutz is thus officially recognized by the most important safety agency in the world.

And to this cardinal superiority is added an onrushing smartness of appearance, a surpassing ease-of-riding-and-driving, a certain reliability and a marvelous performance.

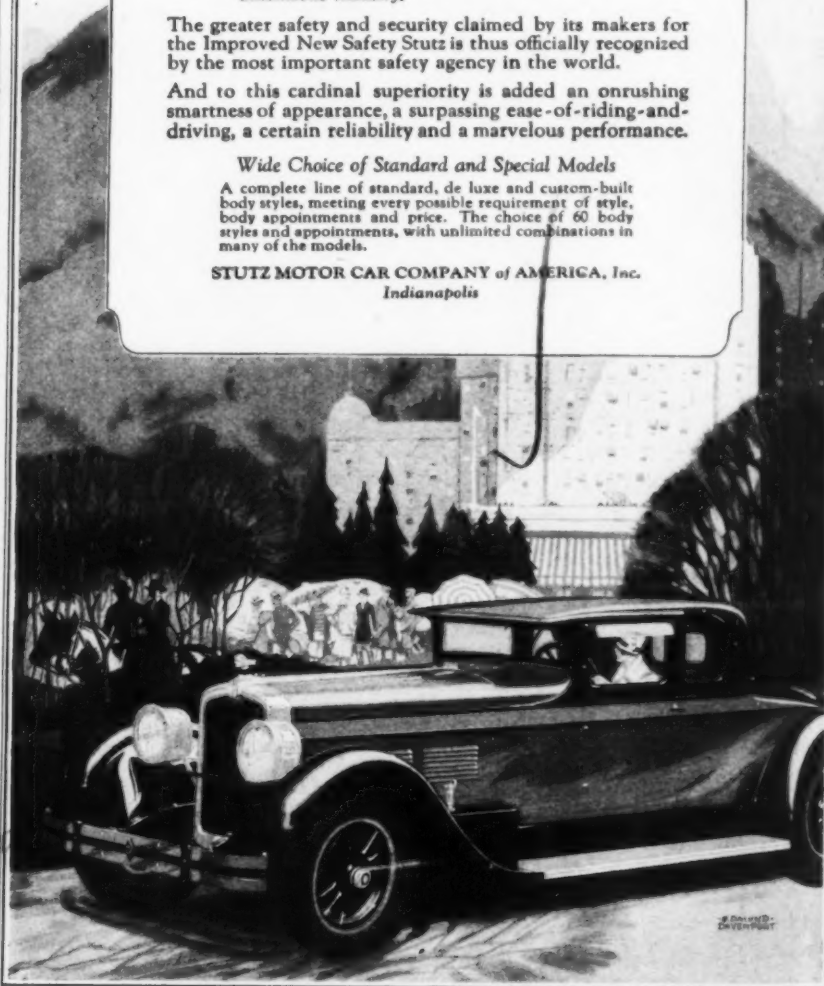
Wide Choice of Standard and Special Models

A complete line of standard, de luxe and custom-built body styles, meeting every possible requirement of style, body appointments and price. The choice of 60 body styles and appointments, with unlimited combinations in many of the models.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY of AMERICA, Inc.
Indianapolis



THE SYMBOL OF SAFETY



The Improved New
SAFETY STUTZ

1 Page
180000
you're Buckin

Real Boys and Girls

By GEORGE ANN LILLARD

Formerly Vice-President, Middle Western Section, Camp Directors' Association

YOUNGER and younger, boys and girls are going to the camps. In the beginning of the organized camp movement, practically all the applicants were boys and girls of high school age. Ten years ago, eighty per cent of them were fourteen years of age or over; today, the majority are children under twelve when they first go to camp. This growing appeal which the summer camp is making to parents of young as well as older children is evidence of a new educational need which the good summer camp is prepared to meet.

The increasing artificiality of our daily lives tends to rob our boys and girls of their opportunities to enjoy the real privileges of childhood—to experiment, to explore, to discover for themselves pleasure in simple things. They are becoming more and more miniature copies of their elders, blase before the teen-age is reached. In a restaurant the other day, I noticed a tiny girl, possibly all of four; her poise was perfect; the design of her dress, the shape of her small chapeau, her fur-collared coat, the shape of her little handbag, were all modelled after those of most of the women present. Beside her stood a little boy, looking like a Lilliputian in his stiff, stuffy, ugly suit and overcoat, which followed the most accepted fashions in men's attire. They showed nothing of the interest or naive curiosity as to their surroundings which one associates with childhood.

The summer camp removes the child from the "hot-house" atmosphere of our modern life. To camp is to become child-like, to explore, to invent, to use mind and muscle in the solution of definite problems. Webster defines child-like as "exhibiting innocence, obedience, trustfulness," and unless one has the spirit and attitude of

the child, he cannot enjoy the full value of camping.

Besides acquiring artificial ideas as to dress and conduct, modern children are in danger of losing the real spirit of play. Most of their amusements are provided for them, and they take a merely passive role. They sit silently in the theatres, go to dancing classes and, at their parties, have paid "entertainers" to amuse them. Two young ladies of eight recently complained to me that the management of the hotel where they lived had given a "stupid, boresome" Christmas party for the children instead of the formal dance they expected!

Our multiplicity of modern inventions is taking from our children opportunities to experiment, to test their own ideas and find out things for themselves instead of having facts and conclusions thrust upon them. It would seem that we are intent on making them into little men and little women instead of letting them enjoy to the fullest the riches of childhood.

It is not always possible to control a child's environment as completely as the parent may wish. However, the organized summer camp offers to the child an opportunity to enjoy, for a time, his rightful heritage of normal play, contact with Nature, and the creative tasks which develop initiative and make him feel the joys of accomplishment. Let us be grateful to the camps for preserving the simple childlike things. Let us be glad that more and more parents each year are recognizing the value of the work the good summer camp is doing to keep the children child-like.

George Ann Lillard


THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S CAMP SECTION

NEW ENGLAND STATES
CAMPS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS

THE BARTA CAMP

Lake Pleasant, Casco, Maine


A distinctive Camp for Girls 7-17. Individual care.
Responsible Councilors. Experienced Director. Registration Limited.
Athletics, Aquatics, Horseback, Hikes and Canoe Trips.
Booklet. Elinor C. Barta, 8 Cabot Street, Winchester, Mass.



Camp Farwell

A camp for girls on beautiful lake in Green Mountains, Vermont. Fine horses. No extra charge for riding. Farwell girls know joys of life in the open with swimming, canoeing, tennis and other land and water sports. Dramatics. Crafts. Tents and Bungalows. Hot and cold running water. Careful supervision. Senior and Junior camps. 22nd Year. Booklet on Request.

Rosalie R. Sandertin, Director
3245 Cleveland Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.




THE TEELA-WOOLKET CAMPS

FOR GIRLS ROXBURY, VERMONT

The Horseback Camps
"The Camp Without Extras"

Beautiful horses, excellent instruction. Swimming, golf, sleeping bungalows. 15th season. Camp Idlewild for boys. Booklets. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Roy, 10 Bowdoin St., Cambridge, Mass.



The Sargent Camps For Girls

Peterboro, New Hampshire

Exceptional equipment for riding, boating, tennis and all other outdoor sports. Sargent Club for young women over 21. Come and stay for a week or more. Number limited. For booklet address

Mrs. C. L. SCHUBERT, Director
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ABENA

For Girls. Belgrade Lakes, Maine. Twenty-first Season. Booklet. Miss Harriette Horron, 46 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Luther Gulick Camps

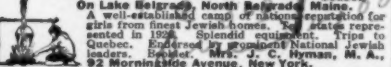
For Girls, South Casco, Maine

Little Wohelo, 8-13; Sebago (Wohelo), 13-19.
Mrs. Charlotte V. Gulick, Director, 124 High St., Portland, Maine

CAMP JO-LEE for Girls 8th Season

On Lake Belgrade, North Belgrade, Maine.

A well-established camp of national reputation for girls from finest Jewish homes. 80 states represented in 1936. Splendid equipment. Trips to Quebec. Endorsed by prominent National Jewish leaders. Booklet. Mrs. J. C. Hyman, M. A., 92 Morningside Avenue, New York.



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A RIDING CAMP FOR GIRLS

In Maine woods, 700 acres on private lake near Belfast. Each girl spends at least one hour in saddle each day. Swimming, golf, tennis, canoeing, dramatics, aesthetic dancing, handicraft, tutoring. Skilled councilors. Screened sleeping lodges. Camp fire and "roasted" food. Limited enrollment. One fee, no extras. Camp Paysocanawakeag for boys same equipment, entirely separated but conveniently located. For booklet address

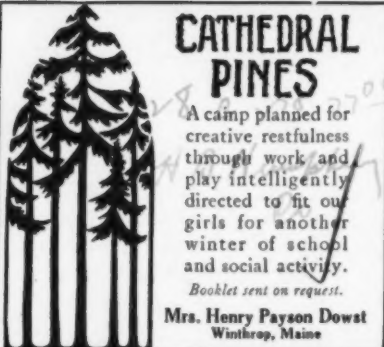
B. R. Dickey
Brooks, Maine

CATHEDRAL PINES

A camp planned for creative restfulness through work and play intelligently directed to fit our girls for another winter of school and social activity.

Booklet sent on request.

Mrs. Henry Payson Dowst
Winthrop, Maine



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Conway, N. H.

All land and water sports. Horseback, canoe and hiking trips a specialty. Skilled instruction and completely equipped camp. Junior and senior groups. Booklet on request.

Miss Frances A. Davis, Director
Province Lake New Hampshire

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The choice of the discriminating. Association de Luz. Correct riding is-hole golf. Select membership. Land and water sports. Mountain trips. 15th season. Booklet, Director, 368 Summer St., Ellensburg, Mass.

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In the beautiful lake region of Maine. An annual summer of recreation for the girl from 8 to 18. Land and water sports under experienced supervision. Mrs. George H. Tomes, 265 Lenox Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MOOSEHEAD CAMP GIRLS (8-14)

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A unique summer haunt. Open air shack, splendid lodge. Licensed guide and trained nurse on faculty. Number limited. Rate \$350. Early registration advised. Catalog. Ann V. D. Slinguif, Box R, Calvert School, Baltimore, Md.

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Lake Woodbury, Monmouth, Me. A "Good Nature" camp for girls. A maximum of daily enjoyment through a well balanced program, modern equipment with desirable ideals producing lasting results. Seven successive dry summers. Parents and girls should write for illustrated literature at once. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Rieger, Jr., A. M., R-253 Diamond St., Philadelphia.

CAMP PUKWANA on Sebago Lake, Me.

Camp for girls noted for Southern atmosphere of friendliness and graciousness. Active work and land sports. Canoe trips and horseback riding emphasized. Handicrafts, Camp craft, Dramatics. Delicious food. No "extras." Limited enrollment. References: MRS. N. B. ADAMS (Hedden), Macol Chapel Hill, N. C. MISS FANNY GREENSHAW (Dora Maw) 919 W. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

CAMP NAIDNI

On Lake Dummer, Vermont, 60 acres, 24 mile lake front. Wholesome vacation camp for girls 8-21. Swimming, canoeing. Long Trail hikes. Season 8 and 10 weeks, 1937. Apply to

Mrs. G. C. Britten St. Marks Place Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

CAMP OVERLOOK


Georgetown, Maine

Established 1923.
Protestant. Open to 16 to 18 years of age.
Class "A" rating from State Department of Health.
Season of 8 weeks, \$300.00. Catalog on request.
Mrs. Martha Rich Bowen

THE TALL PINES CAMP

The best summer of all—in a delightful fairland of fragrant pine woods near Henningson, N. H. Carefree, happy days doing just the things girls from 7 to 18 love. Sizzling bacon round a campfire, overnight hikes, canoeing on a super clear lake, swimming and horseback riding. Arts and crafts. The camp is noted for its comforts and well-equipped table. The Club (separate) for college students, professional and business women, provides campus for short vacations. Booklets on request.

MISS EVELINA REAVELEY
Rox H. Elmwood, N. H.



OGONTZ White Mountain Camp for Girls

Diving into a wood-circled lake, mastering wind-swept waves, paddling down a lake to the rising sun! A day of sport on land and water. Then night, and campers brown around a snapping fire, sing a song of Ogontz. 600 acres. Experienced counseling. Horseback riding in care of West Point Cavalry officer. Tutoring. Golf. Aquaplaning. Cabins with lights and water. Log Hall Club for older girls.

Catalog.

OGONTZ SCHOOL
Rydal, Pa.



GREGGMERE for Girls

Andover, N. H. On Great Lake, Atlantic 1800 ft. Limited to 65 girls from cultured Jewish families. Three directors and 17 counselors. Individual attention. Birth which Mrs. Morris Klein, 609 W. 114th St., New York, N. Y.

CAMP BHAWEE

For girls, 8 to 20 yrs. Senior and Junior groups. Wolfeboro, N. H. In the great region of Lake Umbagog. A delightful camp for four daughters. Screened cabins. Land and water sports. Trained counselors. Rate \$250. for each week of 2 1/2 weeks. Booklet on request.

MR. & MRS. A. O. CHRISTIANSEN
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A camp on Lake Sebago where 50 girls spend their summer. Free horseback riding every day. Trip and water sports—arts and crafts—dramatics—dancing. Care for each girl's happiness and development. Mr. and Mrs. Elroy O. LaCasse, Fryburg Academy, Fryburg, Me.

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Vermont. Est. 1905. Four separate camps. Girls 8-15, 16-17, and water sports, riding, crafts. Club for older girls is N. H. Lamaholm for boys, 16-18 and August 1937. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Guitch, Brookline, Mass.

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A FRENCH SUMMER CAMP FOR GIRLS With Band and Water Sports
EDWARD D. COLLINS, Director
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

CAMP WIHAKOWI

Girls' camp in the Green Mountains; all usual camp activities including horsemanship. Illustrated catalogues. Prof. and Mrs. Arthur E. Winslow, Box 25, Northfield, Vt.

THE CORNUCOPIA HOME-CAMP FOR GIRLS

LAGES 8 to 18

Thirty-one miles from New York City. Daily sail-water sports, also land sports. Horseback riding, arts and crafts, nature instruction, dancing, etc. Tutoring if desired. Frequent canoeing and overnight trips for boys weeks—July and August 1937.

EDWARD F. BELOW, Director, Arcadia, Sound Beach, Conn.

W. CAHNI

For girls Ware, Mass. in the Berkshires

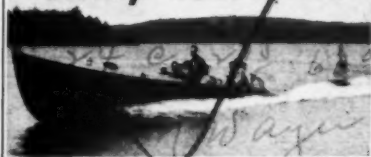
4 1/2 hours from New York—400 Acres—mile of lake front. Copy Trips—Riding—All Activities—Rate \$225—Booklet

Miss Mary J. Baker, Ware, Massachusetts



CAMPS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS FOR BOYS


Camp Idlewild



The woody life of the old-time scouts on a regular Robinson Crusoe Island in Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H. Sailing and Crew, Golf instruction, Aquaplaning, Fishing. No extras. Booklet.

L. D. Roy, 42 Bowdoin St., Cambridge, Mass.

PENNESSEE WASSEE
A MAINE CAMP FOR BOYS



8-16 Years
All Water & Field Sports
John Shaw French, Ph.D. Director,
Write for booklet. Norway, Me.

Kamp Kill Kare
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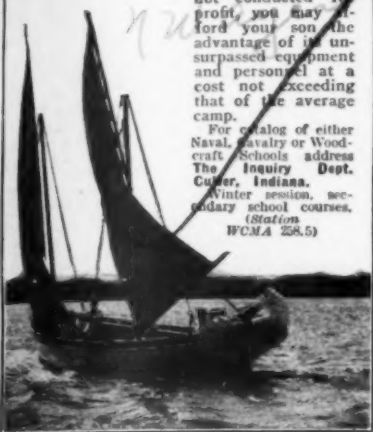
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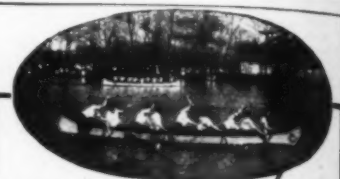
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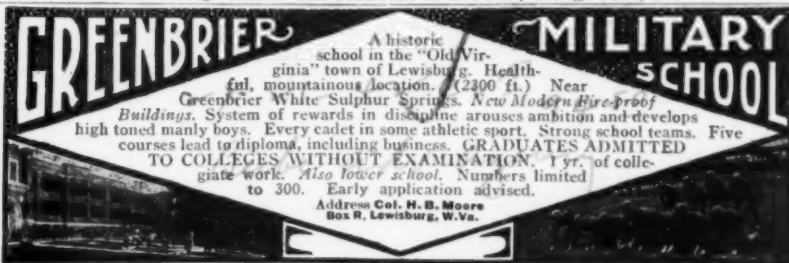
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Play to the King

By Angelo Patri ~~~~ Decoration by Franklin Booth



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Each of us plays before his own tribunal. Each of us listens for the "Bravo!" of his king. I have heard people say: "I do my work to please myself. If others like it, very good. If they do not, very good. I satisfy my own soul, and do not care one way or the other."

I doubt that. We all care. We are lonely isolated beings, each sealed in the casket of his body for life. Eagerly we peer out in the hope of a friendly smile; anxiously we extend groping hands to meet a cordial grasp; longingly we listen for the "Bravo!" of the king. When it comes, we are alight with the glow that is not of this earth and our strength is as the strength of ten. We sing in our souls; and as we work, we know the work to be good. Life is sweet.

Oh, it's easy then, when the hands are clapping—for you; when the cheers are ringing—for you. It's high holiday when the king shouts his "Bravo!"—for you. But if you are alone? If the house is empty and the rain beats chill into your soul? Alone you lift up your voice, stretch forth your hands and play your part—and no response breaks the cold silence: what then?

You are cast in a part that displeases the crowd, and forthwith they howl you down and drive you off with imprecation and abuse. When, as you sit apart waiting for your cue, every slighting accent, every careless shrug, every unkind word cuts into your smarting soul, what then?

Can you call your courage and go out once more and play your part to your king? If you can, you win; for the king does sit in every audience.

At the Woman's Club Election

By Baron Ireland

Decoration by
John Held, Jr.



That's Mrs. McBullion McFunds over there—
The shingle-bobbed one with the sepia hair.
Her husband's the banker who passed out from drink.
She's on seventeen welfare committees, I think.
Let's see: there's the Working Girls', Blind, Deaf and Dumb,
The Anti-Short-Skirts and the Clean-Up-the-Slum,
The Chorus Girls' Morals—m-hm, it was her
Whose daughter ran off with the Bingham's chauffeur.
Yes, Phoebe, the youngest one; it was Colette
That married the bootlegger's son on a bet.
Then she's president, too, of the Salesladies' Aid—
Yes, that was her son in that gambling-house raid;
They say he was caught using funds of his firm,
But she made the sum good, so he got a short term.
Still, she's cheerful whenever the subject you mention;
She says she'd have liked to have paid more attention
To her children's upbringing—she thinks if she had,
Perhaps they might not all have gone to the bad.
But then, as she says, what on earth could she do?
She'd have had to give up all her social work too.
And that would have been the supremest of pities—
She's done so much good with her welfare committees!



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(Please print your name and address)

The RED BOOK Magazine

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KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, Editor

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

Getting to New York

By BRUCE BARTON

ABOUT twice a week some young man writes to ask me how he can get to New York. I answer the question by telling how one very prominent New Yorker got there.

He grew up on a farm, worked his way through college and law-school, and hung out his shingle in a little Iowa town. One of his first clients was a local merchant—a jobber in groceries, let us say.

Our friend handled the business so well that his client spoke highly of him to the county association of grocery jobbers, and he became the lawyer for the association. This necessitated his attendance at conventions in St. Louis and Chicago, and at one of these he was able to show the Western association how to get out of a tangle. So the members of the Western association elected him as their counsel too.

There came then the question of uniting the Eastern and the Western associations. Our friend was sent to New York for conference. There he fell under the eye of a gentleman who had large interests and liked his style.

The gentleman investigated his record, discovering that each forward step in his career had grown out of the good work of the past. And so, to his complete surprise, our friend received an offer of the vice presidency of a company in New York, at a salary beyond

his wildest dreams. Subsequently the man who had selected him retired, and he became president.

He told me the story one morning. "Had you asked me ten years ago what my career would be," he said, "I should have answered that I'd probably practice law in that little town in Iowa until my sixtieth birthday.

"Then, having saved enough to buy a farm on the edge of the village, I'd spend the rest of my days raising pigs. It would have given me a great laugh if anybody had suggested that I should ever be in business in New York."

My own limited experience makes me believe that this story has general application. One thing leads to another. Very few of the things I have planned to do have ever come to pass, but good things have continuously dropped into my lap from totally unexpected sources.

There is an old saying which does not rise to intellectual heights but contains much truth. It says: "See a pin and pick it up—All the day you'll have good luck."

Most good luck comes when you are busiest picking up the pins immediately in front of you. Fellows who strain their eyes to see the end of the road very frequently overlook one of these pins; sometimes it takes revenge upon them by puncturing one of their tires.

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By
Arthur
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Roche



Johnson was ushering in the girl whom I was going to marry

Fallen Angels

Illustrated by Lester Ralph

Here begins the most swiftly moving and dramatic novel this magazine has ever published, written by one who may properly be declared master of a type of literature attempted by many and excelled in by few—mystery-romance.

SOILED doves! Pitiful in shoddy finery, tear-dug channels of woe streaking the too vivid rouge that should have shrieked "*Caveat emptor!*" to the most drink-sodden buyer; runs in stockings that exposed unenticing flesh; shoes that, worn, surrendered the cheap pretense that, new, they had boasted; skirts too high and blouses too low; and all of them together making me think, somehow, of a stage-set in the early morning when the artificial glamour of the night has been dissipated by the hard light of day.

Caged hawks! Birds of prey that yesterday, excited by too easy conquest, had thought themselves eagles; their coats, with the slashed pockets and the carefully rolled lapels, rumpled by serving as sheet and blanket and down comforter; their trousers bagged at the knees from sitting on a hard bench, crouched over, awaiting a hated summons; hands that shook, eyes that wandered, and tongues that perpetually moistened dry lips. And here and there one of either sex whose pin-point pupils and brazen manner bespoke no natural courage, but hinted at bribed keepers, complaisant wardens, and tiny packets of drugs passed from hand to venal hand.

And I, Rance Rogers, by the grace of God born a gentleman, was not merely *with* this carrion flock, but *of* them. My plumage was as sadly dragged as theirs. More sadly, for ancestry and tradition and instinct and even opportunity had all conspired to lead me anywhere but here. And yet this benign conspiracy had been defeated by the impulse of a moment, and thirty years of decency would be capped by half as many years in jail.

I shut my eyes against the vista of the years. Rance Rogers in a striped suit; Rance Rogers performing hateful and interminable menial

And then into my dark despair came the voice of Judge Mantolini. "Sentence suspended," he announced.

tasks; Rance Rogers eating coarse food until his body, of which he had always been proud, was bent and thickened and even was offensive to the nostrils.

Coarse? Have you, you dainty one who measures right and wrong with the rigid ruler of your vanity, so that you know to a hair's-breadth where virtue leaves off and vice begins, ever imagined what *your* body might be like if irksome toil, and unpalatable food, and spiritual degradation replaced the easy tasks, the selected viands and the warm consciousness of rectitude that are parts of your being now? Certainly my thoughts were coarse; life is coarse when we strip it of all the amenities which had been torn from me.

I looked, with the sad eyes of my mind, the other way. I saw a boy of six, who stumbled as he pursued a ball, and whose bruised knee was kissed by lips that, thank God, would never utter a prayer for me now. Unless there is a heaven— But it wouldn't be heaven if mothers could suffer for their living sons. I shut my eyes to that vista also. Neither forward nor back does an animal look; and I, for so long as the State of New York in its justice should determine, was to be an animal, eating, and exercising, bathing and sleeping at the orders of my keepers.

The manacle about my left wrist twitched. I glanced at the criminal fastened to me. Out of the corner of his loose-lipped mouth he spoke to me.

"Snap out of it, kid," he counseled. "What the hell! You're a first offender; suppose they give you a ten-stretch? Wit' commutations and pardon boards, you'll be out in half that time. And a guy can do five years standing on one ear—less'n he's got a habit. And even then, if he's fixed himself up with a bit of jack, stir is like a drug-store. You can get anything in the world there if you got the price. Tack a grin on your mug and don't let this bunch of buzzards think you're yellow. Me, kid,

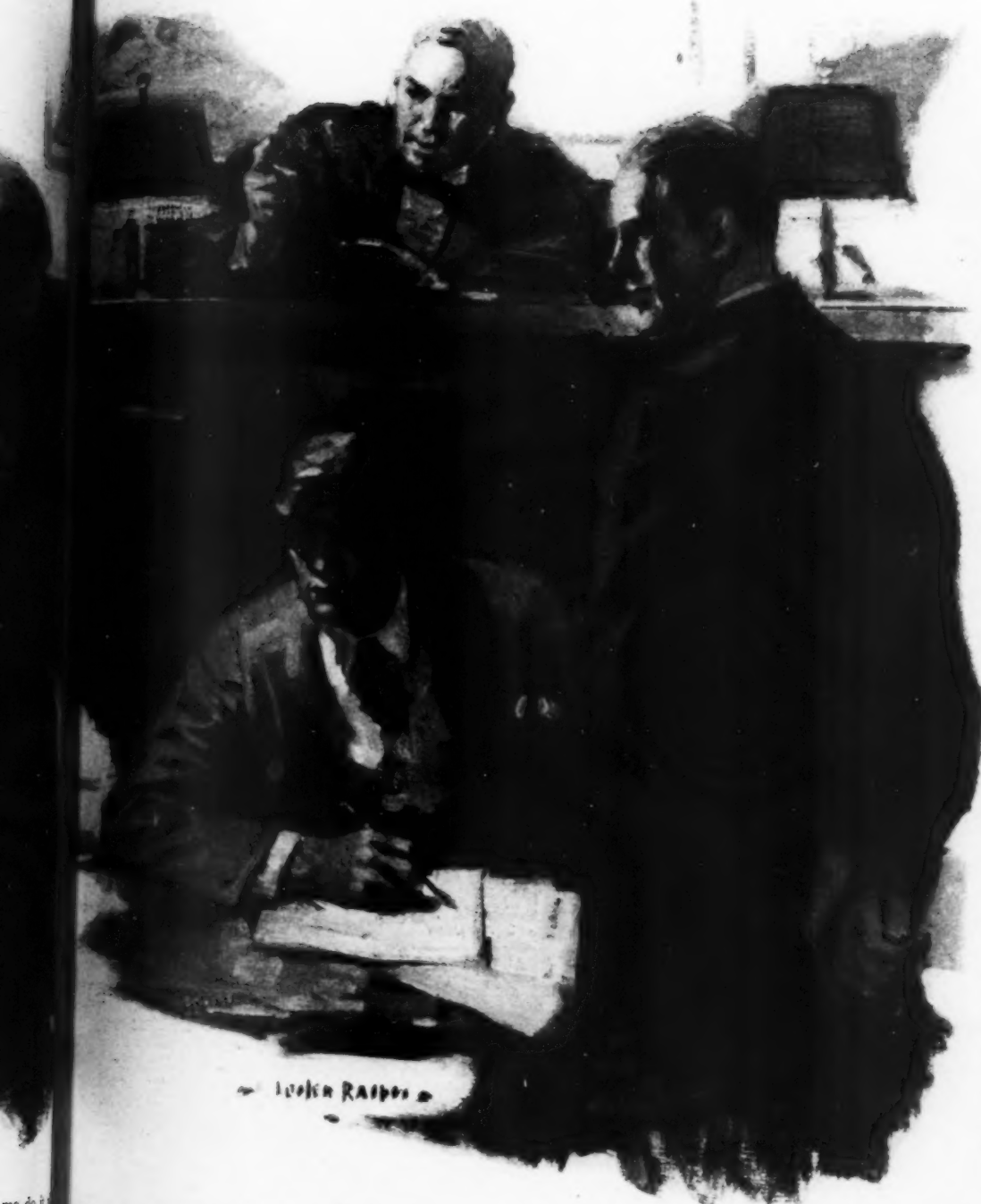
they got me as a habitual criminal and they'll make me do it. But I aint sobbing."

I glanced at him. Narrow of forehead, receding of hair, shrunken of soul as well as body, he was going to "do it all." Translated, this meant that he was facing life-imprisonment. He could show the bravado of his kind. I could, at least, endeavor to simulate a courage that I did not own.

"I'll buck up," I told him. I felt a sudden gratitude toward this underworld rat. In the six weeks since my arrest, his was the first kind words spoken to me.

"Atta kid!" he encouraged me. And then he said no more for a policeman walked over and growled unmentionable things as to what would happen to us if we disturbed the sanctity of this hall of justice by further conversation.

The trial judge came pompously into the room. The clerk of court deftly removed a chew of tobacco from his mouth, wiped his lips with the back of his hand, and mumbled



— LUCKY RAIDERS —

Pickpockets, forgers, women criminals: one by one, human beings still, they went before this alchemist on the bench, who wreaked his miracle of justice on them, and transmuted them into felons.

"James Roberts to the bar!"

I heard the bored voice of the clerk of the court, but not until an officer roughly pulled me to my feet did I remember that this was the name I had assumed upon my arrest, and under which I had been found guilty of robbery with violence. I tried to assume a nonchalance of demeanor, the while I inwardly groveled. I wanted to shriek, to sob, to cry aloud for pity. That the impulse of one moment, an impulse that had never come before, and that could never come again, should be punished by years of imprisonment!

And yet a stubborn pride kept me silent when the Judge asked me if I had anything to say before sentence was pronounced upon me. I merely shook my head. What had I to say? A jury of my peers without leaving their seats had found me guilty of the crime with which I was charged. The prisoner had looked upon the foreman, and the foreman had looked upon the prisoner,

and the word "Guilty" had sounded through the court-room like the crack of doom.

And now Mantolini leaned forward. Amazingly, his voice was softened and his wet eyes had lost their cruel glare.

"Yours is an unusual case, Roberts," he stated. "You entered the jewelry establishment of Theodore Mannheim, on Sixth Avenue, and snatched from his hand a diamond ring which he had shown you at your pretense that you wished to buy such an article. You knocked Mr. Mannheim down, but a clerk seized and held you until the arrival of the police. You refused to offer any defense, and gave no aid to the counsel assigned by the court to your defense.

"On the face of it, your actions and manner were those of a hardened and vicious criminal. It was my intention, because of the flagrant nature of your offense, and your unchastened air during the trial, to impose upon you the severest penalty prescribed by the law."

solemnity. I stared at the judge. No hope of mercy from this gross, overfed shyster, who by dubious means and devious ways had reached his present eminence. He had presided, this Judge Mantolini, over my trial, and I had felt then the cruelty latent in him. Professor of public virtue, the sensual nose and the wet eyes of him proclaimed the practitioner of private vice; and no hypocrite owns the quality of mercy.

The man shackled to me was the first called for sentence. An officer unlocked him from me, jerked him to his feet, and led and shoved him to the bar.

Judge Mantolini fumbled with some papers, glanced around the room, licked his lips in feral fashion, and lifted the sonorous voice which had served his party so well on the stump. And my encouraging companion got it all, as he would have phrased it. Despite his bravado, his eyes were pitiful as he stumbled away, those shrunken shoulders burdened too heavily by the life sentence imposed upon him.

Those lying lips, sensual, lustful, curled suddenly in a smile of benignancy. His voice rose in honeyed orotundity.

"But justice should always be tempered with mercy," he boomed. "The judge, who is but the humble instrument of the people's will, should interpret that will as his conscience dictates. And I find in my heart a great repugnance toward treating as a felon a man who has gallantly served his country in the time of his country's need, and who served his fellow-man ill only in time of his own desperate need."

From the press bench I distinctly heard a chuckle and the words: "Old Mantolini is going to wave the flag. Election's coming on, and maybe the prisoner controls a couple of votes."

"In the ordinary course of events," Mantolini went on, "you would go from here to Sing Sing, there to undergo imprisonment with hard labor. But even as evil stalks abroad in this world, so goodness walks the streets, peers into the windows of the houses, looks even into men's hearts. A good man, through what some call chance, but which I prefer to term the inevitable mercy of God, was present at your trial. An officer in the late war, he recognized your name as that of a brother-officer, an engineer who had behaved most gallantly and been decorated by two governments. He came to me and told me these facts in your behalf. Mr. Mannheim, a great-hearted gentleman, on learning of your war record, pleaded with me to show you mercy. And now your silence, which I had hastily interpreted as an evidence of viciousness, seemed rather to be an evidence of a great pride, a pride that would not plead a previous virtue in extenuation of a present vice."

The Judge glanced swiftly at the press bench, where the reporters were rapidly writing down his every word. Their tongues might be in their cheeks, but Mantolini was always good copy, as they would have phrased it.

"James Roberts," continued the Judge, warmed by the activity of the newspaper men, "under the statutes made and provided to govern in such cases as yours, I hereby sentence you to spend the next ten years in Sing Sing prison."

I had looked for mercy, and received—justice. The room blackened. A profound hush settled over the court-room. This was not what the audience had been led to expect. Then the cynical newspaper man whom I had heard speak before, chuckled, and I heard him say to a companion: "The old boy sure loves his curtain."

And then into my dark despair came the voice of Judge Mantolini.

"Sentence suspended," he announced.

BELIEVE me, I could have killed him there and then. As a cat plays with a mouse, so, for the sake of a cheap sensation, he had tossed me into the depths of hell. That he had dragged me out, in no way mitigated my fury against him. But I was too numb to show any of the rage that possessed me, a rage that may seem nonunderstandable to the average person, but should be crystal clear to those of insight.

An officer, the same who had yanked me to my feet five minutes ago, prodded me in the ribs with his elbow.

"Say something. Tell the Judge, you dummy, that you're much obliged," he whispered harshly.

I don't know what I said to Mantolini. But he acknowledged my incoherencies with the gracious hand-wave of an emperor accepting a new dominion from a victorious general. Then I staggered away from the bar. I went through the formalities that criminals under suspended sentence must endure, still in a haze. But at last I was free, was out in the soot-laden atmosphere of lower Manhattan, breathing it in deliciously. I could go where I wanted. If I chose, I could cross the street; or I could remain on this side.

A trifle to make a fuss over, eh? But in the long æons since the soul of man floated out of somewhere to inhabit the thing we call a body, the most important happening assumes, in perspective, the dimensions of a trifle. Love, marriage, birth and death; what are these but merest incidents, save as we glorify them unto ourselves?

So I say that this new ability of mine to walk where I chose was the most important thing that had ever happened to me. What did it matter, I asked myself as my eyes flooded with tears, that Judge Mantolini had filtered his mercy through the sieve of tomorrow's newspapers? The astounding fact was that he had shown me mercy.

Gulping in coal-dust, inhaling the fumes of gasoline, I started up Center Street. Panic, that had come near to mastering me as I stood before the Judge, now overwhelmed me. At any moment

I might feel the rough hand of a policeman on my shoulder might endure again the biting grip of manacles upon my wrists. For, as I've said, my name is Rance Rogers, and the James Roberts who had served so gallantly in France that a brother-officer had pleaded for him to the Judge, was not I!

At any moment discovery might be made that I had escaped punishment through a mistaken recognition and because of death that I had not performed. True, I had served in the war; I had even been decorated, and by four governments, not two. But these decorations had been given to me under my own name and identity, and they were locked in the vault of a little bank in a Massachusetts town. I would have done it all, as my habitual criminal friend would have said, before I would have offered those decorations as mitigation of my crime.

So I increased my pace. I cut across Canal Street, shot up Lafayette, took the subway at Astor Place, and got out at Twenty-third Street. And even as panic grew upon me, determination hardened in my heart. A mishap had caused my arrest six weeks ago. I had stumbled as the clerk seized me and been knocked unconscious by my fall. Otherwise I would have died before submitting to arrest. I was not, I shamefully admit, too proud to steal, but I was too proud to go to prison.

This time—I grinned as I made myself the promise—I would watch my step. If I were captured, I would save the State the expense of my incarceration. I would die before being dragged back again to prison.

NOR was it panic alone that made me dodge from the subway into the great life-insurance building near by, that made me emerge into Madison Square and cross it like a hunted rabbit.

Once, in No Man's Land, in pitch darkness and in dead quiet, although I was in territory supposed to be free from the foe, I had sensed the approach of enemies. I neither saw, nor smelled, nor felt, nor heard, nor tasted them. Yet if I had relied upon the negative arguments of my five physical senses I would not have lived to narrate my present shame and—I hope—future redemption.

I think that I may lay claim to being hard-boiled. Otherwise I could hardly have entered Mannheim's jewelry store with felonious intent. But I do maintain that, merely because we only know of five senses, our ignorance is not evidence that other senses do not exist. For, as I had been made aware that night in No Man's Land, by some mental or spiritual antennae that groped out and touched my unseen foes, of their existence, so today I was made aware of the fact that some one followed me.

But as I am not a born criminal, neither, I hope, am I a born fool. I slackened my pace as I reached the Flatiron Building and slowed to a saunter as I went south along Fifth Avenue. Reason, that had deserted me six weeks ago when, starving, I suddenly decided to steal, and which had remained absent, returned to me now.

If the police, discovering the falseness of the identity I had assumed, were following me, they would hardly do so in stealth. They would simply grab me at the first opportunity. Wherever whoever followed me did so with practiced discretion. It couldn't be the police, and if it were anyone else—why?

Who on earth would be interested enough to follow from the Criminal Courts Building a criminal under suspended sentence? I asked myself this question as I stood, apparently waiting for a bus, on the northwest corner of Twenty-first Street and Fifth Avenue.

Was it Mannheim, that truculent, overbearing, bullying Levantine whose obnoxious personality had made robbery seem less repugnant? Mysterious enough had been the jeweler's relenting. I could not imagine why he should add another mystery to pursuing me.

The "brother-officer" who had pleaded in my behalf? But why wouldn't this friend in need come openly to me?

Well, there was little sense in asking myself unanswerable questions. There were simpler methods of finding out what I wished to know.

Chapter Two

THERE was a traffic block at Twenty-third Street, so that I was compelled to wait a good three minutes before a south-bound bus came along. I do not know how many score of men, women and children passed me in that brief space of time; but I assert that the features and apparel of each and every one were photographed upon my mind. Not indelibly; the prints would



"I never give to beggars," he stated. "I never permit people to spy on me," I retorted.

fade in half an hour, but I hoped that within that time I'd know who showed so acute an interest in me.

I stepped aboard the first bus and took a seat inside near to the conductor. No one else entered the conveyance with me. But at a street below, a man and woman entered, and they were among those who had passed me as I stood on the sidewalk. Two blocks farther down, three men boarded the bus, and one of them, who mounted to the upper deck, had also been a passing pedestrian. At Eighth Street I dismounted. I stood a moment staring at the old Brevoort across the way. Memories of other days came back to me. Then I had had money enough to enter this and similar hostelrys where good food and service were paramount, and the *chef* provided the sauces and did not rely upon a jazz band to make a patron forget indigestion.

Six weeks of Tombs' fare had whetted an appetite always discriminative, and before I entered prison, there had been months of semistarvation. I felt an impulse to enter the restaurant,

gorge myself, and let the hotel people do to me as they chose when the waiter presented the check and I should be unable to pay it.

Then I took hold of myself. Such an impulse, though of major importance, had led me to the Tombs. How many times had I assured myself, as I tossed upon the hard bunk in my cell, that the path of rectitude would always find my feet set firmly in it? I had exactly forty-five cents in my pocket. What right had I to think of five-dollar meals until I had earned the wherewithal to pay for them? I shuddered as I noted how readily ideas foreign to what I believed to be my real character entered my thoughts. In happier days I had been over-ready with condemnation of people who thought that the world owed them a living. Yet adversity had put me in a frame of mind where I was ready to consider that anyone and everyone was my debtor. I must instantly jolt myself back into that decent frame of mind which regards adversity as a spur to honest endeavor.



"Do you, James, take this woman to be your lawful wife?"

Over on Sixth Avenue were lunch-rooms where forty-five cents would maintain a man for three days if he were content with eating once in every twenty-four hours. And I was healthy and strong. The trouble with me was that false pride had made me regard my health and muscles as means for success in sports. It was time for me to look upon them as means of subsistence. The brain which I had esteemed so highly, and which had been pruned and tended and cultivated by tutors and college faculties, was unable to win me a living wage. I knew something of the early Persian philosophy; I could read French haltingly; I was familiar with English literature; once I had known the difference between a sine and a cosine. And of course I still remembered army regulations and drill. But I had never expected to work, and so my smattering education had led me to no specialty. I

might be able to coach a football team, but I could do nothing else except apply myself as a day laborer.

Well, I'd do that. Over on West Street I'd find some job unloading ships. Or I'd get a job as truckman's helper. I might even manage to drive a truck. I knew nothing about engines, but I'd driven a racing car—my own—over ninety miles an hour. First, though, I'd eat.

Thus philosophizing and speculating and planning, I'd almost forgotten my certainty that I was being spied upon. But as I turned west I saw the man who had mounted to the upper deck of the bus and won my recognition as he did so. He had evidently alighted at Washington Square, for he was now but a few rods away from me.

A stout man, almost corpulent, light on his feet, walking



minister put the question, something hard pressed against my back.

an almost mincing step, he was dressed in sober business gray. Upon his head he wore a derby hat that somehow added to the roundness of his cheeks. But his lips seemed out of place in that moonlike countenance, so thinly compressed were they. A mean fat man, I decided, whose meanness would be the more unpleasant because one would hardly expect it from the owner of a face so potentially jovial.

He passed me without a glance. I might have been, in my shabby blue-serge suit, and my dark hat that had once been jauntily gray, just one of the hundred thousand bits of human flotsam tossed by the economic tides to rot upon the beach of failure. Like a proud liner passing a stranded derelict he went by me, looking neither to the right nor to the left. I smiled scornfully at myself. Nerves that had been frayed by two years

of steady social and financial decline had been lacerated by six weeks in prison, until the signals they sent my worried brain could no longer be relied upon. I imagined that such a prosperous citizen as this had been set to spy upon me! Time indeed that I turned myself to hard physical labor that would heal the torn edges of these lying nerves!

And then I suddenly knew that, jumpy though I was, that sixth or seventh or twenty-seventh sense, which I have mentioned a little while ago, had not deceived me. Not merely was I being followed, but my fat man was the follower. For the backward glance he cast my way was as swiftly furtive as the lunge of a snake. He didn't pause in his mincing progress; he was twenty feet beyond me; a casual onlooker would have sworn that he turned his head merely to glance at a speck of dust that had settled upon his

shoulder, an impression well borne out by the quick brushing of his hand.

But I knew. And knowing, I acted instantly upon impulse, that propensity so dominant in my make-up. I started instantly after him, overtook him on the hither side of Ninth Street, and touched him upon that shoulder which had served him as an excuse for glancing back at me.

He stopped, stared at me, and then shook his head.

"I never give to beggars," he stated. "It's a rule with me," he added.

"I never permit people to spy upon me. It's a rule with me," I retorted.

His aplomb was perfect. He looked up and down the street. "I don't see an officer, but there'll be one along in a moment. I advise you to move on, my man."

Six weeks ago he would have fooled me completely; I would have told myself that here was a prosperous merchant or broker, whose hard mouth was merely an indication that business is a hard career. But six weeks ago I had been a gentleman, reduced, it is true, in purse and position, but still a gentleman. Steadily increasing declension in the social scale had taught me little of people, little indeed of myself. I still gauged people by their external manners, by their apparel. I had not learned, six weeks ago, to look beneath the surface.

But for a month and a half my only associates had been criminals awaiting trial or sentence. Intensive had been my course in character study. And I knew that the professional or habitual criminal had about him a certain spiritual effluvium not recognizable to the ordinary person. For it is not the shifty eye or the predatory nose or the bumps on the head that mark the practitioner of crime. Lombroso was wrong. My fat man might have been a broker, but crime was the medium of his brokerage.

Indignant courage that for a moment had been quelled by the perfection of his manner swept back to me. I laughed in his face.

"And I suppose," I jeered, "that when you see the officer, you'll call him over?"

"I certainly will," he declared.

"He might recognize you. What then?" I asked.

Into my fat man's eyes crept shrewd approval. He dropped the mantle of ruffled dignity.

"Not so bad, young fellow," he half-chuckled, after a moment.

"And not so good," I told him. "Why do you follow me across half this town?"

"Cats may look at kings," he said.

"But idly, not curiously," I retorted.

His thin lips for a moment became consonant with the fat joviality of his other features. They parted in a grin.

"A yegg philosopher, eh? But philosophy doesn't keep a man out of jail, does it? And staring at a restaurant doesn't fill the belly, either."

"What's it all about?" I demanded.

"What do you want?"

"Just taking a friendly interest in you, watching out to see that you come to no harm."

"A philanthropist," I jeered.

"Not regularly—something like your philosophy. It's in the bag, and I can pull it out when necessary."

Intuitively I knew something. I should have guessed it in the very moment when I became aware of the fact that some one followed me. But quick understanding of unforeseen events is hardly possible to one whose rejoicing over an unexpected deliverance is mingled with fear lest the deliverance be temporary. But now, a cynical quality in his speech convincing me that the impalpable evidence by which I had placed his social status had not deceived me, understanding came to me.

"And today," I said, "you pulled your philanthropy out of the bag and I was sticking to it."

His cold eyes, deep set in fat, beamed approval. "Quick in the old bean, too," he commented.

"Why the 'too'?" I asked.

"Mannheim said you were like a cat. You had him on the floor before he knew what it was all about. Only a tough brute kept you from coming clear. That proves you're quick with your hands and feet."

"You read the newspaper accounts of my trial. Or else you were there," I remarked aimlessly.

He shook his head. "I talked with Mannheim at his house."

"You aren't, by any chance, my brother-officer who testified in my behalf?" I inquired.

"I might have been, at that," he chuckled. "Any more questions?"

"Why, yes," I answered. "There's a great big 'why' running around in my head."

"I was talking about cats awhile ago. Ever hear that curiosity killed one?"

But even as I had guessed that this man was in some way responsible for my amazing release, so I guessed that I had not been released because of any casual whim. What the purpose could be behind it all I could not imagine. Why a man who was almost frankly criminal should go to these extraordinary lengths was beyond me. But it was certain that, having caused my release, and having kept close to me during my doubling across town, he would not lose sight of me now. In some queer fashion, and for some queer reason, common sense told me, it was of value to my fat friend.

"Well, I'll not be a cat, and I'll try not to be killed." Abruptly I turned away from him and proceeded across Ninth Street toward Sixth Avenue.

He was beside me before I had taken half a dozen strides.

"Quick-tempered, eh? If you can't solve the puzzle, you throw it away. But if you do that, how are you ever going to win the prize?"

"Is there a prize?" I asked, over my shoulder.

"Well, what do you think?"

"I don't want to think, and I'm not going to try," I assured him.

Of course, I lied. I was consumed with curiosity. But I had no patience with the sort of verbal fencing in which he seemed to delight. And, having wit enough to realize that I was, for some strange reason, of interest to him, I knew that my professed disinterest would bring him to the point more quickly than anything else. So, once again I started away from him.

But this time he gripped my arm.



"Don't touch me she screamed. 'To roof! Uncle Sam he's going to roof!'"

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arm. And even as I had learned that his joviality of expression was a lying mask, so I now learned that his apparent corpulence masked enormous muscles. For his finger-tips bit into my arm.

"Don't hurry. You aren't going anywhere in especial. You and I are going to have a nice long talk."

"I haven't a thing to say," I said.

"You don't look like the kind of a guy that wont listen," he laughed. "That forty-five cents in your jeans wont get you far in this man's town. And my speech is golden. That's something for your philosophy to think over."

"When did you balance my books?" I asked.

"Your pockets jingled when I pulled you out of that bag we were speaking of," he chuckled. "And we've been speaking of too many things. I can only concentrate across a table. What do you say? A great, big, juicy steak, with plenty of gravy, and baked potatoes and fried onions, and four or five quarts of coffee? Sound good to you?"

"Sound good to me? Not in months had any words rung so sweetly upon my ears. Of course the man was dishonest, and behind his "philanthropy" lurked something evil. But who was I, a convicted criminal, to spurn charity because I condemned

its source? I made a feeble effort to snatch at my disappearing pride.

"I'm honest," I declared.

His laugh rang out heartily. "Sure thing. Don't worry. I'll settle the check. We wont get the bum's rush like you were planning to get over at the Brevoort."

"Do you read thoughts?" I demanded.

"Only pocketbooks," he rejoined. "Read a man's roll, and his thoughts talk out loud. Come on."

Not to that lunch-room where I had planned to buy a sandwich and a cup of coffee, but to a very decent restaurant around the corner he led me. Soup preceded the thick steak, and a salad and pie followed it. And the coffee was almost as plentiful as he had promised. And for one so garrulous, he was extremely silent during the meal, confining his utterances to comments on the food. A nice discriminating taste in matters gastronomical he had, too. He spoke of Florida's pompano, of the bouillabaisse of Marseilles, of the oyster-bar at the old Grand Union hotel, of the cold beef served at the Boar's Head at Epsom, and of cheeses and sauces and other matters as sweet to the ears of a gourmet as to his palate.

And at the end of the meal he produced, with something akin to reverence in his manner, a slim panatela.

"Don't cut the end; don't bite it, either," he ordered. "Press the end gently between two fingers until it cracks. That's the way to make a cigar draw."

I puffed luxuriously. Not until our cigars were half consumed did he break upon the spell woven by the fragrant leaf. Then he leaned confidentially toward me.

"Sort of wondering what it's all about?"

"Naturally. You might have gathered that from our little chat before luncheon," I replied.

"Hard-boiled, eh? Don't believe in Santa Claus? Being a philosopher, you figure that where (Continued on page 137)

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The New Woman in the New World



This thoughtful, sympathetic and authoritative appraisal of the recent great changes in certain of our codes and customs is by a woman notably qualified for the task by birth, education, social and public experience.

Which Way Is Youth Headed?

The author of these articles has witnessed—indeed, has greatly shared in—the emergence of woman, young and adult, even elderly, from the “sheltered” place she occupied at the end of the Victorian era. It was Mrs. Harriman, for instance, who, with a little group of other free-spirited women of New York, was instrumental in founding the Colony Club, the first actual club in America created and controlled by women. When in 1904 the Club was founded, its entire plan was looked upon with suspicion by a large segment of New York society. It was called a “vicious movement.” “A woman’s club will become her home,” declared an aged defender of the traditions of high society, “and that should never be permitted.” “Women shouldn’t have clubs,” another asseverated; “they’ll only use them as addresses for clandestine letters.” And today the importance of that same pioneer club in New York City, socially and politically, is recognized by all and sundry. Tolerant, sympathetic and understanding, Mrs. Harriman brings to her writing of the present series of articles the experience and knowledge that only a free life can provide.

THE EDITORS

A YOUNG girl I know attends a college not very far from Washington, D. C. A year ago, she said, it was common for the girls to boast of their indiscretions. They went to proms, where the boys brought flasks, and made no secret of their drinking. “But this year everything is changing,” a young friend said. “If a girl shows that she drinks too much the other girls drop her; and among the students generally there is now little drinking. They’ve begun to feel it isn’t quite right any more. There was one girl in college who was proud of her wild affairs with boys, and would brag of being out two or three times a week. Last week she was expelled.”

Another girl I know of comes of a most conservative family in Philadelphia. The atmosphere of her home was proper to the degree of a depressing solemnity. Until she was seventeen she never went out with boys. When she went to college, she bloomed into a modern of the wildest kind. She went to parties and started drinking. In revolt against her previous repression she just broke loose. And she believed she was being up-to-date. Other girls told me her conduct shocked them. Things became so bad that the Student Council of one college where she attended the proms took action and asked the council of her own college to expel her. As a consequence her family, shocked beyond measure, took her home, a much chastened girl.

On the other hand, among my friends are a middle-aged couple in whose home I have always found an atmosphere of intellectual liberalism combined with a delightful geniality. They have two children: Virginia, a girl of eighteen, and Paul, who is about twenty. Cocktails are always served quite freely, and both parents smoke. They are sometimes almost Elizabethan in their conversation. The children were brought up along liberal lines.

By
*Mrs. J. Borden
 Harriman*

the best in their character always being appealed to, and in the spirit that their parents trusted them. "If you say 'Don't fall' to a child, that child is bound to fall," said the father once. "Instead of forbidding children to do what is wrong, it is better to show them by example what is right." Those parents gave their children to understand they looked only for good in them, and they found it. If the children had wanted cocktails, they could have had them. Today neither one cares to drink. Paul doesn't even smoke, not on account of morals, but for physical reasons. He is a splendid athlete, and realizes that smoking and drinking affect his fitness. "I don't see that drinking makes a hell of a fellow," he smiled to me. "I've no objection to its being done in moderation. It has always been under my nose. I've therefore no curiosity about it."

The parents always talked about everything, and the children joined in and laughed with them. Virginia is ignorant about nothing, but is one of the cleanest-minded girls I know. And she has no morbid interest in *risqué* novels, plays or jokes. She comes and goes freely, and is often out late at night. Her relationship with her mother is one of delightful candor. So-and-so drank too much at a party, she says. So-and-so tried to kiss her, telling her mother all about it. And her mother doesn't misunderstand. Because of the freedom allowed her as a child, the liberal atmosphere in which she grew up, she has no desire for such escapades as lure more restricted and more curious girls. Her outlook upon life is intelligent and level-headed. She has her flirtations, and her mother knows about them, but she won't permit liberties.

Virginia might fall so madly and sincerely in love some day that she might lose her sense of proportion, but she would never stoop to sordid intrigues. I could imagine she might even become the companion of a man she loved supremely, if marriage was impossible and it made for his happiness, but she'd do it in a spirit of sacrifice and with a bigness of mind and an understanding of what the step meant. But she would never, for mere money or position, marry a man she did not love—as some women do and as some were forced to do under the former régime; and a man would find it difficult to fool her. Virginia is an admirable type of the advanced girl who appreciates her freedom, and has the intelligence and restraint to take only the proper advantage of it. She is the good type which is emerging from this lurid age.

There are actually many more girls like Virginia, I firmly believe, than there are of the other kind we hear and read so much about. There are, at any rate, among the daughters of my friends. Among the sheltered classes I know many girls who not only do not drink but will not allow themselves to be kissed.



Photo Clifford Smith, Washington, D. C.

MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN

Author of the present series of articles on social conduct today contrasted with that which obtained in her own girlhood.

While I consider myself—and hope I am—democratic and progressive, it sears my mid-Victorian soul to put in black and white such intimate problems as are in the foreground today, but which, a generation ago, we wouldn't even have permitted ourselves to think about. Can one, in a consideration such as this, ignore phases of life prevalent among the young? But do outstanding and flagrant cases make the rule?

Because one girl, whose family is of prominence, makes an exhibition of herself in public, or another is arrested in an automobile accident on Fifth Avenue, the idea is broadcast that most girls of their age and class are drinking to excess and speeding motors. Because the two daughters of a multi-millionaire elope respectively with the chauffeur and carpenter on the estate, and figure sensationally in the newspapers, there is a current impression that the young daughters of the rich generally are picking up with men beneath their station. As a matter of fact, there are fewer elopements today than there were relatively a generation ago, when an elopement was often the only means of escape from parental authority. Today girls don't have to elope. And if there is a lowering of the bars, if the daughter of a prominent capitalist in her revolt against caste marries a famous composer of jazz melodies, it may be for the making of a bigger and finer democracy—who knows? At least girls are free to choose. Today a girl is respected for marrying a man she loves, however wide the social gulf between them; whereas in a former generation such so-called *mésalliances* meant social ostracism.

But extreme exceptions do not make the rule. If in my time young girls, because of the ignorance in which they were brought up, often found marriage a tragic and cruel disillusionment, it no more meant that all marriages at that time meant a ghastly destruction of all beautiful sentiment and ideals than that certain outstanding gestures of youth in revolt today mean that all the young are headed for moral degeneration and social ruin. With the wilder ones everything has gone as far as it can, perhaps. And because they are the most conspicuous and make the most noise, they seem to predominate. And the world judges by them.

Last summer the son of a well-known army officer, a boy famous on his college

football team, was killed in an automobile accident. With him were two girls, both of whom were seriously injured. According to the newspaper reports, the party had been drinking, and the tragedy was just the end of another "joy ride" of the jazz age. I don't know the circumstances, whether they had been drinking or not, but the newspaper notoriety—with editorials moralizing on the follies of the young, and especially the rich—attending the sad incident, gave the impression that most young people are given to wild joy rides and debauches of intemperance leading to moral if not physical wreckage, and here was just another horrible example. There may be a tendency to reckless speeding among the young, who in their new cars find the natural delight of children in toys; but are there any more automobile catastrophes among the young than among their elders? Many more girls drive cars than ever before, but are all given to daredevil speeding?

Some months ago the daughter of a once socially prominent family, but of limited circumstances, was arrested for shoplifting in New York. The girl was young, incorrigibly wild, and the sensational papers made the most of the scandal. It was found the girl had fallen in with fast companions in the night-clubs, and had become dissipated. Unable to live with her family, who tried to curb her waywardness, she had taken an apartment of her own, where she entertained her new friends. Without money, and probably while under the influence of some narcotic, she had stolen a piece of jewelry. In the papers she was held up as another horrible example of what young girls are driven to by the vices and follies of the day. In one sensational tabloid sheet she was made the subject of a sermonizing editorial.

Yet to what degree was this unfortunate girl representative of the majority? How many have taken to shoplifting? Is it a matter of fact, most girls are working today than ever worked before, both from the middle class and girls of more sheltered positions, and are earning money to pay for their clothes and their amusements.

The fact is the present generation has been given a black eye—much blacker than it deserves. What generation hasn't condemned its successors? And as a result of the sensational agitation about the younger generation, nobody seems to believe the



World Photo

MRS. HARRIMAN AS COLONEL OF MOTOR CORPS
With her are Captain M. L. Harley and Major Wager. Success in war-time motor-driving and in the drawing-room attest Mrs. Harriman's versatility.

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Photo Copyright Brown Bros.

MRS. ASTOR'S DRAWING-ROOM

This room was the heart of New York's most exclusive society in Mrs. Harriman's girl- and young womanhood. The "400" of Ward McAllister's creation dominated society then, and the "400" was dominated by Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, whose portrait is perceptible in the corner of the room.

could be innocent. Because their manners are bad, people assume that their morals are worse. And the young know it—to the effect that many doubtless come to the conclusion, "Well, they think the worst about us, anyway. Why not go the limit?"

Many people don't stop to consider that while the young may be indecorous in their behavior, they may be innocent of any actual wrong-doing. What may seem a shocking profligacy may be only an effervescence of spirits carried perhaps beyond the bounds of reasonable restraint. The young are naturally prone to experiment; gaiety is instinctive with youth; and temperateness and wisdom come only through proper training and experience. Older people don't always realize that prejudiced condemnation and unjust suspicion naturally rouse in the young a reaction of defiance. And in this misjudgment, in the biased denunciations which refuse to investigate fairly and see both sides of the problem, the older generation is mostly to blame.

A few years ago a half-dozen girls of whom I knew were sent abroad to what was supposed to be an excellent finishing school in a Latin country. All came of good families; all were refined and charming. When they were sent back, under the odium of disgrace, one of the girls told me the story. On their arrival at the school they found fleas in the beds, the plumbing bad, and the place unspeakably dirty. The school was conducted along the old Latin lines that young girls must be locked behind iron bars, that they couldn't go through the forbidden gates without a chaperon; that to speak to a man was to disgrace oneself. Among the Latin aristocratic classes a girl knows no freedom before marriage, and is treated as a weak creature always open to suspicion. That school may have been fashionable in parts of Europe where docile princesses were accustomed to be locked in, and the future wives of dukes were content to wait for deliverance through arranged marriages within the sequestration of

stone walls. But to these free-born American girls the place, with its stone walls covered with broken glass, not to speak of its filth, was intolerable. And the attitude of implied distrust of their character and morals in a virtual imprisonment was an unendurable insult. And then they discovered intrigues going on among some of the teachers. They stood it as long as they could. At last one of the girls said, "I've had enough of this thing," and the others joined in the revolt, in sheer defiance.

One night they climbed over the wall. The sharp broken glass cut their hands and tore their clothes. They hired a motor and went for a long ride. One of the girls drove. There were no men with them. The worst thing they did was to smoke cigarettes. Late at night, getting back to the school, they climbed over the wall again, with more scraping of their hands and blood-stains on their clothing. In the morning they were called before the principals. "Show us your hands," they commanded, and they suspected the worst. They refused to hear any explanations. The girls were wild Americans—that was enough!—and unfit to associate with the aristocrats content with the iron-barred imprisonment of the exclusive school. The girls were expelled, and the principals cabled to their parents to take them home at once.

An example of how elderly people, hidebound in prejudice and conventions, jump to extreme conclusions in regard to the young, the verdict of those Continental principals was no more high-handedly and sweepingly unjust than the wholesale criticisms heaped upon the younger generation here. And the most severe critics are usually elderly men and women whose own pasts were generally questionable if not, indeed, shady. Or people who, through lack of opportunity or courage, failed in their youth to find love and happiness, and who have grown virtuously vinegared, self-righteously soured, in their attitude toward life.

Modern psychology and psycho-analysis, probing the secret recesses of the brain for the prompting motives of human acts, tells us that normal desires, if suppressed, tend to nervous disturbances, physical maladies, mental aberrations, moral abnormalities and other extravagances of conduct. People, outwardly righteous, in whom there is a subconscious impulse to viciousness, are therefore more unrelenting and vindictive in their persecuting pursuit of those they believe steeped in vice. Is it not possible that some of your professional moral reformers, the men who rout out of houses unfortunate women and herd them on cold winter nights in police cells, might be analyzed as men impelled to their fanatic raids by a subconscious desire for debauchery which, denied to themselves, translates itself into persecution instead of an effort to reform? Who knows but what your fanatic teetotaler is himself impelled by an unconscious but envious desire to drink!

Those who would deny others pleasure may be either those to whom pleasures have grown stale or to whom pleasures have been denied. We know that in history some of the most bigoted persecutors—men who sought to convert others to their creeds by terror and bloodshed—were sometimes men of outrageously dissolute lives, who reformed only when vices palled, or else fanatics whose hatred of those they believed wallowing in the delights of the world was whipped to madness and frenzy by flagellations, fastings and hideous penances for imaginary sins with which they were always tempted. If it was true in ancient Alexandria, in the Middle Ages, in witch-hanging New England, it is true today. When a New York clergyman of the "fundamentalist" persuasion denounces society as a sink of corruption, when he declares all young girls who wear rolled stockings and rouge are lost in a moral iniquity which will bring upon our heads the ruin of a Sodom and Gomorrah, when he thunders his anathemas upon a younger generation hurling itself to social destruction and eternal perdition, one begins to question his suppressed complexes.

And I'm forced to the conclusion that the young of today—with whom little if anything is suppressed—are destined for that very reason, when they gain their equilibrium, to a saner, happier, more normal life than those who have never had the outlet of a safety-valve and are exploding within.

One of the most inveterate enemies of the younger generation is a clergyman I once met. His own life, so far as I know, is in acts irreproachable. He is the rector of a fashionable church. Among a group of women—older women who have nothing to do except to sit around and try to be entertaining at the expense

of others—he is quite popular. At heart he cannot be a true Christian. He thinks nothing of killing reputations by a whispered innuendo, a poisoned shaft of suggested scandal, a supposedly witty story at some one's expense. Jealous of his contemporaries, he manufactures stories about them and even calumnies people who have befriended him. He will embroider the vaguest rumor. Presumably an exponent of Christian charity, he seems inspired by a strange vindictive malice. In the unbridled spirits of the young of today he affects to see nothing but moral degeneracy and an abandon to vice. Because some young girl likes to dance or may drink a cocktail, he leaps to the worst conclusions. And in everything he assumes a lofty attitude of righteousness.

You might think this clergyman a sort of Savonarola when he fulminates against the sins of other people. He looks upon marital infidelity as the most egregious offense in the world. And yet murdering reputations is a daily pastime with him. One wonders what sort of youth he must have had to have so embittered him, what secret suppressed desires fill him with such a rancorous envy of others who can laugh and play and find happiness and pleasure in the world. Who was it once said that there are sins of the body, but much worse are the sins of the soul! And what worse sin of the soul is there than bearing false witness against one's neighbors?

I prefer to believe there is more goodness than evil in human nature, that even the so-called sowing of "wild oats" in whatever form it takes is part of the natural efflorescence of untrained youth, and that more can be done to curb a too great exuberance of spirit by an understanding guidance and helpful love than by bitter execration. One thing you must say for the younger generation—whatsoever its faults,

it is not so much given to petty gossip and scandal-mongering as was the older, which had fewer interests and less to do. The older generation lived in a narrow circle with a narrow horizon, and found a zestful excitement in the small affairs and peccadilloes of their neighbors. The girls of today are preoccupied with more varied and bigger interests; they are more concerned in their own careers or pleasures than in those of others, and by that I think they are cleaner-minded and more wholesome than many of their older critics—the gossips whose suppressed complex is a vicarious satisfaction in retailing the mistakes and follies of their neighbors.

If there is a lack of restraint in pleasure, a too loose relationship between the sexes, vulgarity of speech and manner, even an abandonment to reckless dissipation in this new rest of modern youth, it is certainly not a spontaneous thing without deep-rooted causes. What is wrong? Who is to blame? Nothing in nature happens without antecedent causes, and anything we see, even in human and social phenomena, is the effect of what has gone on a long time before. Instead of censuring



Photo Copyright Brown Bros.

When Mrs. Harriman was a bride the equestrian paths of Central Park were familiar to her. Riding astride was indulged in only by women of great social daring. Nowadays "side-saddles," invented for a crippled English queen, are objects of interest in museums.

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AN ECHO OF NEW YORK'S GREATEST SOCIAL EVENT

When Mrs. Harriman was a debutante, the famous Bradley-Martin ball was held, and here is a group of highly distinguished guests: Mrs. James Smith with P. A. Clark beside her and T. L. V. Hoppin at her feet. At Mrs. James Burden's shoulder stands Stanford White, and next him Mr. James Smith—at whose shoulder, in turn, stands Mr. Norman Whitehouse; at the end, seated, is Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.

the children of today, if we want to help to bring them back to a more normal balance of conduct and sanely governing ideals, we should seek to find out what is at the basis of their unrest and to remedy that.

When I was a girl, we were not completely happy under the rigid conventions, stern discipline and fear of mysterious punishments which hedged us in; we were not entirely contented. We had the same instincts for pleasure and freedom that youth has today, and some would probably have revolted had they known in what way and how. We lacked opportunities for development, and in many ways were mentally inferior. Nor do I believe we were morally much better off. Something was wrong then, in our social system, in the way in which we were brought up. And girls instinctively felt the injustice of the dual code which allowed males every freedom—and even license if hidden by an outward conforming to the proprieties—while females were restricted and repressed. Out of that came the modern revolt of women, with the securing of the franchise, and opportunities for expression in the arts, sciences, professions and business. We did find much happiness in our homes, and our lives revolved about them, as is not the case now. But if the young today regard their homes as a sort of boarding-house, must there not be something still wrong with them? If a child goes wrong, can you entirely blame the child? Must there not be something faulty in its training? For the conduct of the youth of today I believe we parents must be originally largely at fault.

In the early days of the war—at a time when the unrest of the younger suffragettes took the form of picketing the White

House—I knew a girl, Edith W—. Edith was just eighteen, high-spirited, impetuous and passionate of temperament. She came just before the "flapper," before youth found an outlet for its spirits in the freedom of a concerted revolt. She was not a suffragette; she was too strictly repressed in her home for that.

Edith had been brought up in accordance with the older traditions, and at a time when other girls were permitted to go out alone, to lunch with boy friends and attend dances, she was kept at home. As a child, her parents left her to the care of nurses and governesses. As a girl she was given but one idea—that some day she must marry some eligible man and settle down. Edith was intelligent, the type of girl who instinctively demands some sort of self-expression. With all her potential gifts of mind, her parents didn't even concern themselves to supply her with intellectual interest, in books, music or art. They didn't understand her. They seemed unaware of the changes going on in the world, unaware that a female is a human being, and that what is most needed in life is love. Edith's home was gloomy, unrelieved by any social gayeties, distractions or play. The mother had her own interests; the father—who had led quite a gay life—was growing portly and phlegmatic in the preoccupation of his successful business. The girl was terribly discontented. She had nothing to look forward to. If her parents had afforded her some training for a career which would have interested her, she would probably have been contented and happy.

By degrees the mother, who wasn't any too observant, became aware of some marked change in her (Continued on page 102)

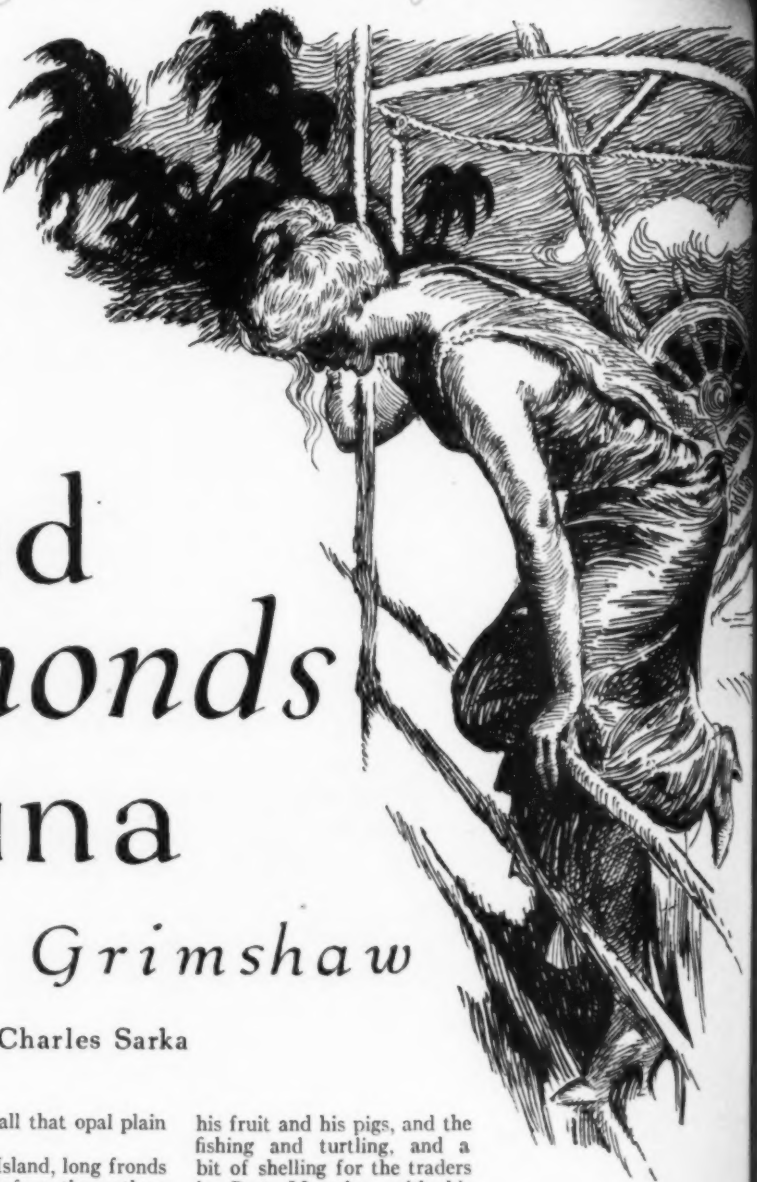
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BEATRICE GRIMSHAW recently returned to her native England home from her adopted Papua for the second time in over twenty years. She is today the foremost writer of fiction of the South Seas, and rarely has she written a tale more colorful or dramatic than this.

The Red Diamonds of Runa

By Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrated by Charles Sarka



THE sun went down upon the Coral Sea, and all that opal plain turned pink, like the inside of a shell.

Leaves were blowing down the beach of Runa Island, long fronds of palm that hissed like snakes as they fled before the gathering southeast gale. Sunset is the time of visions, as dawn is the hour of dreams; in that sunset hour it seemed to me, watching the leaves, that I saw myself in them: drifting, uncertain—soon, in spite of youth, to be withered. Had I not seen up the black rivers and the wild coasts of Papua, among the innumerable islands that make of her coasts a second South Sea world, fierce, beautiful, apart—had I not seen, time and again, the warning of the withered men? There is that in Papua that sucks the souls out of white human creatures, as a jeweled, poisonous spider sucks the juices from a fly. In that sunset hour on lonely Runa, far in the Coral Sea, I saw myself also of the withered—and soon.

The wind blew, growing up with dusk, and I walked and walked along the length of the ghostly-white beach, with the passionate palms flinging themselves toward the embraces of the sea, above me, and the unquiet surf creaming and pouring upon the coral reef beyond. I loved it, with every fiber of my heart; I shall love it, still, till I die. But that night I was beginning to wonder—as how many have wondered, on the innumerable beaches of New Guinea's island world—whether the love was like to make for good in my life, or for ultimate, incurable ill.

There was Rice, among many others: old Jacob Rice, my host for the time being, in his white iron cottage underneath the banians a little way off—old Jacob, who had married a native woman, and lived so long on Runa that he had almost forgotten any other world existed. Jacob was one of the withered men, assuredly; he had lost so much that belonged of right to the white race, that one unconsciously counted him half-caste like his own sons. With his coconuts and his yams and potatoes,

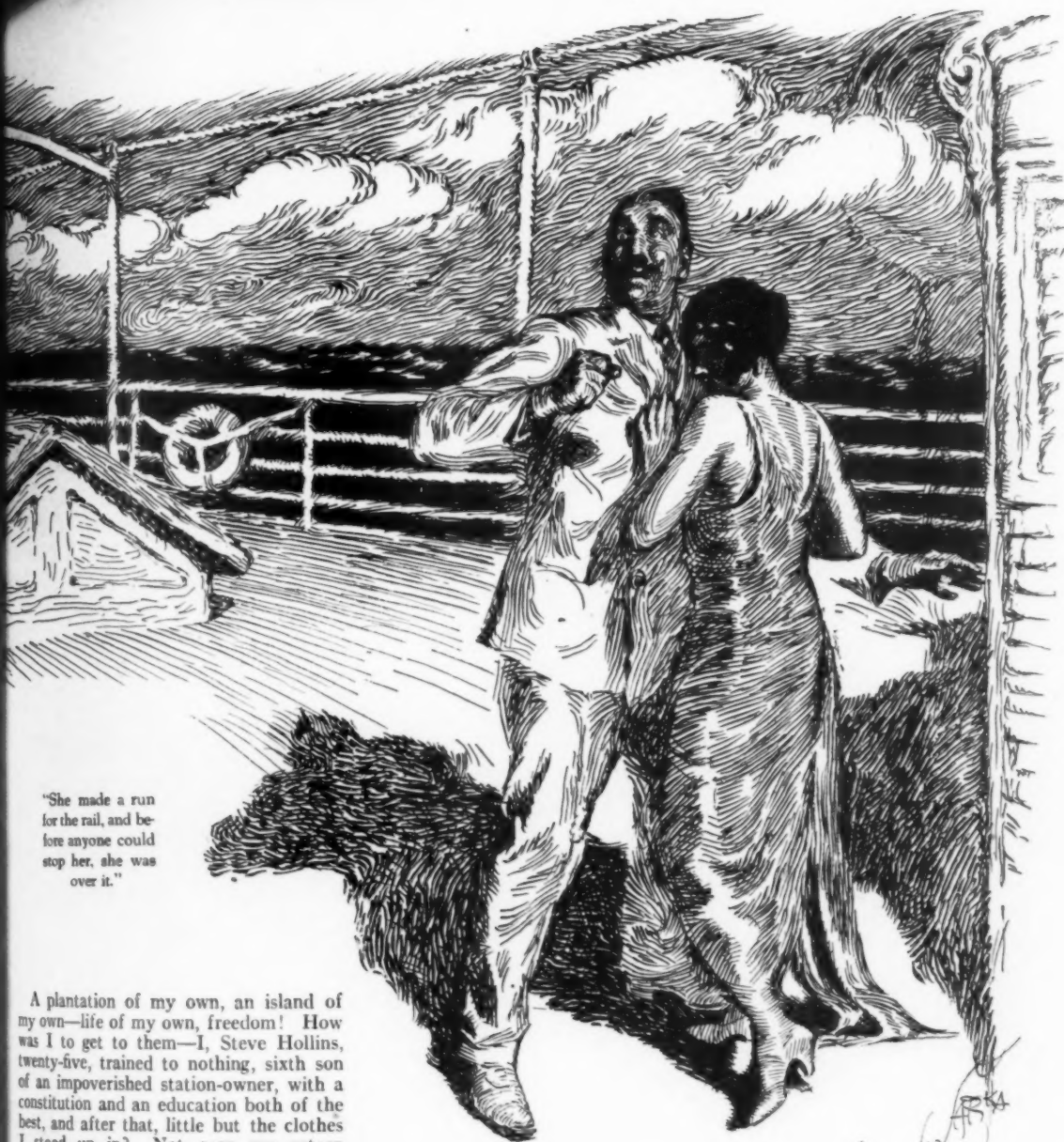
his fruit and his pigs, and the fishing and turtling, and a bit of shelling for the traders in Port Moresby, with his solid house set almost in the warm sea, with the sun that never failed him, and the crystal, freshening winds that swept over Runa daylong, night-long, for eight months of the year, Jacob, it seemed, had all that a man need want; was free from anxiety, and immune to fear.

Yet—

I had reached the cottage, and was mounting the steps of the veranda. Jacob was seated outside, in a clean, faded suit of bluish dungarees; barefooted, as he always was, with his scant white beard flowing free on his wrinkled chest. He had a simple pleased look about him; he was a piping, satisfied old creature, who talked all he knew and more. . . . Emerson's "leaky and facile" came into my mind sometimes, as I looked at him. Did I want to be another Jacob? Assuredly not. Did I want to live master of my fate and life, master as only the wild places can make you; own my land, and captain it? Assuredly yes. Then—

The current of thought short-circuited; there was a flash, an illumination, and in a moment I had come to my conclusion. Money! Money it was what I wanted, as plants want air and water—was what, so far, I had failed to get. . . . Oh, yes, by selling himself in one way or another, a man could always get money; he could get it by slaving at a desk or behind a counter, or he could get it by marrying—legally—a native woman, inheriting her lands, and working them with innumerable half-caste daughters and sons, as Jacob had done. In the one case you lost your freedom; in the other you lost your race.

It wasn't worth it.



"She made a run for the rail, and before anyone could stop her, she was over it."

A plantation of my own, an island of my own—life of my own, freedom! How was I to get to them—I, Steve Hollins, twenty-five, trained to nothing, sixth son of an impoverished station-owner, with a constitution and an education both of the best, and after that, little but the clothes I stood up in? Not even my return fare to Australia had I now, after having tempted Fortune over half the fascinating, merciless Territory of Papua. I had thrown my stake, and—lost?

Maybe. At any rate, the night was sweet, and Jacob's rough food was good to a hungry youngster, and I had paid for it, liberally, by doing what I could in the way of carpentering for the old man. He was getting very feeble, this Jacob, feebler than his years; he could not swing a hammer now, or hold down a saw. I found myself thinking that he would not sit there in the warm shade, the salt sea-wind, much longer; that before many months had passed, his half-caste sons would own the island; and Obaba, old and ugly as she was, would probably tie up with some other white man.

No business of mine. . . . Jacob's endless, senseless chatter—it was all about adventures that he had never had, fine friends he did not own, titles and lands that assuredly could not have been his for the claiming, as he asserted. Common talk of withered men, struggling under what science nowadays would call a complex of inferiority.

Wrecks, ships—he talked about those too. It did not interest me. I was more concerned, for the time being, with a craft called Steve Hollins, like enough to be wrecked in future upon the inhospitable shores of Papua, than with the tale of any that had heretofore been cast away.

Obaba, in her grass skirt, silent, a locked mystery, as all Papuans are to all Europeans, moved round the table, handing food. It was dark outside now, save for stars, and the first

glimmer of the just rising moon; the wind blew stronger, so that the palm-tree fronds kept crashing ceaselessly upon one another, with a sound like barrels of water cast down on a stone floor.

"The seas here are paved with pearls and diamonds," asserted Jacob, his feeble eyes, blue-smudged beneath, peering at me in the light of the hurricane lamp, to see how much I believed.

"Yes?" I said. "Pass the butter, please."

"I remember the time," went on Jacob conversationally, "when the yacht of the Grand Duke of Russia, the *Junia*, came through here. That was in 'thirteen—year before the war. After the war come on, the Grand Duke had no more yachts nor diamonds, nor pretty girls to wear them. He was blackin' boots outside hotels, till he died. A cousin of mine had his boots blacked by him, and give him sixpence," he added after a pause.

I recognized the heavy touch of the amateur fictionist.

"This yacht, she anchored up to loo'ard of the island, for a night, and we went to her—that was me and Obaba (the boys was asleep)—and brought fruit to sell. The Grand Duke of Russia, he come out of his cabin, and he 'ung over the rail, and talked as good English as you or me. There was a lady; she wasn't the Grand Duchess, because the Grand Duchess of Russia, she was with the Empress at home. . . . A cousin of mine"—impressively, after the inevitable pause—"was first lady's maid

in the palace, and she knew all about it."

"What a liar you are!" I thought dreamily. The food, and the hot tea, and the howling of the southeaster outside, were together making me very sleepy.

"The lady come out of the saloon and bought some of our fruit. I thought she was the prettiest girl I ever seen, with hair that light and shiny, you wouldn't believe, and eyes as blue as trade beads. She had a wild look about her, too; I can't rightly describe it; but I've seen Obaba here taken that way, when maybe there was a bit of a little girl from the mainland come in a canoe, and . . . Well! A man's a man—or was, once. Well, there was another lady on that yacht; might have been sixteen other ladies, for all I know, because that Grand Duke of all Russia, he was a hot one. I'd a friend, a sort of half-uncle, who used to sell him his clothes in a place they call New Cut in London, where all the tailors lives; well, he said the Grand Duke was a hot one, and he. . . . What was I telling you? About the lady with the hair. She had on a necklace of diamonds; it was shinin' like a Christmas tree. That's what you want to remember." He became suddenly authoritative. His voice rose.

"Why, God bless me," I found myself thinking, "he's telling the truth about something!"

"We went home, me and Obaba. And in the middle of the night there was screams from the yacht. I could tell you things about yachts—my brother—"

"Yes," I said rudely. "Don't bother with him. Go on about the yacht." For I was almost hypnotized into believing him.

"I went out, and I stood on the end of the point there, with that very glass in my hand. Take it, look through it. What do you see?"

He had handed me a long telescope, covered in rusty leather. "Why," I said, putting my eye to it, "I can see anything up to a mile. What a glass! You paid something for that."

"I never. I got it from a wreck; I dunno the price. But it was a full-moon night, same as this, and I seen the lady out on deck, and it was she was screaming, and another lady, and they was fighting. I saw them, the lady with the diamonds—don't forget that—and a lady with a gold dress on her, and black hair. And the Grand Duke, he come out and threw them from each other like you would throw two cats. And he pointed at the diamonds, and he says something, I dunno what, for they

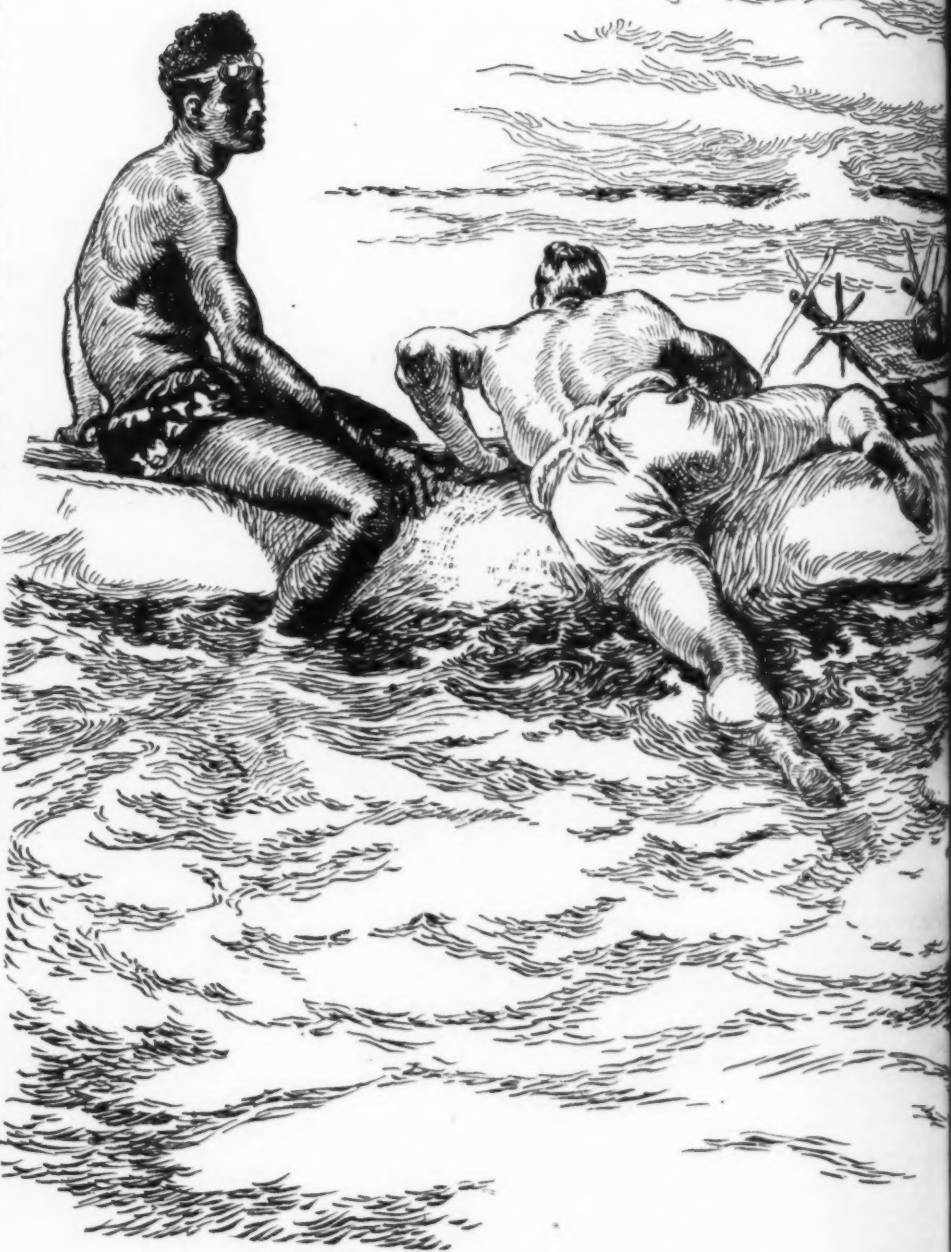
was all of three hundred yards away. Maybe they seen me and maybe not, but anyhow they took no more account of me than if I was a crab on the reef. So when she heard him—

"Who?"

"I'm telling you. The one with the shiny hair. She was a hot one; I reckon he was telling her to give over the diamonds, and that made her fair ropable. She off with the lot, and she chucked them right into the sea."

"You don't expect me to—"

"Hold on. That wasn't all. The Grand Duke of Russia, he got snake-headed then, and he put his arm round the one in the gold dress, and he turned and give the one with the hair a proper tongue-thrashing. So she made a run for the rail, just like as if she was seasick, and before anyone could stop her, they wanted to, she was up on it, and over it and down into the sea."





I snatched at the canoe. A head flung itself out of the water—the sound of its closing jaws was like the slam of an iron gate.

but the diamonds she chucked over, that was just on the near side of the little point there, and no one ever got those."

"Do you expect me to believe that pearl divers have been here, and never went down to look for the diamonds?"

"Never, Mister. Nobody believed me, same as you don't. They say the *Junia* was never here anyhow; what would take her, they say. Well, I know what would; it was hurricane weather on the Queensland coast, and if you run across a line that's halfway between here and Cairns, you get out of the hurricanes, see? But they don't believe me. Lookit: I'm a man that has had more wonderful things happen to me than any man in New Guinea, and nobody wont believe any blasted one of them. The time the Mambare field broke out, I was there among the first, and I was with them when they come down in a cutter and lost six months' gold overboard, right out at sea. And lookit, Mister: I and the others went back and cast anchor somewhere as near the spot as we could get, and when we pulled up the anchor, blimy, the bag of gold was caught in the flukes!"

"Give it a rest," I begged him. "I'm off to bed." And I went. I lay only a little while awake; but before I slept, I had time to reflect more than once on the amazing fictional abilities of this queer fish Jacob Rice,

"combo man," (white man who lives with natives), withered leaf of the beaches, colossal boaster and liar.

Next morning a local schooner chanced to call, and I managed to work passage in her as far as the mainland. There were some plantations not many miles away, and I hoped, on one or another of them, to get a job.

I did not get it, but I got that which caused me to hire a native canoe with the last of my small valuables, and head back to Runa Island as fast as I could go, two days after I had left. For the manager whom I had interviewed—an old hand, knowing Papua and its history as few now alive do know it—had told me that old Jacob Rice's incredible tale of the gold was perfectly true.

"Anyone Samarai way will tell you it happened," he said. "Of course the old chap's a born liar—all that sort a're; but I suppose he does, now and then, stray into the truth by accident. I

"Drowned?" I asked. I didn't believe a word of it—and yet one wanted to know the end of the tale.

"Drowned, your eye! No one's ever drowned about Runa. I reckon she was eat by the sharks before she had fair touched water. They squalled when they see her, something cruel—" "The sharks?"

"The ladies and the Grand Duke. But it wasn't worth putting a boat off, let alone the weather. That was *weather*, Mister! It got up in the night that bad that she dragged her anchor, and went out to sea, and I dunno what she did then."

"Who?" I asked, getting more and more confused and sleepy. "The yacht, the *Junia*. I think she went down in Torres Straits, but I dunno. That's what I mean when I say the sea's paved with diamonds and pearls hereabouts, in a manner of speaking."

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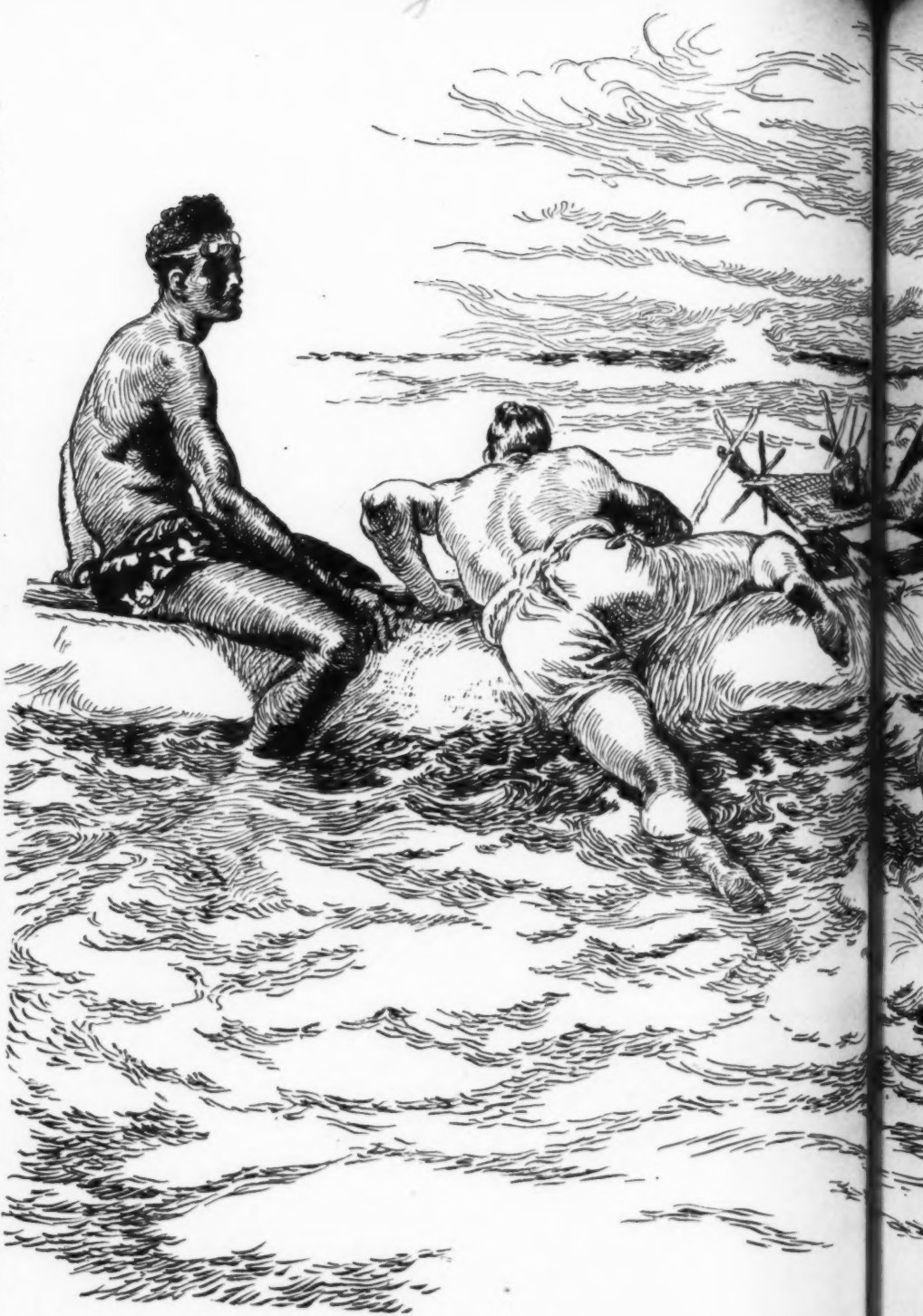
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"Well, the pearls has all been got—they was in the strait;

reckon that's about the only true tale he's told for the last ten years."

I had it on the tip of my tongue to say, "Did you ever hear his story about the diamonds?" but something, I don't know what, warned me to keep silence. A drowning man will catch at straws. I was drowning; if I could not run upon some immediate piece of luck, it was Government rations and Government free passage away, and afterward desk or farm. No island kingdom; no free, wild, splendid life for me, captain of myself and of my fate. Without cash, you couldn't run island kingdoms, any more than drapers' shops in Pitt Street, or pubs in Woolloomoolloo. And an island kingdom, now, was all I lived for.

Of course Jacob Rice was a liar; he lied as he breathed. Of course the silly tale about the diamonds was just another lie. But—he had told truth once. It might be—it might be. . . .

Sailing perilously over to Runa, with the outrigger slapping the water till I had to crawl out and sit upon it, I made up my mind. I would get at Jacob and go through that story of his; I would strip it to the bones. I would find out.

I landed on Runa beach, and the first thing I saw was Obaba, walking up to the house with blood streaming from her head. She had lost the top of her left little finger. In her right hand she carried an old-fashioned stone tomahawk. She was screaming with loud, measured, formal screams. And I, who had learned something of native customs, knew that Obaba had just cut off the top of her finger, ceremonially, upon a stone of the beach; and that she had done so because she was new-made a widow.

It was as if some one had struck me in the face. "Too late," I said to myself, leaping off the prow of the canoe, and following the woman. "No chance comes twice."

Within the little iron house there was a loud noise of death-crying; women from the village at the far side of the island were circling round and round Jacob Rice's mosquito-netted bed, swinging their grass petticoats as they went, and howling shrill and high like dogs that bay the moon. Obaba, her face and breast streaming with blood from bottle-glass cuts, sat on the floor and waved her mutilated hand, joining her voice to the indescribable clamor. In the midst of it all lay the little, thin corpse of Jacob, boaster, liar, adventurer, combo man, now dowered with the dignity of death, the splendor raying from the last adventure of all. That morning he had fallen, suddenly, out of his chair, and never risen again, dropping from life as the withered leaf drops from the tree.

I left the women and went out upon the beach. The hissing palm-fronds flew before the wind, as they had flown two days before; the surf was sounding and creaming, still, upon the coral reef beyond. Nothing was changed; I had lost nothing; and yet I felt bereft.

SOME one else was also upon the beach; a tall, thin youth in cotton shirt and trousers. He, like myself, was walking up and down; we passed each other by and by, and I saw with surprise the likeness to little old ugly Jacob in this slim young Hermes molded of island bronze. The son, without doubt.

He had been weeping; he showed it unashamedly. I respected his grief and left him to himself.

Two days later, when all that had been Jacob was put away, and Obaba's savage wounds were healing, and the little iron house had settled down to comparative quiet, I and the son sat on the veranda edge together and talked. His name, I heard, was Dimmi—otherwise Jim. He was eighteen and married. He had been diving down at Thursday Island, but he hadn't done well, and his wife and child were short of money. Obaba wouldn't help him; she meant to hold on to the island and all it contained, till the last gasp. He might come and live there, she had told him; other help he could not and need not expect. For all her savagery, Obaba was—like most New Guinea women—a keen bargainer and a bit of a miser.

I liked the fellow; a sudden thought struck me. "Dimmi," I asked him, "did you ever hear your father tell about the diamonds?"

"Oh, yess," he answered, speaking with the odd precise English of the mission-schooled half-breed. "I have heard him many times."

"You didn't believe him?"

"Yess sir, I have believed him. The other people, they did not believe him—but I knew my father, sir."

"I doubt it, you did quite," was my thought. But I went on: "Dimmi, have you any idea of where those diamonds may be?"

"Oh, yess sir. I have always known that."

"The devil you have, Dimmi! Then, why didn't you—"

He looked at me with an uneasiness that I could not quite fathom. "I have heard all about them, sir," he said somewhat evasively. "They were not lucky, sir."

"Lucky! How, lucky?"

"They were called the Red diamonds, sir—"

"Phew," I interrupted, with a long whistle. I had heard of them indeed—the famous, infamous "red" diamonds owned by a great Russian house that had perished in the Revolution. The blue Hope itself did not approach those white diamonds that were called red, in the matter of bringing ill luck to owners. Murder and suicide had followed their career, as the fiery tail follows after a comet. If old Jacob had spoken truth—and I was sure, now, that he had—the Red diamonds had carried out to the end, their sinister reputation.

ALL this, however, troubled me, personally, not a scrap. I was willing to take the chance of any ill luck that might cling to those sinister gems, if only I could get possession of them.

"Dimmi," I asked excitedly, for surely now the scent was growing hot, "do you know where they are?"

"I know pretty near, sir. The sharks,"—he stopped for a moment, and I could see the brown flesh of his shoulders contract in a half shudder,—"*the sharks*, they didn't eat her with the diamonds on. If they have, those diamonds would be maybe South America or Melbourne; the shark he is traveling very quick. . . . But she threw the diamonds, and then she threw herself; that is what my father always said. There is a hole there, sir, not a very deep hole; it is where the rocks fall down a little underneath the water, and I have many time thought that must be where they will be."

"But Dimmi—you never tried!"

"They are the Red diamonds," said Dimmi, very low, and staring at the ground. "I know a great many things about those sorts of things, sir. I have gone to the pitchers in the Island always two times every week. This bad luck, you can't get away from it."

"Did your father believe in it?"

"I dunno, sir. He would not let me try to see for them any time, because—"

"Because what?"

Dimmi drew himself together again in that chill shiver. "There is no sharks anywhere as bad as the sharks of Runa," he said.

"But a dress—a dress, Dimmi!"

Suddenly, with the weak emotionalism of the half-caste, he broke into tears.

"My father and I, we were always afraid of the luck and of the sharks," he sobbed. "Oh, sir, I am very damn' afraid of them. If you had seen such accidents of sharks as I have seen at the Island—And now it's too late."

"What's too late, Dimmi? How?"

"People are coming from the Island—with dresses," he said, wiping his eyes with the backs of his brown hands.

"What made them?"

"I have talked a great deal," he said simply. "I did not mean to; and sir, I never thought they would believe me. But I talked—I talked."

"Being Jacob's son—no doubt!" I thought satirically. Aloud I said: "When do you expect the divers?"

"Oh, I think they are coming tomorrow," he said. "Or maybe it be today. I dunno, sir." And again he wept.

There was a minute's silence. I looked at the sun, white-gold an hour and a half above the horizon yet. Something, in my mind, seemed to set hard as I looked.

"Dimmi," I said, "if only you'll back me up, we'll do it yet."

THE real trouble we had was with Obaba.

She was obstinate, suspicious, obstructive, as only a native woman, and an aged native woman at that, can be. Before I had done with Obaba, I understood fully a thing that had often puzzled me before—how it was that the old women of the village could drive an entire tribe of warriors out to battle, at their will. Any warrior, anywhere, would go to battle, or to balance to get rid of the old women, when once they had made up their minds to be troublesome.

Obaba had a part to play in the adventure I had planned. She was to take a canoe out over the spot where the diamonds were supposed to lie (if Jacob hadn't lied) and to act as I directed once there.

She wouldn't see it. I could not (Continued on page 12)

IN these tales Maude Radford Warren understandingly pictures an average college town. And the reader comes to realize that the younger generation is not quite so hopeless as some would have the world believe. Although the author lives in Ithaca, the seat of Cornell University, it is not to be assumed she is picturing the life of that particular place.

Illustrated by
C. D. Williams



The Technique of the Sirens

By Maude Radford Warren

What she did was to lose her temper and shout: "You make me sick, Wally Foster!"

YOUNG Sue Waldron was the center of a small knot of devoted young men at the dance of her aunt, Mrs. Swayne. Attached to the knot were two or three other girls, but everyone except themselves knew that they were, for the moment, negligible. Sue had been called young Sue by a cockney cook of her aunt's, and the name had clung because it was so eminently descriptive of her looks. She was little, slim, agile, with an affectionate outgoing manner, very wide-open trustful gray eyes and a sweet, frank, childish smile. One of her admirers too far gone to care what people thought of him, had remarked that butter would not indeed melt in that innocent mouth. Men were inclined to agree with him; girls had their reservations.

It was easy for young Sue to do and see several things at once. Thus, while she was busy enchanting youths about her, making sure they would cut in lavishly when the dancing began, her eyes skittered about the rooms, missing practically nothing of what was going on. It was a delightful scene. The Swayne

house had been built at a time when ample space could be inclosed without thought of the cost of coal and the scarcity of servants. The ceilings were high and the main rooms hung with huge chandeliers which glittered and swung like the earrings of the pretty women beneath them. Here and there a bowl of goldfish added to the glitter. Wild flowers of the spring were the decorations. Altogether there was a blend of the natural and the artificial which pleased Sue's senses.

She liked most of the people about her, too. She had grown up with many of them. Others had watched her grow up. These latter, the middle-aged, young Sue permitted in her mind to dance and be gay if they wished to—all but one.

That one was Mrs. Race, who had, in the college town of Creston, established her own conventions. Until this evening young Sue had accepted them more or less unthinkingly. She thought about most things and laughed at most of them. When she was not more than seven, she had fallen into fits of laughter at

the sight of grown men parading the streets in clothes that reminded her of King Arthur and his knights. The reception of that laughter had been the beginning of Sue's growth in tact. She had learned to be sweet and serious on the outside about everything, and inside to estimate everything, but if she laughed, to laugh under cover.

She looked across the room at Helena Race, lithe, tall, mysterious, with soft glances that began as languorous and personal, and then slipped off into the remote and impersonal.

"Ha," thought young Sue, "if I've laughed about that terrible old woman, I've perhaps laughed too soon."

Helena Race was quite forty, and acted, the critical of her world said, as if she were twenty. She was married to a very eminent scholar, the man of whom—outside of its moneyed men—Creston was most proud. He was a scientist who had helped humanity and had made exploiters rich. He had gained only a beautiful wife, and the privilege of being allowed to do research work for his salary instead of teaching. It was quite enough for Race. When she was a graduate student, Helena had married him, partly because she was fond of him, but more because he was eminent, and still more because he was her best offer. He had warned her that he would not go into society, and that, as he wanted his home quiet, he would not expect her to have guests. So except when he was away attending conventions, Helena did her simple entertaining at clubs. From the beginning of her marriage, however, she had made it clear that she liked society, even if her husband did not, and that she wanted to be invited without him. As the Race house was shared by her sister and brother-in-law the Baldwins, Helena was able to leave home whenever she pleased. She was often the dinner-guest when a visiting professor came who must be shown what the town could do in the way of good looks. The unmarried men in her husband's department took her to dances.

"Let her have her young men, the cradle-snatcher," thought Sue savagely. "I guess I've got plenty of men."

She had; but her eyes kept going back to Helena Race, and then passing from her to the handsome young officer to whom Helena was talking. The University, which was the main reason for Creston's being, included military training. Some fifteen officers were detailed there. Mostly they were married, but recently had come young Captain Hastings, a war hero, who was not married, and who was prepared to enjoy the society of Creston's charming girls. Among them he had begun to include Helena Race.

"It's not that I care whether I ever speak to Captain Hastings again or not," thought Sue, "but it's the beastly unfairness. Mrs. Race has had her day. Why does she want to grab off two or three generations of young men? Why is it I never noticed before what she does? I wish, dammit," added Sue savagely, "that I knew what her technique is. These sirens!"



"Oh, Mrs. Race, Mr. Baldwin and I have been having the loveliest time. I do so love to talk to an older man."

With an effort she unfastened her gaze to bestow innocent siren gazes herself on her suitors, just as Hastings turned his head toward her. If she could have heard the conversation that preceded and followed that glance, she would have learned something of Helena Race's technique.

"How beautiful little Sue Waldron looks tonight!" Helena had murmured in the lovely husky voice which was perhaps her chief source of allure. "You really must leave me and go and speak to her, Captain Hastings. She expects it. Oh, perhaps I shouldn't have said that. But you know all the young girls in the world are quite mad about the Army. And Sue is so lovely and so popular. She's always had men at her feet. She is such a darling."

A very clever speech, the claw in it well padded. Sue would have seen in a minute that Hastings was enough attracted to Helena to consider that her words had mainly praised young Sue Waldron in a most generous way; but what would



unconsciously under his skin was the suggestion that Sue was, perhaps, making a small claim on him. Sue knew quite as well as Helena did that a man resents an uninvited claim on himself more than he does a crime against the nation. And even when he has invited it, he has a subconscious conviction that he ought to be able to cancel the invitation at will.

What Sue did see out of the tail of her eye was that the two had been talking about her, and that Hastings had looked at her and had not come.

"What do I care?" declared Sue fiercely to herself, as she swung into the first dance. "I don't care a whoop, but I'm going to think about that old girl, find out what she's done and how she's done it. And if I have to, I can establish a technique of my own."

She was dancing with Wallace Foster, son of the chief banker of Creston, a big blond lad who had loved her since she was ten and he fourteen. Sue was accustomed to giving him orders and nothing else. She would have been rather astonished to learn that he, more than anyone else, was responsible for her feeling that she ought to have everything from life that she wanted.

"Now, Wallace, old pet," she cooed, "I have thrown a hate on that Captain Hastings. He's too conceited for words. So if you see him cutting in on me, you cut right back yourself."

"Right," he agreed. Then he added: "What's the matter? Peeved because he's giving Mrs. Race a run?"

Sue gave a silent gasp. Was she showing her hand so badly as all that? It did not occur to her to credit Foster with especial acuteness. He had so thoroughly spoiled her that she looked on him as a sort of good-natured moron whose money and manners were his most important assets.

"Oh, well, of course he's rushing her, or she's rushing him," Sue said. "That's taken for granted." Then, thinking that Foster might possibly help her in her researches about Helena, she added: "All the young men in town, nearly, have to take a course of Helena, don't they? Why didn't you?"

"I did while you were away at school," said Foster, skillfully avoiding a youth who was making determined efforts to cut in on him.

"You did? Tell me about it later," said Sue as she swung into the arms of another partner.

When she was again dancing with Foster, he began where they had left off.

"She's a peach, Mrs. Race is," he said. "A fellow takes her to dances and gives her a good time, of course, but she gives a fellow so much sympathy and understanding. Gosh, it's terrible that she should be married to an old mummy like Race. She ought to be married to a chap of her own age, like Hastings."

"Her own age!" cried Sue. "She's forty—fifty—"

"She's thirty-two; she told me so," Foster said. "She was married when she was a mere child. It isn't like you, Sue, to be catty, and to belittle anyone else."

Sue swallowed her rage. Even her own Wallace Foster had been imposed upon by that woman.

"I'm not catty, Wally," she cooed; "I'm just trying to get a rise out of you. I think Helena Race is lovely, and she doesn't look a day over twenty-five."

"You bet she's lovely, and if I had time for anyone but you, I bet I'd see a lot of her," he growled.

"Well, don't let me mortgage all your time," flared Sue, and glided into another man's arms.

That night, when the guests were all gone, the wild flowers wilted, the goldfish asleep, and the hostess Mrs. Swayne nearly so, Sue interrupted her aunt's luxurious yawning.

"Aunt Minnie," she said, "before you go to sleep, I want to ask you something. It's about Mrs. Race. Of course, we know that men are so honorable that they kiss but never tell. Still and all, things *do* leak out. Can you tell me how she does it?"

Mrs. Swayne gasped. "I never can get used to the sophistication of you young things," she said plaintively.

"Yes, but you are in a hurry for bed," Sue said, planting herself on a sofa beside her aunt, "and I'm in a hurry to know."

"Of course I've watched Helena Race for almost twenty years; she's only a little younger than I am," Mrs. Swayne said; "but she's kept herself in spirit in the twenties because she's never let herself go about with older men."

"To the discard with the older men!" commented Sue. "How does she get and keep the young ones? Wallace tells me she is very sympathetic—"

"That's it. She flatters, sympathizes, makes them feel they are men of the world, leans on them and looks up to them. In short, she treats them as a girl does her fiancé, only she keeps the elder-sisterly accent."

"Yes, but what I'm getting at," Sue said, "is how does she keep them away from the girls? She seems able to do that as much as she wants to. Hasn't any girl that married one of her men afterward found out anything?"

MRS. SWAYNE sent her mind questing back for evidence. "Men do, of course, leave her to get married," she said. "It probably is that she serves just so long as an educating influence for them. Men naturally want to get married, and they don't want to marry a woman so much older than themselves. Let me see. I do remember your cousin Carolyn telling me something once that she got from one of her married friends about Helena. It seems that if a man likes a girl, Helena either lets him see that the girl cares too much about him, and expects attention from him, or else that she doesn't like him at all, is bored by him. And she does it in a cooing 'I'm-an-old-lady—don't-let-me-keep-you-from-the-girls' style."

"That's it; she would," cried Sue fiercely. "Well, this has gone on long enough, Aunt Minnie. What right has she to have two seasons of youth? It's not fair."

"I suppose, you harsh young thing, that you are doing this from some highly moral motive?" remarked Mrs. Swayne. "You've not got a personal motive? How can you be so cruel? Why can't you let a woman prolong her youth in every possible way? Men do it, but you, a girl yourself, have so little sex loyalty."

"You bet not, when an ancient poaches on my preserves," shrilled young Sue.

"Well, of course, if she has been able to take away from you a man you are in love with—" said Mrs. Swayne in a soft, nasty voice.

"I'm not; she didn't. I'm not in love with him. I was only sort of looking him over. He didn't stay put because I didn't look after him enough. Besides, he's the first man that ever sort of strolled away from me. I can get him back. I don't want him, but I'll get him back and then push him over to Helena Race again. You watch. Goodness, Aunt Minnie, you must be more of a feminist than I thought if you are siding against your niece this way!"

"Oh, I'm not," sighed Mrs. Swayne; "I'm only voicing the feminine lament of the ages. You'll recognize the song one of these days yourself. You'd better arrange your face, dear. It needs revision."

Sue flew to a mirror and saw a hardened face from which shone steely eyes, emphasized by a thin-lipped, snarling smile. She relaxed her muscles, made a grimace or two, and was presently trustful young Sue, with the butter-proof mouth. Her gentle tone did not match her words, as she said:

"You watch, Aunt Minnie. She's worse than a cradle-snatcher. She's one of these goats—ghouls—that feed on people. She sucks the blood of the young men and so keeps off age. It's my duty to rescue my generation from her. . . . Now run off to bed, dear, and gloat over your successful party. I'm going to stage me a campaign."

SUE'S first step in her campaign was to treat Captain Hastings with a bright impersonal interest, the while she was so busy in odd hours reading the history of the particular division with which he had been connected during the war. She then arranged to play tennis next to the court where he and Helena Race played. In this part of her plan she ruthlessly used Foster, halting him away from his desk with an imperative telephone call, the moment she saw Helena and Hastings walking toward the courts. Sue on the tennis-courts was like a young Winged Victory. She always bound an azure ribbon about her brow, and little tendrils of hair clung to this like gold-brown foam. She was flushed, laughing, altogether lovely. Unless, she reflected, Helena had so far enslaved Hastings that he had become blind as well as a dumb-bell, he must see that youthful twenty had springier muscles and better breath than forty plus.

That he did see she knew when he began to ask her and Foster if they did not want to play doubles, maneuvering to get Sue as his partner. This part of the plan she thwarted. When Helena Race appeared to lose interest in tennis, explaining that she never cared to play when the weather grew really warm, Sue knew that she had scored a point. She also knew that Helena was watching her.

Foster showed her that he too was watching her.

"It seems about time that you stopped this tennis racket," he said to her, after she told him that she'd not call him up during banking hours any more. "I'm willing to be a pawn for a certain length of time. After that this worm turns and refuses to grovel."

Sue advised him not to mix his metaphors, and was particularly considerate for a space of days. Foster, she reflected, was the most useful and tireless friend she had.

Her next step was to arrange to give a buffet supper to be followed by a dance. She invited Helena, who supposed, of course, that people of all ages would be included, as they so frequently were in Creston. Sue's arrangements of the downstairs rooms in the Waldron house were drastic. She put a high-powered bulb in every electric-light fixture, and did away as far as she possibly could with shadings and modulations of light. She put Helena and Hastings at the same table, along with Foster and herself, and she chose a seat that placed Helena in the most disadvantageous situation possible.

It was cruel, and Sue gloried in her cruelty like a squaw sticking in a torture knife. Against a background of young faces Helena looked strained and lined. Contrasted with Sue, she was brown autumn, sere against the green and golden drifts of spring. Moreover her rage, however she tried to conceal it, worked, as rage always does, a certain devastation in her face. She managed to change seats with Foster on the plea of glaring light, and Hastings turned out a bulb at her behest. But while this improved her situation somewhat, it likewise drew Hastings' attention to it. She did not lose her value for him, but she did enhance Sue's value.

Moreover, Sue was clever in her tactics during the supper. She was sweet to Helena, sweet and subtly considerate and respectful of her age; she was friendly to Foster and brightly impersonal and respectful to Hastings. She made Hastings feel that she considered him not of the decade, but of the generation preceding her own. This naturally irked him, since like all men, he was as young as he felt, and he felt like twenty-five.

During the dancing he cut in on Sue as much as he could. Helena was not neglected, Sue noted; she had plenty of admirers among the youths. Foster, especially, danced a good deal with her.

"That's because he feels sorry for the tennis episode," Sue thought. "Wallace is really a splendid gentleman. He'd never

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"How dreadfully you
must love him not to
think of yourself at
all!" she said.

dream of fighting for
anything—not even for
me. *Noblesse oblige*,
and give up to the
grabbers? Not for
Sue!"

That night, when Sue
bade farewell to her
guests, she noted that,
as Hastings said good-
by, he held her hand
a moment longer than
necessary, and that
Helena saw this linger-
ing. Helena's smile
was sweet and appar-
ently unperturbed. But
Sue was not deceived.

"The woman," she
gloated, when she was
alone, "absolutely stag-
gered from the arena.
I should say she's down
and out."

Following the dance,
Hastings tried repeat-
edly to make engage-
ments with Sue, but
she had always some-
thing else planned. Just
when she was deciding
that his patience was
wearing thin, she agreed
to go for a ride with
him. He brought two
of the best cavalry
horses; and Sue, who
loved riding, forgot her
schemes for an hour,
and as they gayly
cantered along the
country roads about
Creston, she was per-
fectly natural. Later
when the first freshness
of the horses was gone,
and they were pacing,
he asked her why she
had avoided him.

"Oh, but I haven't,"
Sue said with wide-
open eyes. "I am busy
with my friends, and
you with yours. Of
course, the little Army
crowd is a world in it-
self. I suppose you
have the loveliest times
talking over the war—"

Sue supposed noth-
ing of the sort. It hap-
pened that most of the
army detail at Creston
had never been over-
seas during the war.

Those who had seen service had been in various divisions.
"If only I'd been old enough to have gone over and done
welfare work!" mourned Sue. "Of course I've read everything
I can about the war. When I think of what they did around
Fère-en-Tardenois and Fismes—"

They were off. Hastings was thrilled and flattered to think
that she could talk over his campaigns with him. He was accus-
tomed to blank wondering eyes when he tried to talk about the
war. For nearly nine years he had seen groups dividing them-
selves automatically into a large one that wasn't interested in the
war, and a small one that found itself (Continued on page 173)

High John, Conqueror

By
Arthur K.
Akers



Henry began to spell out the words. "Boy,
hit li'ble to skeer you to death."

Illustrated by
H. Weston Taylor

A DISHPAN and his fourth honeymoon crashed about the dusky ears of Ocie Willis, alias "Rabbit-hound."

"Hit me wid somepin quiet, nex' time," he complained as he rubbed the place on his small granitelike skull where the pan had struck. "Cain't git me my rest wid dat pan a-bangin' away on my haid."

"Don't you go to sleep on me ag'in, den, while I's talkin' business wid you," countered Bella, his current bride, heatedly. "Else I's gwine sep'rate you into li'l pieces and den lose some of dem. When I talks, you listens—you heah me?"

"Cain't heah nothin' else," mumbled Ocie. "Is you talkin' ag'in or yit?"

"I's talkin' 'bout you, dat's what! Lyin' all over Bumin'ham befo' I ma'ies you 'bout whut a big nigger in de lodge you is, and how much money you got! I wuz lookin' fo' somepin, and I gits me nothin'. Whut is you? Aint got no money, aint got no looks, aint got no size! And specially you aint got no automobile."

"I had one twel you come," defended Ocie dully.

"Twel de sheriff-gent'man come, you means. Us is ma'ied one day, and dey come git dat li'l mess o' junk you calls a car de next, 'ca'se you aint paid nothin' on hit in de longest."

"I's gwine git me 'nother one next Sat'day night, soon's I gits me ten dollars fo' de down-paymint," offered Ocie hopefully.

"You's gwine do a lot! Man, what I's tellin' you 'bout is done *did*. Dat James, he ridin' me round while you jes' workin' yo' mouf. Me, I wants a car and I wants hit sudden. Walkin' niggers don't make no hit wid me. You gits me a car Sat'day or you gits yo'se'f 'nother wife. I'm tellin' you!"

Apparently Bella reached for the dishpan again. Ocie instantly developed into a fresh-air fiend. Once outside, he kept going. Nothing like new scenes, he felt, to blot unpleasant matters from the mind. James and his car, for example. But a couple of miles proved that his was a case which travel could not help. Visions came that disturbed him. Stubborn facts about James arose and would not dim nor down. James was tall and

yellow, while Ocie was short and black. James had two suits of clothes where Ocie relied heavily upon the white folks' generosity to be sure of even one. James owned half an interest in a pressing club, while Ocie took half an interest in a job with a wheelbarrow at an iron foundry. Worse still, James had a car and a way with women. Ocie had neither. And Bella talking about give her liberty or give her a car! Ocie needed money and didn't have any.

Hours and miles passed while he wrestled with his problem. He ran over in his mind the roster of his white acquaintances. But there he was sharply up against the paradox that those who knew him well enough to lend him money knew him entirely too well to do so. In fact he was so immersed in his troubles that he all but collided with a creditor of long standing. As he was hastily crossing the street to avoid any mutual embarrassment, Destiny reached out and gave Ocie a nasty crack before he reached the opposite sidewalk. As usual, she was disguised and seemed harmless.

All Ocie saw was a little negro in a ragged red coat handing out circulars to the passers-by. Ocie took one and tried to read it. He could not read, but he was always in hopes that the next time he could, so he missed no chances. However, no miracles occurred, and he filed the paper in his pocket for future reference when he might meet up with an educated friend.

Then, having nowhere else to go, he went home. There he once more failed to notice the shadow of coming events. Without a suspicion he watched two white men drive an automobile of uncertain ancestry up his alley and halt it before his home. One of them hailed Ocie.

"Boy, you usin' that shed there back of your house?" he inquired.

"Naw suh—not no mo'."

"All right. We want to rent it off you right away. How about it?"

Ocie sensed an income, small but welcome. "Yes suh!"

"Man. I wants a car and I wants hit sudden. Walkin' niggers don't make no hit wid me."

agreed heartily. "Drive yo'self right in, suh. I wash off yo' car fo' you, pump up de tires. Sho do give service heah, suh."

"Never mind all that," growled his new tenant. "You lay off it. All we want is to keep this car in your shed. After mid-nights we need it. Rest of the time you keep it locked up out of sight, you understand? Here's five dollars rent in advance."

Ocie understood. His job was to keep the shed doors and his

mouth shut. White folks might have some funny ideas sometimes, but they weren't nigger business. All he had to do was to furnish the shed and collect his rent, in advance. A little liquor-running at night might explain a lot of things which were none of his affair. The less he knew, the less he would be personally involved in what might happen.

Then Destiny stepped on the gas. Hardly was the rent-money pocketed and the doors closed behind the mysterious auto before Bella appeared again from an early evening visit somewhere. She was loaded with news and animosity. From the torrent of her words Ocie absorbed the glad tidings that James had suffered a great loss. The character of it pleased Ocie still more. James' car had been stolen. Ocie cheered visibly under the information until Bella reminded him that the situation was but temporary. James had enlisted the police, and search was under way so efficiently that it was sure to be found and returned to him. All Ocie got out of the deal, she reminded him, was an extra week's time from her for remedying his own automotive omissions.

"Whut kind o' car did James have?" he inquired innocently, in an attempt to create a diversion if possible.

"Whut kind? Hit wa'n't no kind: hit wuz jes' a car. James, he say dey's all sorts of cars and dey all got deir good p'int. Whut James do, he kinda mix 'em. He git de wheels off one kind whut got pow'ful fine wheels, and de engine hit come from 'nother kind; and de fenders, dey de vey best fenders whut made—dey's painted red und' de bottom, and da'k green-like on de top. Dey—whut's de matter wid you?"

For Ocie was suddenly and undeniably ill. He had chills all over, and was fidgeting extensively. It had come over him in a most vivid way how much coal a boy might dig during the years immediately following his conviction. He understood a lot of things all at once, such as why his new tenants were in such a hurry. He could vision a judge looking down at him now.

"Nothin'," he parried feebly. "I jes' thought of somepin." "Well, don't think if hit work on you like dat. Whut you needs is de air and a new face. Git yo'self up to de grocery and git some fat meat fo' tomorrer. You's pow'ful rich, to heah you

tell hit, but I 'spect I better give you de money, if I wants de meat."

Again Ocie got himself outside. He felt anew the need for air and counsel. Therefore he detoured by way of the next alley, where dwelt a friend, Henry. Fortunately, Henry was at home, being definitely detained there while his trousers were being patched. Clad in a bathrobe that had once belonged to a much larger and brainier man, Henry received his caller in a manner as Ritzzy as the length and cut of his garment permitted.

"Seat yo'se'f, Rabbit-houn'," he urged. "You looks debilitated."

"I aint sca'cely built at all," admitted Ocie heavily. "I's in a bad fix an' gettin' wuss. I's got Old Man Trouble settin' down by me wid he arm aroun' me and huggin' me tight. Whichever way I turns, I gits me a fresh kick in de face. Does I do somepin, I gits me slapped right spang in de mouf. Does I do nothin', I stands in de court while de white folks tells me whar I's gwine, and how long I stay dar, and whut I gwine do when I gits me dar."

"You sound like you's kin to mis'ry, sho nuff," conceded Henry. "Splanify whut ails you. I kin he'p mos' anything cep'n you bein' ma'ied; dat's yo' own fault."

"Aint hit de truth! Heah's whut I means—" And into the sympathetic ears of Henry, Ocie recited his predicament.

"And so," he wound up, "you sees de jam whut I's in. Does I keep de car and say nothin', po-lice jes' sho to find hit in my shed. Den aint nobody ax nothin' cep'n, 'Who live dar?' After dat all I does is listen—listen to Bella and de witnesses and de po-lice and de jedge. Den I gits me my mail at Flat Top while I's curin' dis heah coal-famine."

"An' sposen I aint keep hit? Sposen I go tell whar de car is and how come? First off I gits me two big beatin's—one from James fo' not tellin' him sooner; and maybe one from de white gent'men whut stole hit fo' tellin' on dem. But shucks, dat aint nothin'. Hit after dat dat de real trouble sta'ts fo' me; 'ca'se all I's done den is jes' natu'ally pro-vide dat James wid a car in which he kin run off wid my wife Bella."

"You sho is in a jam," murmured Henry admiringly. "De



Illustration by Taylor

ve'y leatest whut kin happen to you is to git yo'se'f ruint. Ha'd luck sho fixin' to cloud up an' rain all over you, nigger. Gimme match while I 'xamines into yo' fix."

Ocie fumbled in his pocket for a light, but his fingers met only the circular delivered him earlier in the evening by the little redcoat.

"Aint got no match," he explained, "but heah some readin' I needs did. Maybe hit tell 'bout new place whar at dey loans money. If hit do, don't wait round none fo' yo' pants—jes' lead me to hit rapid."

Henry took the paper and glanced idly at it. Then he stiffened in his chair. He began to spell out words in the dodger to himself, his lips moving, his eyes slightly popped under something he found there.

"Read hit," urged Ocie at length. "Don't jes' set dar an' bust."

"Boy, hit li'ble to skeer you to death," warned Henry.

"Ne'min' 'bout dat: make readin'."

Separated from Henry's original pronunciation and improvisation, the circular read in part:

"*Spells and Hard Luck of all Kinds Released and Broken!*"

"Black Cat's Wishbone makes Bills pay themselves. Boss Fix Powders raises Wages while you wait. Tying-down Goods keeps Wives against all Corners. Chasing-away Goods for them that Pestors you. High John, the Conqueror, makes big Troubles Little."

"Also Ankle Dust, Adam and Eve, Goof-er Dust (New Moon Number 1). All kinds of highly appreciated roots and herbs. One dollar to one thousand dollars. Worth more. See Dr. X. W. Alexander — North 14th Street before it is too late."

"Dat High John whut you needs," volunteered Henry in an awed voice. "I knowed a nigger once jes' kept hit in he pocket. He aint even take hit. And dey couldn't keep dat baby in jail, nor pen neither, 'count de High John he'p him so. He got he pardon from de Gov'nor, frame', and hangin' over he shaplace at home now."

Ocie shivered. He wished anew that he were one of those husky he-men that Bella admired so much. Were he such, the circular opened vast possibilities before him—also vast depths should he miss his step in strange territory. One thing was certain: he needed strong powders. High John certainly recommended itself well. And this was no time for half-way measures. Without extraordinary help he was facing sure doom. All the choice he had was which kind of misfortune should descend on him first.

Ocie gulped a few times and sprung his decision on Henry.

"Us gwine see de Big Doc, tonight," he announced.

"How come de 'us'?"

"I wants you long to hol' my hat. Hit gwine be big

night. Dey done crowd me to de wall an' I aims to take de High John and let all fo' nine miles round-about take de consequences. Jes' wait twel you sees me wropped round a wildcat dose of dem powders! I gits so tall dey has to borrow step ladders to feed me my food. I's tired of bein' little, an' I sick of bein' call' Rabbit-houn'. Fo' dis night only I's bulldog blood! Boy, you jes' p'int my nose tow'ds Fo'tenth Street. My feet, dey craves de pavement. Lead on, an' I walks rapid!"

Henry wasn't responsive. "Aint got my pants fix yin," he demurred. "Sides, you better go slow on dat voodoo powders business. I's heahd things I can't sca'cely tell. Times ain't never so bad dey might git wuss foolin' wid dem voodoo doct's, neither."

"Boy, I's standin' on bottom," countered Ocie. "I's so low down I cain't go but one way and dat's up. Us stahts now."

Fifteen minutes later two negroes shuffled unwillingly up Fourteenth Street. One was small and black and reluctant. The other was tall and black, and his gait told the world he would rather be almost anywhere else. In the darkest part of the darkest block they came to a house that suited them best of any on the dismal street. It was old and dingy, with gloomy magnolias whispering about it in the narrow yard. A picket fence in extensive disrepair inclosed it. A sign on the side of

the house was barely legible in the light of a distant arc. And it bore bad news.

"Doctor X. W. A-l-e-x-a-n-d-e-r," spelled out Henry. "Leave dat gate open, Rabbit-houn'. Us might want to come right on out ag'in."

"You skeered?" taunted Ocie to hide his own misgivings.

"Naw, I aint," corrected Henry, "but lots times when I wants to run I wants room to do hit in 'thout you crowdin' me so close."

"Who crowdin' you now, nigger? Aint I find you pushin' to git you in de gate a-tall?"

"Come on in, den."

"How you say 'come on' when you behind all de time?"

"All right! I goes firs' an' show you de way."

Under cover of the argument both were remembering things they had rather not recall; things whispered about the cabins of southern Alabama on evenings, before they had moved to Birmingham.

But at length they found themselves standing with reluctant feet where flight and safety seemed to meet. Ocie rang.

With disconcerting suddenness it was answered. The door swung open, and against the darkness of the hallway behind him the callers made out a huge negro, black and black-clad, peering

down at them, his head swinging loweringly from side to side.

"Dis heah Doct' Alexander?" inquired Ocie weakly.

"It am," came a deep voice in reply. "What is you want do fo' you?"

The conversation was broken off just here, however—interrupted by the two callers pausing to establish a new world's record for crossing a street in nothing, flat, from a standing start.

"Naw suh! You buys yo'se'f yo' own powders," Henry was telling his companion in haste as they halted on the opposite sidewalk. "Sho wuz good thing us lef' de gate open. Hit would have dered you."



Ocie climbed the pillar first and thought afterward. "I wuz j-j-jes' lookin' fo' bird-n'es," he explained.

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"Gimme room!" im-
plored the voice from
the dead. "I needs
hit in my runnin'."

"I is. Why?"

"Do hit do all whut the paper say?
Will hit git me out'n big trouble?
Could hit he'p me git Bella a car?"

"Hmph! Dat paper aint tell half
whut hit do. Hit cain't be told: hit got
to be sperienced. How much you wants?"

"I aint know, suh. I needs right
smart dose. Ev'y which way I looks
I sees jails."

"Dat so? Yo's is ev'dently se'ious
case, requirin' tonsilectomy an' hab'as
corpse. An' in dese 'streme cases us
mixes in li'l of de Tyin'-down Goods.
Hit ve'y ef'cacious in preventin' arche-
ology."

"Yes suh; I 'spect so," agreed Ocie
shiveringly. "How much hit gwine
cos?"

"Five dollars. Hit be ready at two
'clock in de mawnin. I's short one

de main 'gredients twel I ketches me a black cat wid one white
foot. Bring de money at two."

"Sho lucky I got de five," mumbled Ocie to himself as he
hustled south on Fourteenth. "I kiss hit howdy in de evenin'—I
kiss hit good-by 'fo' mawnin'. But if my luck change, hit wuth
hit. If it aint change, de money aint do me no good nohow."

TWO o'clock of a moonless morning in North Fourteenth
Street, Birmingham. High-sailing clouds scudded across the
stars, touched by the far-off glare from the steel-works in Ensley
and Fairfield. A wind played eerie tricks with the dry leaves in the
gutters. Every house but one on a certain fateful block was
dark. A lone wanderer in clothes grown much too large for his
shrunken figure wished fervently that it too were dark. He was
on the point of preferring coal mines when he reached the gate of
Doctor Alexander. Even while he hesitated there, the door
opened and the man of medicine came out, an envelope in his
hand. The other hand he held out receptively. Ocie produced
his five. He received the magic envelope in exchange.

"Whut I do wid hit?" he asked anxiously.

"You puts dem powders on de back yo' hand. Den you sniffs
hit—ha'd. Repeat de dose twel times gits better and you aint
got no mo' troubles."

Ocie didn't see any use in hanging around some places. He
absented himself. The farther he got from Fourteenth Street,
the better he felt. He felt the improvement in his condition was
directly traceable to the powerful envelope in his pocket. He
transferred it to one of his shoes and noted an immediate increase
in his speed. Wherever he put it, it seemed to do a lot of good.
Sniffed according to directions, then, it ought to furnish a big
change for the better. In the first deep shadow, therefore, Ocie
paused and gave it a chance. A block farther on he doubled his
opportunities for good luck by taking two more hearty sniffs.
Sometime after that he discovered that he was twins.

AT Ocie's house there was a large crowd, but Ocie didn't
know it. He was forty-eight hours behind on current events.
Before his gate stood the flivvers of two of Birmingham's most
eminent colored physicians. Down on (Continued on page 180)

"Whut you seed?" gasped Ocie in his ear.
"Hit was so da'k I couldn't swear to nothin'."

"Don't care how da'k hit wuz—I seen—whut
I wuz lookin' fo'!" panted Henry in terror.

"Dat nigger-man's blue gum!"

Satan ranks as a harmless and benevolent being in a south
Alabama negro's mind as compared with a blue-gummed member
of the race. All that saved Ocie's reason was the sound of the
fatal door across the street closing.

"Hub! I aint skeered," he hazarded at that.

"Whut?"

"I aint skeered."

"Naw, you aint skeered: you's jes' natu'ally fast. But if you
ever wuz to git skeered, de street sho would smoke whar you
done passed over hit. 'Sides hit's you whut need de High John.
I aint. And I done split my pants ag'in tryin' to keep outer yo'
way jes' now. I aint los' nothin' down heah." Whereupon
Henry was no longer present. There remained of him only the
wild and earnest pattering of his shoes upon the sidewalk, far up
the street. A great yearning to join him and show him what feet
really could do under proper stimulus all but overcame Ocie.
Indeed, nothing but a fresh realization of the extreme jam his
business was in kept Ocie from entering aviation without waiting
for a plane.

By degrees he drove himself across the street, through the gate,
and up the steps of Alexander for the second time. Again he
rang the bell, and anchored himself to a porch pillar lest his
limbs take further liberties with his location.

"Ah, hah-h-h-h!" came a guttural voice from the darkness
beside him. The Doctor had come from around the house.

Ocie climbed the porch pillar first and thought afterward. "I
wuz j-j-jes' lookin' fo' bird-n'es," he explained unconvincingly
from his perch aloft.

"They aint none," remarked the huge negro coldly. "And my
time is took up wid 'pawtant business, wid sca'cely none lef' fo'
fool apes whut climbs. But you is done consult' me now. Dem
as does, dey goes th'ough wid hit or dey folks spends a heap of
time wonderin' whut-ever become of dem. Whut you want?"

Ocie essayed a speech and produced a gibber. He slid down his
post and presented the fateful circular. "Is you got dis heah
High John?" he managed at last to utter.

At the sight of the paper, the giant's lips rode high about his
great teeth in a grin that set Ocie to throwing out anchors in his
terrified efforts to remain even in the same city with him.



MOONLIGHT

FOR three years she had been simply a pleasant institution around our home, an unobtrusive, gentle-mannered old lady whom I, without a second thought, had accepted as part of my wife's dowry—her grandmother, come to us from Ohio, because she was alone, and our house was large enough.

So an old lady in comfortable circumstances occupies a niche among youngsters many decades her junior. She knits and sews and does innumerable handy, tiny jobs; she makes tremulous small journeys from her room to a great chair in a corner of the hearth, there to sit hour after hour, efficient-fingered, placid and very deaf. Occasionally one shouts some kind platitude to her, or a bit of news; but for the most part one is merely dimly aware of a kindly presence in the shadows. Ninety-odd years have left her a—survivor; patiently she rocks and waits, feeding upon memories, aloof from a rushing world, contentedly remote and unnoticed, a little unreal.

It is understandable, is it not, that I should not have thought at once of Gramma as an accessible source of information in my own work? I was preparing for our Fortnightly Club one of those papers—you know the sort. My subject was "The Development of American Transportation," and for some weeks I had been poring, with growing absorption, over large and often

musty volumes. Upon one particular matter, however, evidence seemed sparse. There was little about canals. I searched and fumed.

"Canals?" said Margaret one evening. "Why, how silly! Just ask Gramma. She made her wedding trip in canal boats, all the way to Ohio. Didn't you remember that?"

Of course! A participant! Relief spread through me as I hitched my chair close, and with mild yells began my inquiry.

She nodded and smiled. She was silent several moments while she focused, I suppose you would say, her memory.

"Oh, yes. The wedding was just after noon, and we drove in to Utica—three carriages and Pa's wagon. From Clinton, yes. We called Margaret's father Clint, you know. The boat was all ready and waiting. We got on board about early candle-lighting."

She paused, and the smile deepened.

"How big was the boat?" I prodded gently.

She considered. "Oh, pretty big. I suppose it seemed bigger than it really was, anyway at first. It was all so—so strange. There we were, setting out for the wilderness. Pa and Ma weren't any too pleased—two youngsters, with only a little money, leaving all our folks. But I wasn't scared. Sam was strong and fine."

Illustrated
by
Arthur E. Becher

EVERYONE who is familiar with John Weaver's unique poems in "Americane"—he is perhaps the first singer really to employ the real United States language in verse—will find in this delightful piece of prose additional evidence of his poet's genius.

By
John
Weaver

TXALL THE WAY 346

and there was the Government job waiting for him, and a hundred and sixty acres homestead. But some of those nights, when he'd be up talking to the captain, I'd lie there and the walls would seem awful far away. But I was willing to go with Sam anywhere, and I got used to it. By the time we came to Buffalo, the boat seemed like a real home. Smaller than when we started, lots smaller."

"How big?" I insisted. "As big as canal boats nowadays?" "It's been so long since I saw the Erie that I can't exactly figure," she replied slowly. "It was bigger than the one we took again at Cleveland. That was real small. The Ohio canals weren't very wide, you see."

I abandoned the matter of size. "Well, what did you use for power? Horses or mules? Or did men pull it?"

She was positive on this point. "It wasn't men. Horses, I think. Or maybe mules. I forget. But it wasn't men. There was only Sam and the captain, and a little dried-up fellow. He drove the mules. Or they might have been horses. Chewed tobacco all the time, and never said a word, not even to the horses—mules—well, anyway—the captain was a handsome man, but not near as handsome as my Sam. I can see them right now, all three of them with flowered silk waistcoats, dressed up

for Sunday. Men don't know how to dress nowadays. Sam certainly did look stylish, with his big gray beaver hat, and the heavy gold watch-chain. That was about the only real valuable thing we had. And I'd wear my silk shoes. Sam was proud of those shoes. He was a shoemaker by trade, you know, and he made them himself. Used a piece left over from my wedding-dress—the same as that piece in Margaret's scrap-book. The captain was always saying we made a pretty couple, when we'd stop at some town and go to church."

I let her sit smilingly silent for a moment after this long, unaccustomed speech. Then, "Did you go to Niagara Falls?" I asked.

"No," she answered immediately. "We had to leave Buffalo the same day. It was a little sailing ship, a freighter. There weren't any passengers, only us. That took us five days to Cleveland. Then we got right on another canal boat—the little one I was telling you about. We went to a place called—well, I don't just recollect the name. It was near Coshocton. Only two hours by stage-coach. We didn't stay in Coshocton long. Our land was across the river in Roscoe. Seems like the last part of the trip went lots quicker than up the Erie."

Here was at last a concrete fact (Continued on page 126)

The MORAL REVOLT

By JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

For more than twenty-five years Judge of the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver, Colorado.

A DENVER Bible-class teacher, whom I shall call Mr. James Howe, came to me in consternation some time ago with a note which he had picked up on the floor of the church, shortly after the dismissal of Sunday-school.

The contents of the note had nearly shocked him into illness. It was unsigned and more or less cryptic, but its implications were plain. And since the part of the building where it had been found had been occupied just previously by a class of girls, the note constituted ample evidence, not merely that the owner of it had "gone wrong," but also that she was a highly sophisticated young woman, and scientifically informed in matters relating to sex.

"Judge," he said, "I hardly slept all night. What am I to do? Why, I know every girl in that class. I had thought of them all as sweet and lovely; I believed them pure and wholesome. I have known them since they were children; I know their parents and the homes they come from—first-rate homes. They are close friends of my daughter, and of my two boys. My daughter, indeed, is a member of the class; and if they were lined up before you, you would say that any one of them might be she."

His hand trembled, and he tapped nervously on the arm of his chair.

"Have you any reason to suppose that your daughter might have dropped this?" I asked.

"Thank God, no!" he exclaimed. "She wasn't there. God has spared me that."

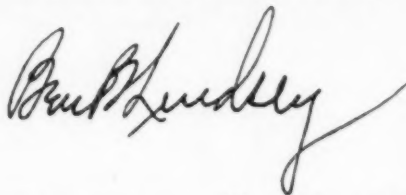
"That's fine," I said. "But why do you say that God spared you? I don't want to say anything that would sound like sarcasm, my dear man, but I can't help thinking that if He was so solicitous about you, it is rather a pity He overlooked the parents of this other girl. Wasn't it the friends of Job who suggested that Job must have committed some sin, and that God had taken that way to punish him?"

"His ways are past finding out," he said.

"They are indeed," I thought, "and sometimes I wonder how the clergy ever found out so much about them." But this I kept to myself; for he needed sympathy and help, and I was far from wanting to hurt his feelings.

"Can anything be done?" he asked.

"Because I care so much for the sanctity and permanence of the American home, I am bitterly opposed to 'free love' and so called 'trial marriage' as they exist under the present marriage code. Most of the present marriage code I of course heartily approve. By the good part of it I live and believe as the way to real lasting happiness. I am for monogamy in the love and fidelity of one man for one woman. But in aiding childhood and domestic relations victims of the evils of the rigid outworn part of our marriage code, I would be false to this and future generations if I did not try to show up the causes of its failures and the frightful immorality and crime that exist under it."

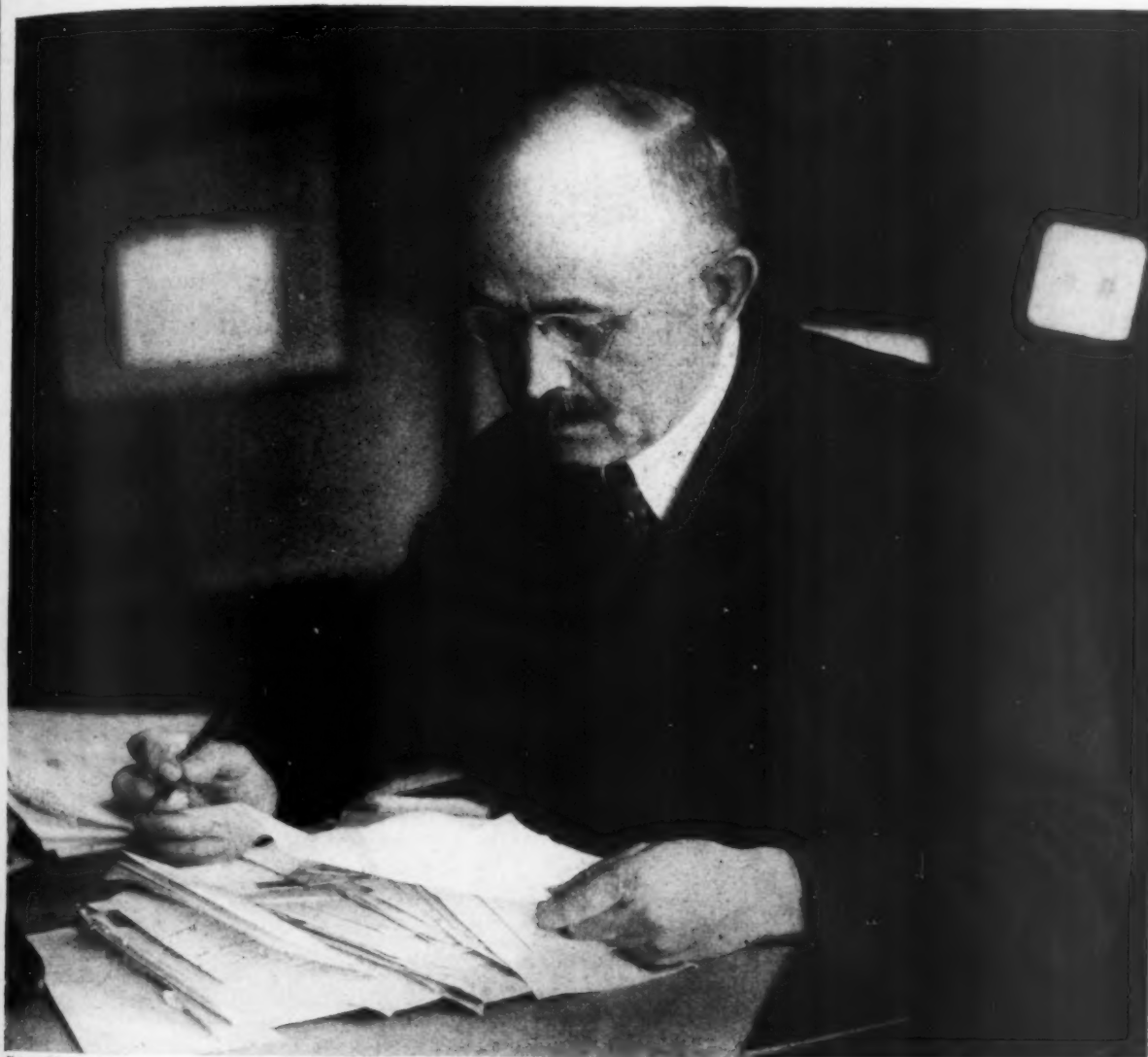


"I think so. But what's to be done may depend a good deal on your point of view. Let me tell you something about certain things in connection with your Sunday-school that you apparently haven't found out, but which I have been familiar with for some time. I know one girl there who became a mother last year; and there is another who came to me infected. I arranged for the confinement of the first; and I sent the other to a physician who is in my confidence, and he cured her. I do not know whether these girls are members of the same class as the owner of this note, but these two instances will give you something to think about. For instance, the situation indicated in this note might be worse. This girl, for example, might have experienced what those others did, instead of escaping it as she apparently has done."

"More?" he gasped. "Do you tell me there are more? And a daughter—"

"Oh, no," I put in hastily, "neither of them was your daughter. Be easy on that score. But let's get back to the question of how we let's lay all the cards on the table. This girl has had relations outside of marriage; and she has done what so many of the modern young people are doing—informed herself protectively. Apparently, then, the old-time methods of teaching all youngsters to abstain from such improprieties doesn't work. I could have told you this long ago. Such methods are not working, as many think they are, and they are in a large measure responsible for the very conditions they forbid. More people than you realize have stopped behaving themselves merely because they are afraid they will be punished by the Lord later on if they do as they please; and so far as I know, the motive which moves most of these youngsters when they do draw the rein on themselves, is their own wish for decency, moderation and good conduct in the ordering of their lives, and not the fear of any future punishment."

"Give them a love for decency, moderation and good taste, as you might give them a love for music or good books or good painting, or any kind of art, and you've got them—without the question of rewards and punishments entering in. They seek their reward in an inner satisfaction. This esthetic craving is a sound basis for conduct. We all yearn for beauty. We all want to be beautiful and to act beautifully. But in the Sunday school



Photograph by Ralph Blair

Since the publication of his first article in this remarkable series, Judge Lindsey's personal mail has increased to such an extent that Mrs. Lindsey has had to call in the services of special assistants to take care of it. Here the Judge is seen going over his Red Book mail, for every letter received is read by him.

is your daughter's conduct presented in any such light as that? It is not! The Sunday schools follow the old lines; and they are not, in my opinion, genuinely religious lines. That is why they are failing with modern youth.

"The system of telling people to be good here, and to give up things they desire here, in order that they may be happy and long-lived after death is no longer working as it once did. For one thing, increasing numbers of youth no longer accept the word of the clergy as to what things are right and what things are wrong; they no longer admit the authority of convention; they insist that they have a right to think for themselves; and I may add that they really have a moral code, though you may think they haven't. If you questioned this girl—provided you knew her identity—and were skillful enough to get her confidence and learn her real thoughts, you would find that she has a code.

"I don't want what I am saying to sound unsympathetic, but I do want to wake you up, my dear man. For I know your good work, and what a power you are in your church and I hate to see you misapplying that great power to inspire people. Are you willing to talk this thing out with me frankly? It isn't just a matter of trying to get hold of this particular girl, you understand; indeed she seems pretty competent to look out for herself and to keep out of trouble with society, whatever you may think of her morals. What you have to deal with is a situation."

"I'll talk it out with you gladly," he said. "Perhaps you are right. No one knows better than I that something is wrong in our system. It isn't for nothing that the churches are losing their grip. But this thing has floored me. I didn't believe those girls knew anything about such things, even by hearsay. I have always maintained that the statements made by you upon various occasions are an exaggeration, caused by your contact with so many delinquents. And now—to think that my daughter has been intimate with such girls for years, and exposed to such corrupting influences!"

"Do you see any difference in her?"

"No—but she must know all about these things; and it's degrading, and dangerous."

"Does it degrade you to know the truth about them?"

"But—she's so young. I want to shield her."

"Ignorance is not a shield," I said. "The girl that lost that note—would you rather she knew how to take care of herself, as she evidently does, or would you have her mind so unsullied by facts as to leave her the possible victim of disease or unwanted motherhood? If you want my opinion, I say that if you haven't had your daughter properly instructed at the proper time in everything that is known to science on this whole subject, you are far from deserving the signal mercy you think the Lord has shown you."

"But to teach them such things is to imply that they will have a right to apply the information," he protested. "It is to assume that they may have sex relations before marriage, when such a possibility should not even be debatable. The application of such knowledge in marriage is a different thing. Let them be instructed after marriage—yes; but this other thing—I find it unthinkable. And I may as well tell you, Judge, that it is being charged by your enemies that young people express the opinion that the doctrines, as set forth in your book, make it very easy for people to feel that they can be unconventional in sex conduct without being wicked."

"That's quite possible," I said, "but the ethical values lie in what they choose, and prefer, and like, and want, don't they? You have the alternative of restraining them as best you can by bonds of fear and ignorance, or of letting them restrain themselves by educating them to high standards of good taste, culture and discrimination, and to an inward, real, first-hand preference for fine and beautiful things in life and in love, and then let their conduct flow from such tastes. Teach her to be beautiful *within*. But don't tell her that her craving for beauty in life, and her craving for the intensities and the pleasures of living are a sin."

"I grant all that, of course," he said. "But they have no preferences, and the other is the only thing that can control them."

"Take a chance on them. You'll be surprised," I offered.

He shook his head. "I don't dare. This is a Utopian vision. You are a dreamer and an idealist. You are not practical."

"Stack your facts against those I have been collecting for more than twenty-five years in my court," I said, "and see which of us is dealing in bugaboos and outworn theories. Let's put it this way: The note you have found represents what is really going on, whether you want it to or not. It represents a phase of the revolt of modern youth, about which I have written, over the protest of the Old Guard of the ministry."

"The ranks of the Old Guard are dwindling today—mostly by desertion. I hope you are with

the deserters. Read history; trace these processes of social change, and see how the Old Guard at first fights them, and then inevitably succumbs before the advance of a new and better one. History proves the Old Guard wrong. Be guided by that, and for heaven's sake get over any notion you may hold that the orthodox interpretations of Scripture are the last crystallized finality of revealed truth. Fewer and fewer men in the ministry find that view any longer reasonable. Such an interpretation of Scripture, they perceive, forbids social growth, and is doing harm."

"This note is only one of hundreds of evidences that come my way. It is tragic that so many good men should be unwittingly helping to produce the very demoralization of which they complain. Can't you see that the Old Guard are giving the young

equipment for making their own lives into original and beautiful creations of the spirit, and that it is requiring of them that they become copyists, imitators of cut-to-pattern standards which are presented to them as the final and only possible standards? When the Old Guard tells them that, they know it simply isn't true. Can't you see it?"

"These ideas of yours are very stimulating," he said slowly; "and I hope they are dangerous. Still—I don't want you to think I'm not willing to be candid. I know you are sincere, that you mean well."

"Good! Now answer me this question which you have so far failed to answer me on: Since the kind of thing is going on, and since the forces at work are so big that nobody can stop them from running their course, would you not advise these girls were left to rely on their own and common sense, or that they should be subject to the risks involved in youth and ignorance? In other words, would you keep them ignorant if you could, or are you prepared to admit that the thing which really plays hob with them is not so much their departures from sex convention as it is the unwanted motherhood and disease which they encounter so morantly?"

"Let me point out to you," I added, "that you can't live the life of you



Photograph by Ralph Haled

Ask any of the kids in Denver, no matter what their social status, what they think of Judge Lindsey, and they'll not hesitate to tell you he's "great."



Photograph by Ralph Baird

Constantly busy in his work for human welfare, one of Judge Lindsey's obligations is to visit the young mothers whom his court has given him to know, in Denver's Maternity Hospital—as in this picture.

tinguish in that Sunday-school class which of those girls is the sinner. They remain individually as high in your esteem, and as sweet and lovely as they were before you found this note. But if you could discover the owner of it, then by some black magic of theology—forgive me if I seem harsh—by some black magic of theology, I say, she would be transformed into an impure and fallen creature. And the others would stay on their pedestals till you found out something about them. And you can bank on it that you don't know the whole story by a long shot. It isn't all in this note. Their lives are no open book to you. I say that what this girl has done has had no social consequences for anybody but herself. She has taken good care of that. I say further that her responsibility to society would have become acutely evident if she had fallen into the trap into which ignorance of scientific self-care might have led her. Now what do you say? Be honest—there's a good fellow."

"Yes, I admit what you say of the practical consequences," he said. "Her sophistication eliminated the social consequences; and I suppose to that extent they must be admitted to have saved her and other persons from trouble and disgrace. I don't undervalue that or wish it otherwise. But you are overlooking this girl's responsibility to God. She has violated His commandment."

"She has violated a command of custom and tradition which you believe and allege to be a command of God," I put in. "But customs which our ancestors thought were commands of God have changed, and are no longer accepted by you as other than what they are—practices, namely, which society has discarded because it finds them no longer useful or practicable, and hence no longer the will of God. What applies to one custom applies to all. Some

day we shall have a new set of sex customs, and the ministers of that day will call *those* the divine command."

"For a person who does not accept the Scriptures as the inspired and final word of God," he said, "that is of course a perfectly sound argument. But I accept the Bible as final. At least I think I do. And so, of course, I reason to a different conclusion."

"You really take it as final? You have no misgivings as to the damage such a method of interpreting Scripture may do to society?"

"Yes, I have my honest doubts and questionings. But I have clung to it. You see, I'm trying to be candid, Judge. But there is another side to this. If these young people didn't know how to avoid the consequences of sex misconduct, they would be afraid to do such things. I admit that that is not the highest motive for rectitude, but it is socially valuable. It gets results. People must be controlled by fear, if need be, for their own good and the good of society."

"I thank you for your candor," I answered. "At this rate we may get somewhere. You admit, then, that if controlled by fear, they would still want to cut loose and follow their impulses—which you, perhaps, would call their lower impulses. But why regard these as lower impulses, since marriage converts them into something sacred, even by your code? If the marriage ceremony can so transform and translate them, maybe they are not intrinsically evil after all! Maybe the thing needed is merely their control, whether in marriage or out of it. But you can't bring such impulses under control by making them difficult to attain. In fact, prohibitions intensify them, don't they? Prohibitions, perhaps, are the very thing that make them evil. And

by prohibitions I mean prohibitions imposed from without. Now, if we could have prohibitions imposed from within, *created* from within, out of the genuine desire to possess what is beautiful and lovely in life, and to *be* lovely and beautiful, that would be different, wouldn't it? I maintain that the one kind of prohibition is worthless, and without ethical or spiritual value, and that the other is beyond price."

He smiled. "Well, I admit you present a fascinating picture of the golden age; but how on earth can we put such a thing into practice without wrecking everything? The ice is too thin. You are forgetting human nature. We haven't evolved that far."

"That's what they said when I began sending youths to the reform-school and reformatories without an officer to keep them from running away," I retorted. "It was too big a strain, they said, to put on human nature. But I did it, and never lost a boy, out of hundreds in all these years. How did I do it? Simply by making sure that I had the boy *thinking straight* before I let him go, with his railroad ticket in his pocket, and self-respect in his heart. That's all. And it works with most people if you'll just take the trouble to put it over."

"The trouble with theology's teaching about original sin and the fall of man is that it holds that the human heart is wicked, and that it has to be saved in spite of itself. Now, why don't you drop all that and commit yourself to the thesis that human beings are only too glad to be good if they can see their way to being so, and that when people sin, they sin through astigmatic thinking? Put some real religion in theology's place. The two things are not identical—not by a long shot."

"But what you hold is not religion," he objected. "It's mere rationalism."

"Which it must abandon?" I asked. "Can't you see how preposterous that is? You will find no support for this rejection of nature and of beauty in the teachings of Jesus. 'Consider the lilies. . . . even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'"

"As for rationalism, that is simply an effort to think straight and find the truth. It is much harder than taking the Bible in hand and saying, 'Here is all the truth, all of it; and thank God I don't have to do another lick of thinking. Thinking is such confoundedly hard work.' My dear fellow, if you want to see what kind of grapes this theological rejection of rationalism produces, by ordering people's conduct for them instead of making them responsible for their own doings, look at Exhibit A, found on the floor of your church."

"Now, what I say to these young people is this: 'You are free agents. You have the making of your own lives. The judge that must judge you is your own heart and conscience. You have ample opportunity in this age to do as you choose. Nobody can stop you; and I, for one, wouldn't stop you if I could. You need fear no punishment so long as you do not violate the rights of other persons. You may have your own code so long as you regard your neighbor's rights. So far as sex is concerned, here are the means science has discovered to protect you. With these to guard you against injuring either yourselves or others, you can now make your choice on grounds into which fear does not enter, but with which your sense of manners, taste, beauty and decency has everything to do. It narrows down to a question of what you really like, and of what you think will make you really happy, together with what you can do without injury to yourself or other people. What do you like? What do you like in pictures, in music, in literature, in sculpture, in architecture, in nature, in friendship, in religion, in love—in all the great things of life which are great because they are beautiful, and which are abominable if they are not beautiful?'"

"But you must be your own judge of beauty. Nobody else can tell you what you are to find beauty in. This is a personal thing, a matter of insight and personal revelation. A music-lover can't convey to a person with no ear for music why music en-

thralls him. It is a matter of personal feeling. Religion is the same. So is fine discrimination in matters of conduct. What is cheap in the eyes of one may be lovely in the eyes of another; for our capacities differ; but it is safe to say that all normal persons have within them a sufficient instinct for beauty to guide them aright if they have been taught by the example of society and those around them, and by teachers of conduct' (such as yourself, my dear Howe) 'to heed that inner voice and cling by preference to its admonitions. Good taste, restraint, self-discipline, sensitiveness, judgment, refinement, culture, real religion, these will lead you aright.' That is what I say to them. And more than ninety per cent of them, I find, come out right by this rule."

"You believe," I continued, "that there is no substitute for this crystallized morality which you would prefer for the young. I wish you could get over the idea that it is safer and more productive of good, and of happiness, to prescribe people's conduct instead of urging and teaching them to make conduct a creative art. I wish you could persuade yourself that beauty and culture can get over with people on their own power, and that it does not require the aids of 'Thou shalt' and 'Thou shalt not'—principally the latter command."

"Now, let me tell you a story that will show you that, whether you agree with these rebels against the established order or not, they do have a code which they hold to, such as it is, without any supernatural aids, and simply because they prefer it. I don't ask you to agree with their code, mind you, and I am far from saying that it is all it should be. I merely want to demonstrate to you that it exists, and that it can be trusted to operate within its own field without coercion or watching among the people who hold it."

"Two girls, whom I shall call Ethel and Anne, came to me one day and asked me if I would not call in Mabel, a friend of theirs, and make Mabel behave herself. Parenthetically let me say that I knew both of these girls very well. They were both sophisticated to a degree that would probably have shocked you, but they were both of them 'straight.' The extent of their improprieties amounted to no more than occasional petting, which is no longer an impeachment of a girl's 'morals.' In other words, as conduct in such matters goes nowadays, they were what most persons would call 'moral.' My critics might not believe it, but I had had something to do with their choosing that course—though I had persuaded them into it, not by any reference to heavenly rewards and hellish punishments, but by laying the cards on the table, and expressing

somewhat the same views which I have been telling to you. "Well, Mabel was certainly behaving very badly indeed. She had been intimate with several boys; and although Anne and Ethel had known of this, they had remained friendly with her. Recently, however, Mabel had become infected—and had neither sought proper medical care nor forbore to have an affair with still another boy."

"Now, I want you to note one thing about what those girls desired. They were not asking me to stop Mabel from her unconventional conduct. Not at all. They didn't do that kind of thing themselves, but if Mabel wanted to, that, they thought, was her business. They and their set did not regard it as markedly different from petting. It was a step further in intimacy, but they didn't regard it as wrong, or impure, or unchaste, or immoral. What they did regard as wrong, unchaste and immoral was that Mabel had knowingly injured that boy."

"Their code didn't call for continence, but it did very clearly call for fair play, and the kind of morality which that implies. Their code forbade doing what would injure somebody else."

"Their code *should* have gone further than that, of course. Mabel's promiscuity, for instance, was not only dangerous, but events had proved; but it was cheap, and in execrable taste."

Rev. Lynn Townsend White

[of the San Francisco Theological Seminary]

in a recent letter to
Judge Lindsey, wrote:

"The better I understand your purpose and methods, the more I think that they approximate what Christ would do if He were here incarnate again. It is inevitable that so fine a piece of human engineering should be sincerely misunderstood by some and deliberately misrepresented by others. However, please remember that a great host of people understand and cordially support your work."

Lynn Townsend White



Photograph by Ralph Baird

Every distinguished visitor in Denver asks to meet Judge Lindsey. Here, for instance, he is explaining details of his humane work to Judge Robert Fritz of Frankfort-on-Main, who crossed half the continent to visit him.

"My own feeling is that these youngsters are in terrific confusion just now, but that they are going to arrive at something sane and reasonable. In the meantime, I don't for a minute imply that the line of conduct in which they now indulge strikes me as sane, reasonable or desirable. It is merely a part of the process of change.

"Well, I got hold of Mabel; and I asked her if she did not realize what an outrageous thing she had done.

"But, Judge," she said, "I didn't mean to. I thought I was well. I'm awfully sorry I got Jerry into such a mess. I'll never make such a mistake again. That doctor told me I was well."

"That was my chance at Mabel. I had never talked with her before. I told her what I thought of her conduct, of the way she was cheapening and debauching herself, and bringing herself to a point where, physically and spiritually, she would soon be burnt out. Every argument I could think of I brought to bear; and I told her stories of other girls and boys, and showed her how clearly she was on the wrong track.

"I didn't tell her her conduct was wrong by theological standards, but I showed her that it lacked wisdom. It was Solomon who asked for wisdom, when he wanted to please God, wasn't it? I kept an eye on Mabel after that, and she is doing very well now; and if God is angry with her, she isn't aware of it.

"Wisdom and common sense seem to me a lot better than this miserable-sinner nonsense, if you'll pardon my saying so. Wisdom and common sense are permanent building-materials for people who want to live most effectively and happily; but the

'miserable sinner' talk is simply a form of fear and self-abasement.

"Straight thinking is what is required of us all. That includes right feeling as well, and right acting. And that's religion; that's worship; that's life. We are not miserable sinners; we are simply limited human beings struggling against our limitations and gradually overcoming them. And some of us aren't strong enough and clear-headed enough to make much headway, in this life at least. Everybody needs help, my dear Howe."

"But," protested Howe, "you forget—" And then he was off. But I'm not going to quote him here, for the simple reason that we argued not only on that occasion, but on others, in friendly battles of words that lasted for hours. The way I finally got him backed into a corner where he couldn't wriggle any more was by making him come to my court and see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears, what was going on.

Thus it happens, that while he does not go to the lengths I do, we nevertheless find it possible now, more and more, to meet on common ground. He is one of the many warm friends I number among churchmen and the clergy, some of whom agree with me more than they dare to say in public, while others agree with reservations. And, of course, others don't agree at all.

MY purpose in recounting this talk with my friend Howe has been to bring out how fundamental is the difference between a rationalistic and esthetic way of looking at human conduct, and the dogmatic way of looking (Continued on page 119)

The Manicure Mystery

Before Elsa Barker began the writing of fiction she was a newspaper woman with many outstanding achievements to her credit. She was the woman, for instance, who, on assignment, met Peary when he returned from the North Pole and lent him her assistance in preparing his famous book on the conquest of the Arctic.

By Elsa
Barker

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore



"You ought not to be where you are." It was scrawled in pencil.

OF the many thrilling cases which were brought to Dexter Drake during my first year of work with that famous criminal-hunter, the affair of the girl from the Isis Beauty Shop was one of the most curious.

"An innocent-looking young lady." That was old Patchen's comment, on the night of her appearance at our apartment in East Fortieth Street. Drake had told his sleuth-butler to close the study door, and tell him what sort of person was in the sitting-room.

It was nearly eleven o'clock. The detective and I had been filing away the notes of the Reyburn murder case, in which he had earned an immense reward by tracking down a diabolical poisoner.

Drake glanced round at me, and there was a twinkle in his dark, bright eyes. "We know, Howard, that only some very serious perplexity would bring an innocent-looking young lady to a detective's door at this hour of the night."

He told Patchen to bring her down to the study. She had sent in her name, "Miss Betty Carlin."

We both rose from our chairs; there was a soft rustle of silk down the corridor, and she came into the study—a small, very blonde young woman in light-gray taffeta, gray silk stockings and little black slippers. Her hat was black too, small and stylish. And—marvel of marvels in these days—there was no paint on her mouth, no paint on her cheeks, perhaps even no powder.

"Will you sit here, Miss Carlin?" Drake indicated the empty chair at the left of his writing-table, presented me as his assistant. Mr. Paul Howard, then sat down and waited for her to begin her story.

If I read aright the expression of her large blue eyes, she was a little surprised by the detective's appearance and manner. But I had seen that expression before in the eyes of all sorts of people, when they first saw the tall, slender, distinguished figure of my friend.

Miss Carlin's first words were businesslike:

"Are you a very expensive detective, Mr. Drake?"

"Why,"—he smiled at her kindly,—"that depends on the client. If a case interests me—but how did you hear about my work?"

She was nervously clasping her small gray-gloved hands. Her voice was unsteady at first—almost panicky.

"A man whom I—whom I manicure—told me one day that you had just saved him from something terrible. He said you could find out anything, and I'm—puzzled and—yes, afraid."

Of course all sorts of girls can be manicured. But I do not think that even Dexter Drake would have surmised Miss Carlin's profession, or business, or whatever they call it.

"Tell me first a little more about yourself," he said.

She worked in the Isis Beauty Shop, in West Forty-fifth Street. Yes, they had an alcove for men customers. She had been there two years, and she had a nice room in the Chelsea district. The

years ago, when her father died—he had been a barber in the Waldorf-Astoria—and she had inherited his savings of two or three thousand dollars, she had gone for a year to a nice girls' school. She wanted to learn deportment, she said, and diction, and just a little music. The teachers in that school had been very kind to her—some of the girls not so kind.

Yes, everything about her was appealing. I thought her naïveté in "placing" herself quite charming, even when she told us, in her soft, refined voice, her reasons for becoming a manicure. There was no other business, she said, in which she could come into "touch" with so many nice women. She was hoping to find some wealthy old lady who would take a fancy to her and adopt her. She had met an old lady who seemed much attracted—met her in the beauty shop, just before the other thing began, the thing that worried her so.

"Yes?" Drake leaned forward in his chair, his thin, fine face alight with interest.

"I was going home from work one evening," she said, "when a strange-looking but well-dressed young man passed me—stared hard at me. Of course I am often stared at, so I thought nothing of it. But a minute later, just before I came to Sixth Avenue, I felt an arm brush mine, glanced round—there was that strange-looking young man, and he slipped something into my hand, a scrap of paper. He said nothing, just turned and walked back."

From the silk bag on her lap she produced a piece of paper, and gave it to Drake. I leaned forward to read it with him.

"You ought not to be where you are." It was scrawled in pencil. There was no signature.

Drake laid the note on his desk.

"And what did you think of it, Miss Carlin?" he asked.

"Why—" Her blue innocent eyes opened wider. "I didn't know what to think. It might have meant—oh, anything! That was nearly three weeks ago. I might have forgotten the man if I had not seen him again. But one evening about half-past five, a week later, and on the same corner, when there was a crowd waiting to cross the car-tracks, some one touched me—and, there he was again! His shining dark eyes were searching mine as he pushed something into my hand, something small and hard, wrapped in tissue paper. Then he slipped through the crowd and disappeared. Only when I was safe in my own room I unrolled the tissue paper, and found this—this."

She drew from her bag an emerald ring and held it up.

Dexter Drake took it, stifled an exclamation, took from his pocket a small magnifying-glass and examined the large stone.

For half a minute there was dead silence in the room. Then the soft, breathy, scared voice of Miss Betty Carlin asking:

"Is it—valuable, Mr. Drake?"

"Yes. Undoubtedly." He laid the ring with the note on his desk. "Please go on with your story. When did you see the strange man again?"

"But I haven't seen him again. The next time I got something through the mail, a letter. Here it is."

From the ordinary cheap envelope, with her name and the beauty-shop address typewritten on it, Drake drew a half-sheet of letter paper with these typewritten words:

"D. gone to Canada. Asked me to let you know."

There was no signature.

Dexter Drake knit his brows. "That's odd," he said, "very odd. But go on—what happened next?"

"Oh, it was the next thing that frightened me. It was tonight—half an hour ago. That's why I looked up your address in the telephone-book in a drug-store. First I thought of—of going to a doctor, but—"

"Well?"

I knew that note in Drake's voice. The thrill of a mystery had him again. He would know no rest till he solved it.

"Well," he repeated, "what frightened you?"

"Why, I—I met myself on Fifth Avenue."

Dead silence again for a moment. A question flashed through my mind, suggested by her own hint about the doctor.

"Now, that's very interesting," Drake said quietly. "What did you do, when you met yourself, and what did 'yourself' do?"

"Why, I was so amazed that I stood glued to the sidewalk, staring. The other one saw me, started, frowned—yes, frowned—then just turned and ran straight across the Avenue. In the middle of a block it was. I wonder she wasn't run over."



"The other one saw me, started—then just turned and ran."

Drake leaned back in his chair. He drew a long breath.

"What did she have on?"

"Have on?"

"Yes, what kind of a dress?"

"I don't know. Something black—not mourning, though. But it was the face which frightened me. It was *my* face."

"But why should that frighten you?"

"Oh, I know it was foolish," she breathed, "but I thought of something which one of the teachers at my school told me—of course I don't really believe it—but she told me about what they call the *Doppelgänger*, the wraith of a living person, and she said that if we meet our own *Doppelgänger*, it means that we're going to—going to die!"

Well! Drake's new client was certainly original.

"To die?" He smiled at her. "And was that why you came to consult a detective?"

She saw it was meant for a joke, to lighten her apprehensions, and so she laughed. It was not a very convincing laugh, however.

"No," she said with a little gasp, "it's the ring, the emerald ring. If that was another woman—and it was, of course it was—why, that brilliant-eyed strange-looking man must be in love with her, not with me. I have something valuable that perhaps was meant for her. I can't think of any other explanation—"

"But wait! That typewritten letter which was sent to you at the beauty shop—that had *your name* on it, your own name and business address."

"Yes—yes, it had."

Miss Betty Carlin's problem was beyond her own intellectual grasp. It was also beyond mine. I felt as bewildered as she looked.

"Have you told me everything now," Drake asked, "everything that is troubling you?"

"N-no. There's that wealthy old lady. If she should find out that I am mixed up in something—something queer, she would probably drop me. She's dreadfully proper—you know what old ladies are. But she has already spoken of our traveling together, maybe, and she's given me several nice presents, and taken me out to luncheon and dinner. She doesn't come to the shop any more, says she is too old to bother herself about being made beautiful. She just telephones me at the house where I live, and asks me to meet her. I'm dining with her tomorrow evening at her hotel, the Mammoth. I haven't been there before. She sent me today a perfectly lovely evening-dress, to wear tomorrow night. There is going to be a big concert after dinner in the hotel, and a special midnight supper, and she wants me to look nice. I'm to stay all night too—she has a nice room for me, next door to hers. I'm to meet her at seven, in the hotel rotunda. Just walk in, she says, as if I owned the whole place."

Miss Carlin smiled a shy, deprecatory smile; then she added: "She's awfully good to me, tells me to call her Auntie."

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. Morrison—Mrs. Lee Morrison."

"A New Yorker?"

"No, she came from the West. Kansas City, I think she said."

As I watched Drake's dark, thoughtful face. I was thinking what an education it was for a young man like me, not two years out of college, to be associated with him in his fascinating work. Even cases like this one, which were not connected with crime—but was I taking too much for granted? The girl's own

words, about being mixed up in "something queer" which would make the old lady drop her if she knew, were they based on a true intuition that there was something sinister about that young man and his bizarre attentions? Was it a criminal case, after all?

"What do you want me to do?" Drake asked the girl suddenly. "Why, find out what it all means and—oh, what shall I do with this ring? I'm afraid of losing it."

"I think," the detective said gravely, "if you will trust me



The old lady did not gush over her—just took her arm. To

with the ring, it will be safer in my safe than in your hands. It is worth several thousand dollars."

"Several—thousand—dollars?" Her blue eyes were immense. "And a man I don't know—gave me something—like that? But why—why?"

Drake shook his head. "That's for me to find out, Miss Carlin. And don't worry about dying, nor be afraid of crossing the Avenue. Let me know if you have any more strange experiences."

He telephoned for a taxicab for her, wrote down her home address and telephone number, then escorted her to the elevator. I waited in the study, while he performed his courtesy duty.

When he came back, a few moments later, he threw himself down in his desk-chair and reached for a cigarette.

"There is more in this case," he said, "than appears on the surface—yet."

By Elsa Barker

I was troubled. Should I have seen the girl safely home? "Suppose she should be kidnaped!" I cried. "I weighed that possibility," Drake replied. "I think it will not be done—no, nothing so crude as that. If I'm on the right track, she will not be taken by force." Taken! There were menacing possibilities in the word. But few men could afford to play on a girl's imagination with an emerald the size of a cherry.

obvious than infatuation with a blonde girl? He might even have two motives—the girl herself, and something else. In my year of wandering around Europe I had learned a good deal about young men who make use of women. Cads, we Americans call them, but they can be very attractive. The man might have seen Miss Carlin with that wealthy old lady from the Mammoth Hotel. He might be after the old lady's money, with one of those plausible financial schemes which promise two hundred per cent. An emerald ring would not be much, in the budget of one of those schemes.

Then I turned over in bed, for about the tenth time, gave my pillow another punch and decided to go to sleep. With Dexter Drake on the job, was I likely to solve the problem myself while he slept?

The next morning I had breakfast alone.

"Mr. Drake went out early," Patchen said, when I asked him why the table was set for only one.

I stayed round the house all the forenoon, thinking that Drake might return. It often seemed absurd that he should pay me a salary, but he insisted. I would gladly have helped him the little I could now and then, for the fun of the thing, and lived on my own small income. Thanks to my grandfather's will, I would never have to hustle for money—unless I should want to marry.

Drake came home to luncheon.

From the way he strode into the sitting-room, head up, hands in the pockets of his jaunty gray coat, I knew that his work on the case was progressing.

He stopped short in the middle of the room, drew his slim, elastic figure to its full height, looked down at me where I sat on the big divan, and smiled brightly.

"Fascinating case, Howard—it's branching out beautifully, too. I

have learned where that emerald ring came from. I suspected something like that last night."

"Have you found her strange-looking man?" I asked.

"No, and he may prove elusive. Whether he was afraid of pursuit when he passed the ring on to the girl, or whether he had planned to do it, I can't say yet. I don't know who he is—the police don't know; but the ring was stolen one night about two weeks ago from the dressing-table of Mrs. Brooks Gorham, in the big Gorham house on Long Island—a neat second-story job—sometime between midnight and dawn."

"Drake!" I leaped from the couch. "And that poor girl! If she had worn the ring, if somebody who knew the ring had seen it on her finger, whatever would have happened to her?"

"Why, she might have been arrested—naturally." Old Patchen came to the door. (Continued on page 108)



girl might have been a daughter. Drake and I, in our disguises, followed.

"Even the old lady from Kansas City," Drake said, "may prove an inadequate protection. You and I, Howard, will dine at the Mammoth Hotel tomorrow evening, attend the concert and the midnight supper."

"But won't Miss Carlin be embarrassed by our presence?"

"Oh," Drake laughed, "she won't recognize us! You have often asked me to give you a lesson in the art of disguise. Now I will lock up this emerald, and go to bed. I shall be very busy tomorrow."

I knew that excited glitter in the detective's eye. He could not have been keener if his client had been a millionaire. With him it was always the lure of the mystery—the reward was only a by-product.

That night I lay awake for an hour or two, puzzling about the case. Suppose the emerald man's motive was something less

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A girl looked into his face and smiled. "Going for a walk in the park, son?"

Illustrated by
E. R. Kirkbride

The Adventurer

By Thomas Burke

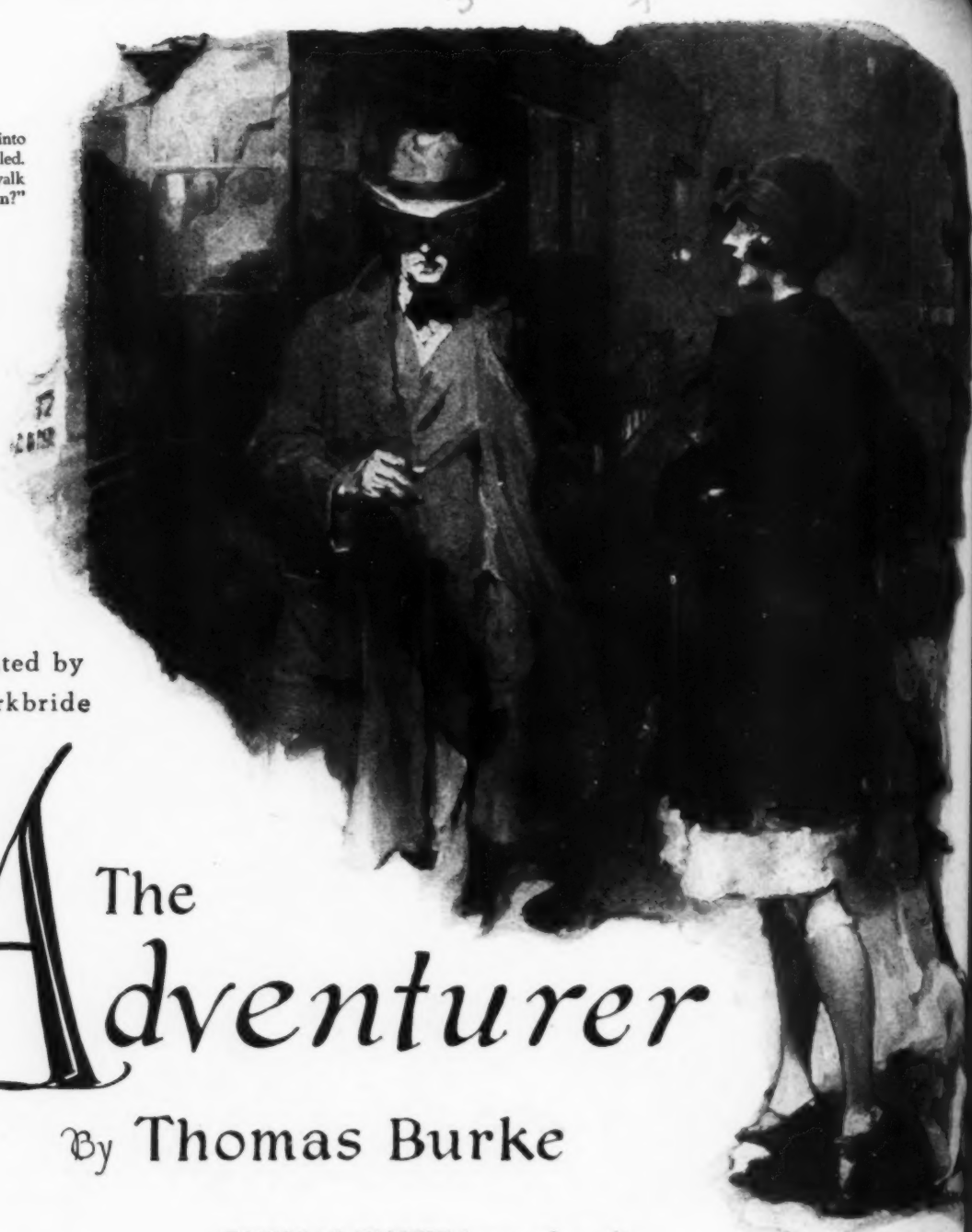
HE stood at the window of one of the big shipping-offices in Cockspur Street. He was shabby in such a way that nobody would have noticed that he was shabby. His overcoat was four years old; his boots were run over. His hair when last cut had been cut by a back-street barber, who had left little tufts where they should not be. His trousers bagged far out from the knees. His hands were clasped in front of him, and the fingers were wrestling with each other, and his sharp nose was almost on the glass. He was staring at this window as hungry men stare at restaurant windows. You would have said from his figure, that his age was round about forty, and it was, though his face was the keen simple face of an awkward youth.

The window at which he gazed was dressed in the fashion of other shipping-office windows. There were models of liners, placards showing enchanting vistas of foreign ports, lists of vessels and their sailing-dates, and little pyramids of pamphlets and

THOMAS BURKE has made a distinguished name for himself with his brief sketches of night-time London. All who read his "Limehouse Nights" will recall the spirit of horror that hovered over some of the characters in those memorable tales. In this unforgettable story of "The Adventurer," however, the horror is touched with humor.

Unless that hunger was appeased: the hunger for travel, adventure, movement and encounter, which come so seldom to bookkeepers who have always been bookkeepers. The very sight of those model liners moved his blood as music or pictures move other people. The sight of the boat-train leaving Victoria filled him with yearning. The reading of a book of travel or explanation or escape kept him awake all night. In the late evenings he called regularly at a quiet little public house in a side-street

fare-tables. And he stared and stared at them as though feeding starved eyes and mind. Cockspur Street was off his homeward way, which was from Bedford Street to Stockwell, but every evening he crossed Trafalgar Square, and spent some fifteen minutes moving from window to window, and staring. For years this had been his custom, and for years more it would be, unless—



of Stockwell, and there he had often listened to the tales of young men who had been in the war. Stirring stuff! And he, an inspiring listener who brought out their best. His face gave them clamorous applause; and at the end of each tale he made one quiet comment. "Ah!" and a sigh. "Ah! That's an adventure I'd 'a' liked to have. I'd 'a' loved to 've gone about and Done Things. But I don't know. . . . Other fellows seem to get these chances, but nothing ever happens to me. What you was saying about India—being stalked by a tiger—I'd 'a' loved to have had that experience. It must 'a' been grand."

"Oh, I dunno. Anyway, you don't need to go abroad for adventure. You can get it wherever you are if you ask for it. Try knocking a copper's helmet off."

"Ah, you don't understand what I mean."

Nobody did. Nor did he ever try to make them. He only knew that there burned in him—always had burned in him—this desire for adventure, this hunger for strange seas and desperate enterprise which filled him with shame when he looked at himself in the mirror. Adventure never came to people like him. Great things happened to other men. They went abroad. They saw fresh scenes. They had dealings with things he had only read about. They saw palms and pavilions and white beaches and ice-bound channels and blue mountain-tops. They had battles with hurricanes, journeys over snow, struggles with fierce animals and savage men—things that he would never know. Always he would be a book-keeper in Bedford Street; and adventure never beckoned to bookkeepers.

He moved slowly away from Cockspur Street, like a child taken from his toys, and went at his usual pace down Whitehall, across Broadway and along Millbank. The month was March, and the evening held the cold uncertain light of the laboring spring. The sky was hard and clear. Along the river the lamps were already lit and made ghostly presences in the lingering day. In that light they seemed wrong, almost unclean. In the river were boats and barges and little tugs. He stopped to look at them; they were Going Somewhere. If one could get on one of them, and go down to the docks, and then get on a tramp and go out of the Thames, and—ah!

He walked on, and across Vauxhall Bridge, and slowly the dusk came down; and as it came down it got into his brain and set him making up a foolish story of adventure in which he was the principal figure, and suffered greatly, and Did Things. There was something in the air tonight that gave him ideas; the adventure was more firmly wrought and more crowded than his usual

imaginings. Vauxhall Bridge, in the dusk, was frankly and beautifully Vauxhall Bridge, but to his untrained mind Vauxhall Bridge was not good enough. He made it a bridge at Buda-Pesth, and taking liberties with geography, made Doulton's Tower a campanile, and the Victoria Tower a Norwegian cathedral, and Lambeth Palace a part of the Escorial, and the arches of the Southwestern Railway were some queer corner of the lower part of Mozambique or Tamatave in Madagascar—names that thrilled him. On a night like this, in a place like that, anything might happen. The little streets of Tamatave (that ran from South Lambeth Road into Kensington) might hold nameless perils or the sweet and potent spells of countries behind the moon. An open door, a lighted window, an arm raised from the sill; and who knows where it might end? Somewhere down there in the darkness, in one of those strange houses, his passport to adventure might be waiting. A knock at a door, a chance word, and beauty and high endeavor



"Come in!" The voice was husky but urgent. "It's serious."

might be his. Just one casual encounter, and—

A girl, passing, looked into his face and smiled. "Going for a walk in the park, son?"

He turned his face away, dropped his eyes, pulled his coat round him, and changed his pace to a stride. Then mentally he resumed his tale.

Any one of those houses—any one. Queer things, houses. Dumb; and yet they looked as if they (Continued on page 124)

We Live but Once

By Rupert Hughes

The Story So Far:

ALWAYS hitherto, Valerie Dangerfield had received everything from life. Now, when this handsome stranger so intrigued her with the shadow of sadness on his face, she sought to have him also. At a musicale she was introduced to him and learned that his name was Blair Fleming—and met his silly little over-dressed wife, and thought she understood that look of tragedy in his eyes. Later Mrs. Fleming invited Valerie to a week-end party at the mountain resort of Arrowhead Lake. And Valerie so contrived it that she should drive Fleming up the dangerous mountain road in her own car the evening after the others had assembled. Halfway up the difficult ascent they were caught in a terrific cloudburst, and barely escaped going over the precipice. All that night they sat side by side in the storm-girt islet of the car. And when daylight and cleared skies woke them from a doze, they found the crippled car immovable, and were forced to trudge up the muddy road toward their destination.

Amy, however, could make little complaint, for Valerie inadvertently and unobserved came upon her foolishly philandering with an Englishman, Jimmy St. John—and realized that Mrs. Fleming was in no position to attack Blair and Valerie for their adventure. . . . It was the following morning, as the various guests were packing up and saying good-by, that Fleming, passing Valerie, groaned without looking at her: "I love you! I love you!" And afterward Valerie answered him:

"I heard you. It made me very happy. For I love you!"

Later Valerie met Blair and delivered her ultimatum:

"If you love me enough to get free from your wife somehow, then I'll know you love me enough to deserve my love. I am nobody, but my love is all I've got to give, and I'm not going to pitch it down under any man's feet. You figure out some way to break up your happy home and then come to me, and I'll be waiting."

Blair did his best to present Amy's side of it—she was not to blame for the temperament she had been born with, and the affair must be arranged so as to hurt her as little as possible. And Valerie, counting on Amy's flirtation with St. John, thought it could be managed without much difficulty. But—Amy had already broken with St. John. So it happened that when Fleming took up the matter with Amy he found her difficult. And when Valerie against his wishes went to see Amy, there ensued a scene curious indeed.

"I warn you," concluded Amy, "that if I divorce my husband, it'll not be one of these funny California divorces with a fake excuse. I'll name you as co-respondent."

"Let me promise you, Mrs. Fleming," retorted Valerie, "that if you name anybody else, I'll kill you."

With that Valerie departed, and Amy tearfully phoned for Blair

Carrying on researches for his next novel for this magazine, Mr. Hughes will take up temporary residence in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where in the Clements Library is housed the world's greatest collection of Americana relating to our Colonial period.

Illustrated by Will Foster

sickened him. . . . And Valerie meanwhile went to her father and mother, told them the whole story, and besought their aid in getting this last and greatest thing she had wanted: another woman's husband. (*The story continues in detail:*)

IF there is any gloom deeper than that of those who strive to be happy and cannot, it must be the misery of those who strive to love one another and are unable to.

Amy Fleming was so hungry for laughter that she was all but weeping for it; yet she could not quite laugh. She wanted her husband to love her and make love to her, and she knew that her only hope of compelling him was to love him with all her own heart.

Yet she was forced to admit to herself that her feeling toward him was made up more of vanity and selfishness than devotion. It takes passion to rouse passion, but she could only long for his fire and not quite kindle it even in herself.

All about her in the Maison Dorée were men and women, flirting, ogling, recklessly philandering; and the spectacle of amorousness woke the appetite for it in her mind, but could not stir her heart.

Her husband was so subdued to melancholy that he could not even try to be happy. He did not want to be happy. He watched the alcoholic gayety of his neighbors with the dull amazement of a foreigner. He was neither shocked nor amused by their antics; he was simply puzzled and bored.

His wife at his side was his only interest, and he was interested in her only as one is fascinated by something that cannot be shaken off. He was finding it as hard to get rid of her as if she were a bad habit.

After a long silence, Amy voiced a drowsy thought:

"I wish we were in Paris."

"That would be nice," her husband conceded tonelessly, without conviction.

Amy's expression became more animated.

"To think that I've never been abroad! I guess we're about the only people in America that haven't been."

"There must be a few others."

"When are we going over? Couldn't you get away somehow? Maybe if we took a long trip together, things would straighten out. Maybe it's not so much that you're tired of me as you are of the same old rut. Maybe if you was to see me in Paris, I



She horrified the butler by encountering him in his shirt-sleeves. She whispered: "Under no circumstances wake my aunt."

dressed up, and if we could sort of bum round together—who knows, maybe we'd see things different."

He could find nothing to say that was not quite too harsh, so he merely answered her maybe's with another:

"Maybe."

She found him strange in this adamant mood. He was so far away that she could reach only the walls about him. But she knew where he was, and she ventured:

"No wonder you took such a fancy to that—to Miss Dangerfield. You just had to see something new. But if you and I went to Paris—"

He came back from the distance long enough to say:

"I couldn't get away. There isn't a chance of it for as far off as I can see."

She sighed so dismally that he was moved to suggest:

"I couldn't get away, but you could. Why don't you make the trip?"

"Me go to Paris—alone?" she interjected in amazement.

"Umm-humm."

"Could you afford it?"

"I could manage that much."

She fired off a barb, feathered both with malice and pathos:

"You could afford almost anything to get rid of me, I suppose."

He could not answer that; so he called for the bill with a sudden decisiveness, and they left the noisy restaurant to its own devices.

In the car she laid her hand possessively on his as it gripped the wheel. He did not reject it, but he said with an abrupt resolution that hurt him as much as her:

"While you're in Paris, you could get your divorce."

"But I'm not going to get a divorce!" she protested.

"Oh yes, you are."

She began to cry quietly, and her tears were a great torment to him. But he remembered to what base uses they had been put,



and steeled his heart against them. He spoke with a compassion that she could not understand:

"I'm sorry, Amy—mighty sorry. If I were the only man on earth, I wouldn't desert you. If I thought I could make you really happy, I would give up everything for your sake. But I know that the only reason I have become so precious to you all of a sudden, is that somebody else has taken an interest in me. If I put her out of my life, we'd simply settle back into the old routine. I can't make you happy, Amy, and there's no use fooling ourselves any longer. I'm not your type of man. Our souls don't run in double harness. So for your own sake and for God's sake, go find you a man of your sort while you're young and beautiful."

She had tightened her claws to scratch, but his last words compelled her to purr:

"Me young and beautiful! Listen to the man!"

"Of course you are. And you have a right to make the most of it while you can. Why can't we part friends? Why can't we help one another as we promised to do?"

"Are you referring to our marriage vows?" she gasped.

"Yes, and it seems to me that they include, or ought to, a willingness to grant a divorce when that is the salvation of one's home."

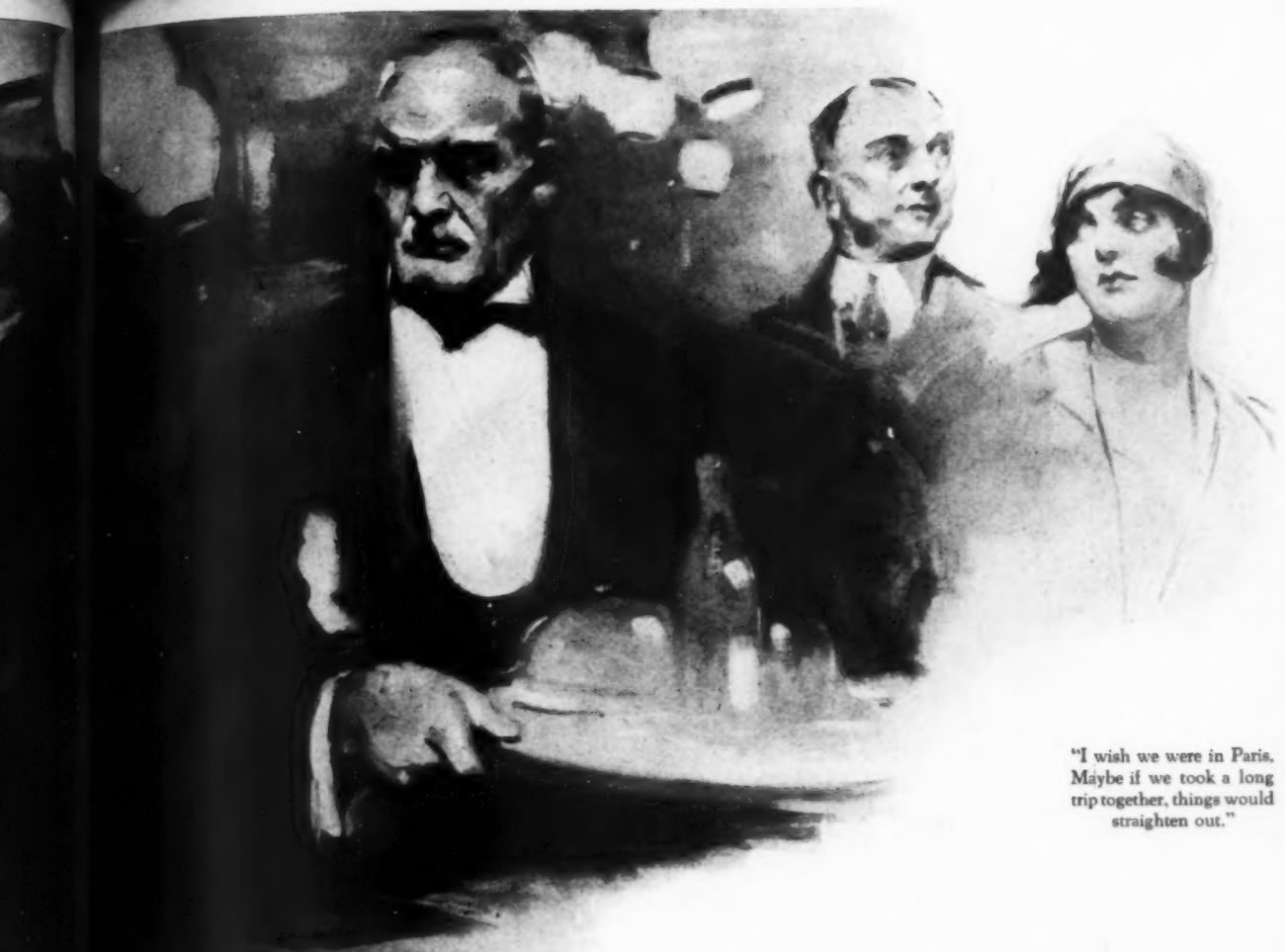
"If you love me, divorce me!" she mocked.

"Exactly. Why can't you throw off your old-fashioned mental clothes as well as the other ones? You'd rather be caught naked than in a last year's dress. Why don't you give your brain a change of ideas, too?"

This jolted her. He was talking now in a language she could understand: the styles. No appeal to her altruism, self-sacrifice, mercy, or pride could have stung her like the hint that she was wearing outmoded opinions.

There was no arguing about fashions in hats, frocks, shoes. They came and went; and, ugly or beautiful, modest or bold, it was disgraceful to be obsolete by a season.

As for a divorce, a Paris divorce—how stupid she had been! All the swells were getting them. Nearly everybody she knew



"I wish we were in Paris. Maybe if we took a long trip together, things would straighten out."

had been divorced at least once. None of her friends had had a Paris divorce, though. What a feather in her cap it would be!

She saw herself going to Claudine (who had not been married yet) and to Mrs. Dorr (who had been Mrs. Harwood before her divorce) and telling them that she was leaving for Paris at once to get rid of her last year's husband. How they would stare! How

they would envy her! Jealous? They would positively turn green!

She was converted instantly to the new idea. But she must not accept it at once from Blair. She must make a good bargain, secure plenty of cash and the guaranty of a good alimony for life. Her hopes withered as swiftly as they had bloomed. Where was the money coming from?

She knew her husband's finances, and that he was far from flush. He had paid down what cash he had on some real-estate, and a heavy second payment was coming due. He had been worrying over it before this new insanity struck him.

If she took all he had, she would have to go to Paris shabbily, and her alimony would be a pittance. To go to Paris on the cheap—no, no, better to stay at home.

But it grieved her to give up the bright bauble that had been dangled before her eyes. The tantalism gave her another grudge against fate and her husband. It put him in a shabbier light and made him less important.

She had still not answered his question when they reached the house. The house looked a hovel to her now, compared with what

she fancied Paris was like. Instead of driving up to the Pally Royal on the Roo de Kelkerchouse, she must sneak into the same old bungalow and take up the same old grind.

When Blair paused at the door as he searched for the key, he said:

"Well, what about Paris? Do you go or not?"

"Certainly not," she snapped, "and I'm simply disgusted at the suggestion."

He opened the door with a sigh. She swept in and noted that he still waited outside in a daze of frustration. Her tone was vinegary as she derided him:

"Come on in. You're perfectly safe! I promise not to attack you."

Still he hesitated. She was angry enough to lock him out, but the dark house might be full of burglars in ambush. She reverted to petulance:

"Are you planning to leave me all alone in this place? Better not. If I'm found murdered, they'll blame you."

He yielded to the fright in her tone if not to the threat in her words; and the door shut upon another couple respectably closed in for the night. How many a door was concealing an equal alienation?

In their separate rooms sleep fell upon Blair and Amy as merely a stupor ending a stupidity, boredom reaching its climax in nothingness.

But Valerie was just beginning to fight.

Chapter Thirty

VALERIE'S father and mother were aghast at the problem she had posed them. If she had gone ahead and done her worst, they would have found it impossible not to forgive her. But she insisted on making them accomplices in her decision. She had said that she would leave it to them, but she also made it apparent that her life would be a ruin if they did not help her wreck the home of strangers, the Flemings, tear the husband from his clinging wife, and give him to Valerie for her very own.

This was a fearful thing to contemplate in advance and to

approve. Her father felt that he owed it to all the codes to register a formal protest:

"Nothing would be easier than to say to you, Valerie, that your idea is horribly criminal, immoral, impossible and unthinkable."

His wife broke in impatiently:

"And nothing could be more idiotic."

"Of course, my dear. So I won't say it. The only important thing is to get Valerie what she really wants, as soon as we're sure she really wants it."

"She wants Mr. Fleming."

"So she says, but girls have been known—Valerie has been known—to think she wanted something terribly, only to find that as soon as she got it she was through with it. You remember those letters to Santa Claus asking for the most amazing things. Well, we always bought them for her if they were to be had, but they rarely lasted till Christmas afternoon."

"This man Fleming, now—we have never seen or heard of him. He may be the noblest creature ever made; but Valerie has been deceived in men, too, at times. There was that fellow—what's his name?"

His wife cut him off: "What's the use of dragging in those old affairs? She was only a child then."

"I'm not trying to rub it in. I'm trying to do what's best. If we could invite Mr. Fleming up here for, say, a week-end, and look him over a bit—"

His wife would not let him alone:

"What is your opinion worth in such a case? Valerie isn't selecting a partner for you, but for herself."

She had nagged her husband into taking a beastly advantage of her. Seeing how she tugged at the rope, he gave her all of it:

"Very well, then, my dear; since you have made up your mind that Mr. Fleming is the ideal man for Valerie, and that there is no possibility of a mistake, let's get him for her at all costs."

"I didn't say that!" she retorted. "You're only trying to throw all the responsibility on me. I don't know what to think. Oh, dear, Valerie, why couldn't you have fallen in love with some nice bachelor?"

"Why couldn't I?" Valerie sighed. "But it's not my happiness that's important; it's Blair's. If you could hear how he laughs when the weight is off his soul! If you could see the woman he's chained to! It's to save him from her that I'm doing all this."

"But does he want to be saved?"

"He won't put it that way. He keeps thinking of my happiness, as if it mattered. And then he's so afraid of hurting that little rotter he has for a wife. He'd rather die than be unjust or unkind to her. He's so damned noble that I could despise him with all my heart if he weren't such a stupid, helpless old darling."

Her father shook his head helplessly:

"You don't make it any simpler, honey. It is all horribly involved. He won't lift his hand to tear his wife's hands off him. She is determined not to be divorced. You are taking an enormous risk. Suppose she consents and you save him from her, as you call it—what if you change your mind and don't want him after all?"

"Oh, I'll want him!" said Valerie. "I want him as I never wanted anything in my life. I talk a lot about seeking only his own happiness, but that's just to hear myself talk and cover up my own selfishness. He is the one thing on earth I want, or ever wanted, with all my heart and soul and body."

Her father and mother gazed at her helplessly, in the throes of perplexity.

Fashions in fathers and mothers had changed along with all the other changes of the time. The world had come to the exact antipodes of the ancient theory that children owed their parents gratitude to the point of reverence, and obedience to the point of slavery, for bringing them into the world.

Parents, especially American parents, had long since ceased to select for their children husbands, wives, careers and destinies. Parents, like kings, were no longer monarchs by divine right; they made a boast of being the subjects of their subjects.

The parents who had once been willing to stifle their children's cries with spoonfuls of laudanum and smother their wounds with loathsome poultices of ancient moralities, were now content to be their attorneys, brokers and purchasing-agents.

But even attorneys and agents must sometimes rebel for their



clients' sakes, and the Dangerfields felt that obedience to their child would be treason of the worst sort. Her father waited for her mother to speak, and at last she did:

"Oh, Valerie, my blessed child, you simply must not ask me to help you destroy yourself. I've known you to be delirious with fever and to call for things that would have been fatal. It nearly killed me to refuse you, but I had to."

"You're delirious now. You've gone quite mad over this man Fleming. You must be mad, or you'd never attempt to carry out such a terrible scheme. No good could come of it. You would only stir up a horrible scandal. People would call you the vilest names, and you'd deserve them. That man must be an odious cad to connive with you in such a scheme. If he throws his wife overboard as soon as you come along, he'll throw you overboard as soon as the next pretty woman comes along! How can you blame him, seeing how you set the example?"

"I shall never blame him for anything he does to me," said Valerie. "If he tires of me, he's welcome to his freedom. But I'll take that risk. If you don't help me, I'll work it out alone."

Her father came to the aid of her mother:

"Really, my child, you alarm me. You can't be in your right mind. I feel as if it was as much our duty to prevent this madness as it would be to take a bottle of poison away from you, or drag you back from a precipice."



"And now, my dear, I must confess that I've played a little trick on you. My niece has come back, and she wants to talk to you."

"I'm not going to preach to you about the sanctity of marriage; but how can you believe that this man will be faithful to you when he begins by being faithless to his wife?" Valerie opened her lips to reply, but he continued:

"If you will pick out some man that is free and can honorably offer you his hand, I'll do all I can to make you happy. If he's poor, I'll make him rich. If he's honest, I'll see that he's handsomely rewarded."

"Your mother and I have only one ambition: to procure your happiness. But you ask us to guarantee your misery. For this infatuation can't possibly last. In heaven's name, let our love guide you. Give up this man and don't ask us to compound a felony, push you into a scandal, and let you run into a ghastly crash at the finish."

"Bring us a sane proposal, and we'll back you to the limit—and there'll be no limit. But this scheme—no!"

Valerie could hardly believe her ears. She stared at the changelings who had lately been her obedient servants.

"And you refuse to give me money enough to send that wife Maria for a divorce?"

"In the first place she has not consented yet. In the second place, even if she did, I should recoil from supporting her in such a despicable step. It would be collusion, collusion of the worst sort."

"How else can a divorce be secured except by collusion?" Valerie demanded. "And what's collusion but an ugly word for a common-sense agreement to do a decent thing peaceably and sanely instead of putting up a sickening contest?"

"Oh, of course, this new generation is skeptical of everything," her father answered. "But a few things ought to be left: the sacrament of marriage, the sanctity of the home, the—" He wanted to say, "the purity and chastity of womanhood," but beautiful words often imply such ugly things that they are harder to say than indecencies.

Valerie caught his idea, however, and belonging to a generation that considers reticence a major sin, made no scruples of voicing her own opinions flatly:

"I understand what you are afraid to say, and almost afraid to think. You believe that I'm just running wild from animal passion for a certain male."

(Continued on page 164)

AFTER William McFee "swallowed the anchor," as sailors put it when they take up life ashore, he stood it as long as he could, then shipped south again, but only as a passenger, not an engineer. The present story is one result of the trip, with others to follow.



"Look here, old chap, that's not allowed, you know."

The Wife of the Dictator

By
William McFee

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

NOBODY on board the *Biskra* had imagined, when the ship was chartered for an extended southern cruise ("Under the Southern Cross, Rolling Down to Rio and Buenos Aires, the Paris of the Pampas"), that Captain Musker had experienced a savage thrill. Complete as the *Biskra* might be, with her gyroscopic steering-gear, radio direction-finders, electric tell-tales and submarine sounding-apparatus, whereby any ordinary third officer could hear a shark scrape himself against her bilge-keel, there was no instrument yet invented to record the commander's emotional reaction to the list of ports at which he was to call. The last voyage before he went home on leave!

Each of them had its appeal, for in his youth Captain Musker had raked them with the pride of the brass-bounder. Homeward with grain and beef from B. A., coffee from Rio and Santos, nitrate and guano from Chilean ports, he had even arrived in Genoa with a reeking cattle boat from Pernambuco, and had enjoyed his youth. He had lost his passage in Valparaiso and lived a life for two months which his mother had most fortunately known nothing about. Looking out at the brisk young officer on the bridge, who was a Mr. Herbert De Courcy, Captain Musker felt a sudden nostalgia for his unregenerate youth. That young chap had a row of ribbons on his well-made uniform; he cut quite a swath among the girls on Upper Broadway near Columbia University; and he was forever looking after his job. He was looking after it now, leaning over the lofty navigating bridge of the *Biskra*, and watching the chief mate on the fore-castle as he hauled the ship a couple of inches ahead. Later he would step ashore in neat tweeds or flannels, take the subway uptown, play tennis and take a girl out to the movies and a soda parlor. About as exciting, Captain Musker found himself reflecting, as cold mutton fat! By and by he would marry, get promotion, and live

in a neat street at Forest Hills or Bay Ridge, with a neat wife, a neat colored maid and a neat infant. . . . Captain Musker pulled at his nose.

The past swept over him, and he wondered, not that young men no longer wanted to go to sea, but why they should be so insufferably and unimaginatively efficient. Nothing to do, of course, compared with the old days. Look at that electric lamp—moved at a touch. He recalled the terrible old winches, with exhaust-pipes at the bulwarks jerking boiling spray over the passers-by's naked limbs as they hauled on the big wire. He thought it was a man's life, he thought dourly. One went ashore for something else besides "Red-hot Mamma" on a jazz band, and gassy near-beer. Went ashore, and stayed, till the red dawn rushed over the Caribbean from the Windward Islands and the birds cheeped in the mango-patch behind the shuttered houses. That ineffable young De Courcy would be down on the ship at eight o'clock as neat and sharp as a bank-clerk coming to work.

Very smart young officer, thought Captain Musker sardonically, and returned to the past.

He remembered now. The turmoil of that time subsided and left one episode like a dark unlighted tower, awash in the highway of his past. It was, really, the reason for his excitement on hearing that the *Biskra* would make a southern cruise—right around the continent, down to Rio and Buenos Aires, through the Straits, up to Valparaiso and Guayaquil, though what the passengers would find there rather puzzled the Captain. Then Panama City, the Canal and Caribbean ports. They called, he saw, at Puntarenas, Balboa, in the unrestful republic of Costa Rica. He remembered the episode twenty-five years before, when the old steamer *Andromeda*, discharging rails, got blown from her anchorage and ran on a half-tide rock under the lee of a palm-fringed cay. *Andromeda*

indeed, then! And he, Harry Musker, second mate, had been ashore. Again he experienced that savage thrill. He had been in love, ferociously in love, with a fifteen-year-old tigress named Dolores Fuenmayor. He remembered that name after all these years. Behind the town, where the beach stretched for miles and the coconut palms hid the house of her parents from the blazing blue of sea and sky, she and he had swung in hammocks under the wild rubber trees and watched the vultures swing in slow circles above the forest.

He remembered. She had been serving in the Cantina del Sol, a dirty little café up the one street of Puerto Balboa, and he had been fascinated, from the moment he saw her, with that tall vigorous girl whose first response to his ardor was to hurl a glass of beer in his face and then stand up close to him, meeting him eye to eye. Ha, she was a real one, that Dolores! What was it they called it now? Cave-man business! But Dolores had not been so much a cave-woman as a tigress. Bite she would, and she was so strong it took him all his time to master her. Because in that dirty little café, with machetes lying naked or in leather scabbards all about, and policemen with ugly German automatics out there across the plaza where the rain streamed as it can only stream in Costaragua in the rainy season, it was no time for the second mate of the *Andromeda* to take any chances. Mr. Harry Musker had clouted her into insensibility before the open-mouthed ragamuffins at the little tables could interfere. Fine doings for an Englishman, he reflected, and went on remembering while he stood behind the efficient Mr. De Courcy on the bridge of the *Biskra*.

He had been roused to a clear anger by her attack, and there

bone turn dull bronze color, where he had hit her. Hit her! He thought he had killed a woman.

And while he stood there, off guard, looking at her anxiously, she had sprung at him again and from her waistband she had drawn a knife. One of his close calls!

Captain Musker walked to the other side of the bridge and looked down at the dirty water of the dock. He shouldn't be thinking of such things. He was supposed to be an experienced middle-aged commander, with a wife and five children in England, and a reputation for gallantry all over the world. Why should the news that he was to take the *Biskra* into Puerto Balboa, a clean new place with a busy trade in fruit, coffee and sugar, bring back that long-buried romance? Dolores would be forty now, nearly the same age as himself.

All very well, but it had been a wonderful time, and he went on remembering. He had nothing to do until the *Biskra* was through with her fueling. The passengers would go ashore in Puerto Balboa and take the railway up the Andes to San Benito. No romance down there now. Trains and ships running like trolley-cars. And Dolores, with the smoldering black eyes, the tall, sinewy, handsome girl who, when he wrenched her knife from her hand, had tried to sink her big white teeth in his neck! Where was she now? Captain Musker came back to reality by shutting his eyes very tight for a fraction of a second. He found Mr. De Courcy coming over to him. Mr. De Courcy was unaware of the somewhat malicious pleasure his commander derived from contemplating him in his modern perfection. He was unaware that Captain Musker knew he was dying to air his knowledge of southern ports. He regarded Captain Musker as a

Western Ocean man who would get cold feet as soon as he entered the funny old Spanish harbors. He was mistaken. Captain Musker was never troubled by cold feet; nor did he consult a junior officer about his own



While he stood there, off guard, she had sprung at him again, and she had drawn a knife.

had been not a glimmer of feeling for her as a woman until he had felt his fist crash into her dark fierce face, and she had crumpled, and he had fallen in his headlong rush almost on top of her, on the earthen floor.

It had brought him to his senses, that! Fancy, fighting a girl! Young and beautiful too! He had got hold of her and dragged her into a sitting position. She was heavy. Her dark eyes opened slowly and regarded him. The man who kept the *cantina* hovered in an ecstasy of apprehension before them, while the rest of the company moved silently out into the plaza. The rain boomed on the galvanized roof of the arcade. The two men were scared, but for different reasons. Harry Musker saw the red on the girl's high cheek-

business. But as Mr. De Courcy came up with respectful alacrity to report something or other, it pleased Captain Musker to ask him abruptly if he knew Puerto Balboa.

"Oh, yes sir," said the young man. "A terrible dump that is. I was on a fruiter out of New Orleans and—"

"Good holding-ground?" asked the Captain, staring at Mr. De

Courcy's medal-ribbons. Anybody would think a chap would want to forget that damn' war business—now.

"Good holding-ground? Well, you go alongside, sir—"

"Not the *Biskra*," muttered Captain Musker, and turned away. Mr. De Courcy looked stonily at the Jersey shore for a moment. This skipper was funny. Why did he ask, then, if he knew the place?

Captain Musker was unreasonably irritated at his junior officer for calling Puerto Balboa a dump. It wasn't a dump to the man who had taken Dolores to her father's little house on the edge of the lagoon, on a mule, and remained there to fall in love with her. While the old *Andromeda* was manacled to that half-tide rock on the cay! The young cub and his ribbons! What sort of fight would he put up if one of his Columbia college-girls suddenly flew at his throat with a knife in her fist and tried to kill him? Die of fright, very likely! Captain Musker pulled down the corner of his mouth to suppress the smile evoked by the picture of Dolores strangling Mr. De Courcy.

Other times, other manners, of course. Captain Musker had no intention of reverting to his early exploits. He was going home to England on leave when the ship got back. But he was inexplicably shaken at the prospect of seeing Puerto Balboa again, of making a few discreet inquiries and discovering, if he were lucky, the fate of Dolores Fuenmayor.

The music of the name! Captain Musker was very much of a Nordic, as any of his officers would inform you, but he liked the music of the Latin names. He liked a beautiful woman to have a beautiful name. Some of those he carried, exquisite and attractive as they were, had terrible names.

AND so the *Biskra*, commanded by Captain Musker, sailed away to the lands of the Southern Cross with a crowd of prosperous and good-natured people from all the forty-eight States of the Union, bound on a voyage of discovery three hundred and fifty years after Sir Francis Drake had completed the first round-the-world tour. And indeed they made many discoveries of which Sir Francis died in ignorance, and by which perhaps he would have set small store. As for instance, that deck-games become monotonous after a few days, that porpoises are all very much the same, that love is a community affair on a ship, and only those who can afford suites have any privacy for it. They discovered that the Captain in no way regarded himself as one of their employees, but that he issued orders concerning behavior and shoregoing which had to be obeyed. They discovered, for the first time in their lives, some of them, that government in the last analysis, is a one-man job, no matter how you camouflage it. Captain Musker, for example, never went into conference about anything. He listened, and later issued orders, and it was done. They discovered in due course that they were having a wonderful time, that Captain Musker was a fine chap, and his officers, especially Mr. De Courcy, perfect darlings. This last verdict came from the women. Mr. De Courcy was popular.

Captain Musker, however, kept somewhat to himself during the latter part of the voyage. He was not morose, but he felt disinclined just now for the lighter kind of flirtations which cruise passengers indulge in merely to pass the time from port to port. Captain Musker was not averse to living in solitude for a while. He tried to imagine himself a family man again, taking his silent industrious wife for a trip to London and perhaps Paris. A change for him! He spent long hours pacing the deck outside his cabin, seen afar by passengers aft, thinking of days gone by and reflecting upon the apparent impossibility of a man's living again through his great moments. History might repeat itself, but romance seemed irrevocable. Once over, it was gone. You got married and became responsible and had some money, but where was that marvelous glamour which seemed to hang over the early days? What adventures he had in Marseilles as an apprentice! And the nights in Genoa, when seventeen of them walked abreast across the Piazza di Ferari, singing "My girl's a high-born lady—" Or another night when they carried a girl on their shoulders along the Principe, the sterns of the ships crowded with delighted seamen, and deposited her in a boat to be rowed out to a steamer whose captain had his wife on board. Famous days! All day in the chain-locker and all night ashore! Out to Durban on a transport with troops, and running away to join the army, only to be fetched back by the military police. Captain Musker, thinking of those days and the modern Mr. De Courcy and his colleagues, decided that he himself had had a good life. But how impossible to get back to it! And once more, as he watched the lofty distant peaks of the Cordillera, he thought of Dolores Fuenmayor.

LET Mr. De Courcy tell it. Up on Riverside Drive he tried to give the gist of it to his girl friend who was at Columbia. She gazed at the river and wrinkled her forehead in the struggle to visualize the scene. It wasn't so easy.

"The Old Man, he comes out of the elevator into the saloon, and there's these two sitting at his table. The general, he was a dried-up little chap, but his wife, she was one of these high-sized dames. Splendid figure and so on, but no chicken. And the Old Man, he stops dead when he sees her. Absolutely dead in his tracks. I was just opening my napkin when I looked up and saw him. And then he sort of pulls himself together and goes up—and bows—and sits down. And that woman, Señora Marino, wife of General Marino, looked at him without a word."

The young lady was confused. An elevator in a saloon, an old man coming out. She changed the subject. The first thing she planned to do with Mr. De Courcy, as soon as she married him, was to make him get a shore job. What she would have said, or thought, if Mr. De Courcy had told her the whole story, may be only dimly conjectured. She had never been on a voyage, and her only contribution to the present narrative consists of her vague comment as she sat gazing at the fleet in the jeweled dusk.

"I suppose," she said slowly, "she resembled some one he'd known in the past."

Mr. De Courcy's girl friend was nearer the mark than either of them dreamed. When Captain Musker came into the saloon on that memorable evening of leaving Puerto Balboa, he received a staggering shock.

He had not been up to San Benito with the passengers. It was a long dusty ride up the mountains, and he decided to visit the harbor-master and make a few discreet inquiries.

The place was changed. A solid concrete pier curved round to the cay. The half-tide rock, where the old *Andromeda* lay for three weeks, had a lighthouse straddled on it. The town ran halfway up the bluff, and screened houses peeped from the trees along the lagoon, where a wireless station now stood.

The harbor-master was a newcomer, a Swedish ship-captain who had married a Costaraguan.

"Fuenmayor?" he said. "I'll ask my wife. But there's a many Fuenmayors in dis contree."

Even the Cantina del Sol was gone. The Bank of Costaragua had a concrete office on that corner. But the climate was the same. Sitting with the harbor-master at a table on the sidewalk by the Hotel Bolivar, Captain Musker could reconstruct the scene of long ago. And at night, pacing the board-walk toward the harbor, the fronds of the palmettos gleaming harshly in the arc-lights as though they were made of painted iron, he surrendered himself to those reflections which in middle age afford some compensation for the lost glories of youthful folly. He had no regrets save that in his mind there moved a wonder whether in his brief adventure here in Puerto Balboa he had exhausted all his resources, whether he might not have achieved a career for himself had he taken his courage in his hands and gone up into those huge silent ranges, which he could see from the harbor, with the sinister glare of forest-fires showing up for a moment the lofty summits. The rains were coming.

HE wondered, though he knew he was only playing with conjectures. The country had changed. There had been insurrections without number; death and destruction had swept over the land. Now they had a military dictatorship. A general, after defeating the Liberals, had placed one of his own nominees in the presidential palace, and the country was "pacified." And this General Cipriano Marino was traveling to New York on the *Biskra*. Going to Washington to raise a loan, no doubt. Captain Musker gave Costaragua's political fortunes very little of his attention. He was thinking of the past, and of what might have happened if he had gone into the interior with Dolores instead of to the *Andromeda* and sailing away, never returning now.

And then, coming into the dining-saloon and seeing, beside that dried-up gray-faced little shrimp in his heavily embroidered uniform of olive-green khaki, a magnificent woman, loaded with jewels, fierce and arrogant in her pose, and with the face of Dolores! There was little cause for wonder at his stopping so short, as the observant Mr. De Courcy had related. But he had recovered at once and had taken his seat, with Señora Marino on his left.

There were others at that table, of course, and conversation, after murmured salutations, became general. The Captain stole a look at her, and saw she was studying him with a frank

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"Well, I did try to kill him," she said simply. "The others were shot."

interested scrutiny. She hadn't changed so much, but he had. He knew that much about himself. Most men of forty-five are unrecognizable by those who have known them twenty-five years before. So are most women. But Dolores Marino had grown only more solid in texture, more assured and composed in manner. The fierce adorable face was the same under its pearl-powder, leaving only the tiny wrinkles around the eyes.

It was usual for interesting women to study Captain Musker. He was used to it. But now he couldn't make up his mind whether she was merely interested, or whether she was interested because the sight of him awoke some dim long-slumbering memory of the past. And he discovered that he had not the courage to make himself known.

He looked at the General. This Cipriano Marino, Dictator of

Costaragua, was not a formidable-looking person at first glance, even when seated. He was short, and his dark, tanned face, with its hooked nose, prong-like gray mustaches and high flat cheeks disfigured with depigmented blotches of white skin, inspired the on-looker not so much with fear as with confusion, because his pale eyes, the color of light beer, were seen blinking behind shell-rimmed glasses. He was so thin, so scraggy in the neck, so despicable in spite of his superb green-and-gold uniform, with the heavy incrustation of embroidered serpents' heads and the plumage of the hyacinthine macaw, the national emblem of Costaragua, on the high collar. And the reason for his insignificance was the powerful and radiating personality of his wife, in whose shadow he seemed to shrink and shiver, and meditate some appalling infamy.

(Continued on page 148)



Monty of the Bench

Written and Illustrated by Will James

HIS LORDSHIP didn't seem to me to be at all in good humor. Here he'd come from all the way across the ocean, covered two thirds of the U. S. to the Rockies, brought two horse-valets and a few thoroughbred ponies with him, all to sort of improve on and eddicate, in ways he'd dreamed of handling, a cow-outfit which he'd bought.

He'd paid a big price for the said spread, and he was lord and master there sure enough; but somehow the big, high ambitions he had of improving things and all to suit him, had run up against some snags which he hadn't at all figgered on.

Considering generally, it was no wonder to us that he did look peeved. If His Lordship could of been present and listening to the way we would discuss the subject of his trying to change the run of things, it would of maybe helped him a whole lot, but that *hombre* hadn't been in the country long enough yet to learn that his high rank didn't amount to a whoop with us, and as it was, he

was keeping dignified by having his own private fire and not mixing with us any more than he had to. We was only his hired help.

His Lordship didn't know what a fix he'd be in if we all quit and left him; and he didn't know that we was only staying because Bearpaw, who'd took it onto hisself to see the thing through, had our promise to stick by him for a spell. The way he had went on pretty much the same as usual regardless of His Lordship's highfaluting ideas, and if anything, the break of having him around turned out to be a lot of fun, *sometimes*.

"He's sure strong on modernizing this layout," says Bearpaw one night, as the first guard was riding on towards the herd, "and I'm still wondering how the *remuda* got by so long without getting clipped and the manes of them ponies all roached. I've heard him remark that it would improve their looks."

"If it ever comes to that," says the old Texan, who'd always horn in at such times, "you'll find me breaking this party up."

now. I can still get plenty of work on cow-outfits that's run by cow-men."

"But," went on Bearpaw, "I'm going to do my best to see that that don't happen; we sure owe it to them ponies to try and keep their respect for 'em that way, and see that their manes are kept intact. It'd sure be a shame to have this *remuda* look like a bunch of livery-stable plugs."

"Sure would," agrees one of the boys, "but I have hopes of us winning in that argument with His Nibbs. We came out all right in the saddle argument, and we're not riding pancake saddles now, are we?"

"Well," chips in the Texan, "that was a daggone fool stunt of his a-trying to make us use them excuses for saddles anyway, and it's a wonder to me how it was it took so much persuading and hard facts before we could make him understand how useless them playthings of his really was when there's work to be done."

Bearpaw grinned and went on to tell us how His Lordship had afterwards remarked that the stock saddle *might* be a necessary rig for range work, but that it'd never do to play polo with on account that the rider would be hindered in reaching out to hit the ball and so on.

"Me and His Lordship sure went to the mat about that, and I wanted to bet him that there wasn't a thing done in any saddle that couldn't be done in ours," Bearpaw goes on. "We had a contest on the subject; we broke off two willow sticks both the same length and about the size of a polo stick, and we went from there. Before I got through with him, I showed him that with my stick I could reach from six inches to a foot farther than he could, in all ways around, and while the horse was at top speed; then I pulled off a few more stunts he'd never seen before. When I reached down and touched the ground with both my hands and got back in the saddle without a flaw, he seen where he was stumped, and he had no more to say."

"And now, the other day, he was telling me he liked his stock saddle pretty well and thought he'd soon be getting used to it."

WILL JAMES has left Hollywood, where he's been spending the winter, and returned to the land of his love, Montana. There, north of Billings, he has his "spread"—otherwise his toy cow-outfit, his corrals and bunk-houses; and there, with not a fence in sight in any direction, he will probably be busy writing and drawing until the first snow-storm of next late autumn.

But that was just one point we'd won over His Lordship; he had many more on his chest which was bound to sprout up soon; and every time we'd see him riding towards where we was working a herd, we was ready to expect orders for most anything, from giving every cow and calf in the herd a name, to bobbing our ponies' tails.

There was one happening, though, which sort of made us more ready to accept him as being human, and that

was his getting rid of them two valets which he'd brought over with him and who was supposed to give us some pointers that'd make us real riding masters. We figured he was sort of disappointed with 'em on account they was so much trouble to us in having to catch their horses for 'em every time they'd fall off. Anyway we didn't have to contend with *them* any more. They'd took the thoroughbreds and hit for the home ranch, and his getting rid of 'em showed us that he was ready to dig into the problems of handling a cow-outfit without worrying about having somebody around to see that his boots was all shined up and his pants kept creased.

But as a man who was going to take holt, and run the outfit all by hisself, he didn't do very well. For one thing, he liked to sleep pretty late and we was already out of camp and hard at work three or four hours before he'd ever get up; and if it rained and the weather was a little raw, he stayed in his tent altogether and read, or something. Still, I guess he thought he was sure enough handling the outfit and being a cow-man.

So far, Bearpaw was given no authority to act as cow-foreman. His Lordship was supposed to be that, but he never was around, and being we wanted to feel somebody was sort of responsible, we all got together and voted Bearpaw on that position till His Lordship woke up to the duties of a cow-foreman.

But I guess His Lordship was so busy figuring ways and means of improving and modernizing the handling of the outfit he'd wished on himself that he didn't stop to think that he should know something about it before starting to do any changing or



We was doing mighty fast work that day because we had a lot of it to do.

Old Jim had been a cowman since the days buffalo and cattle run on the same range.



WILL JAMES
11-26

improving. Maybe he figured he'd already seen enough of it to go by, and adding on all what he'd read about the West and cowboys long before he'd left his castles, had most likely give him the idea that he knowed more about range cattle, horses and the handling of 'em than any of us did. Anyway, we sure felt he was short a powerful lot of information, information of the kind he'd never get till he dug in and worked like we did. After a few years of that he'd then maybe know a little something about it, and we wouldn't have to act as volunteer guardians like we was mostly doing.

We was there right at the start of his learning, and somehow we felt like it was kinda up to us to see that he didn't do anything foolish, and which he'd be sorry for, after he really got to knowing something. But this looking out after him that way didn't strike us as a very pleasant job. His Lordship wasn't at all grateful, and if anything, he seemed to hold it against us for spoiling his plans. I guess it was kind of hard on him to see that model scheme which he'd planned so careful come tumbling down.

We was right in the thick of branding one day when His Lordship rode up to look at the works—look is about all he ever would do, because he'd learned that the horsemanship which he'd been so proud of when he first come didn't amount to much. He found out it took real riding when it came to cutting out or heading off a wild-eyed, line-backed cow as that critter quit the herd, and he soon got so he'd just look on and try his best to keep out of the way of the work that took us in and around the herd.

That special day I want to tell about was an awful hot one—sultry and choking—and smell of hair burning as the branding-iron was stamped on the side of a critter sure didn't help to make things seem fresher. We was doing mighty fast work that day because we had a lot of it to do, and from the time a calf was caught till he was branded and turned loose again only averaged about a minute.

I was coiling up my rope and making another loop to catch another calf when I looks around and sees His Lordship a-setting there on his horse and not far from the branding fire. There was an awful dark look on his face, and all the talent we was exhibiting in nifty throws and fast time didn't seem to be noticed by him none at all.

I caught another calf, brought him close to the fire, a-beltering and bucking, and as one of the wraslers flanked and throwed that calf, I had a chance to glance at His Lordship with the hopes of finding out what was eating on him. He sure

did look mad about something.

He had his eye on Bearpaw, but that cowboy was so busy ear-marking, keeping his knife sharp, and tallying that he didn't know His Lordship was within a mile of him, and he didn't care. But pretty soon Bearpaw spotted him. His Lordship got off his horse and the two got together, and right about then I allowed my saddle needed cinching up, and the minute my rope was free, I rode out close to 'em to 'tend to it.

I got there just in time to hear His Lordship say that he'd fired Buttons, the horse-wrangler, but he announced it in such a way that it was hard for Bearpaw to understand.

"You mean to tell me that you fired the horse-wrangler?" ask Bearpaw, squinting at His Lordship.

"Yes," he answers, mighty snappy.

"And why did you do that? Don't

you know that we're short-handed and that good men are mighty hard to get?"

His Lordship seemed to figger for a spell, and then he came back at Bearpaw with some hard-hitting remarks such as how he had a right to fire the wrangler if he wanted to, and so on, and then I got the drift from his talk that the reason he fired him was because the wrangler wouldn't groom and saddle a horse for His Lordship.

"Well, I'll be damned!"

That was all Bearpaw could say, and he come near choking even on that. He stood in his tracks and eyed His Lordship up and down for a spell and then he started on him.

"What the samhill do you think we are out here, servants?" he says. "You came to the wrong place, feller. Where you ought to be is on a dude ranch where you can play cowboy and where you're took care of so you don't get lost or skinned up. If you want servants and petting, you came to a poor place; we saddle our own horses out here, and them that don't, go afoot."

"I want you to understand," says His Lordship, coming to the boiling-point, "that I'm not a dude."

"No, you aint; you're daggoned right you aint," says Bearpaw, looking him square in the eye. "I've seen mighty few dudes, but the few of 'em I've seen, enjoy things as they find 'em out here. No, you aint a dude; you're just a thick-headed jackass."

Quite a bunch of the boys was looking on by then, and the ropes was all still when it happened and the first blow was landed.

That first blow came from His Lordship, and it landed pretty well on Bearpaw's chin, but not as well as it might of. The result was that it just stirred up the cowboy and gave him a lead, but His Lordship wasn't at all awkward with them

of his. We could see he'd had coaching there and considered himself plenty good enough to have confidence.

There was some mighty scientific punches produced by the nobility, and for a spell them punches was connecting so that we looked for Bearpaw to really get peeved. The landing blows was three to one in favor of His Lordship, and it's a good thing we thought that none of them punches seemed to land square and to the point, but Bearpaw was no slouch when it come to handling himself in the act of self-defense that way. He'd been there before, and that wiry frame of his, which had been mauled around by mean ponies, was more than up to anything. No man's fist compares much with the glancing hoof of a fighting bronc.

So, as it was, His Lordship's indoor science seemed sort of insignificant out there in so much daylight, and only went to aggravate Bearpaw till finally that cowboy really did get peeved. Then come the end, just like that.

We had no chance to take more than one glance at the noble form of His Lordship a-laying there on the prairie sod, 'cause the herd, without a man to hold it, had picked up and left and was scattering four ways. By the time we'd headed off the cattle, got 'em together and brought 'em back, His Lordship had got up, got on his horse and rode away. The last we seen of him that day was quite a ways off, and he was just topping a ridge, and he was headed not for camp, but in the direction of the home ranch.

"Well, boys," says Bearpaw that evening as we was all gathered at the camp, "I guess our jobs have done petered out on this range. Of course none of us are caring much about that, I know, but what I am caring about is what His Nibbs is going to do with all he's got here, the ponies, the cattle, and the country. With strangers handling things, everything'll go plumb to pieces. I know, because I've seen it happen like this once before, and it sure is a shame, specially with such a good spread as this one is.

"I guess we been too interested," went on Bearpaw after a spell. "I should of went at it a little easier, and considered some that lords and nobility aint used to folks that argues and don't say yes to everything they suggest."

"Yep," agreed the old Texan, grinning a little. "You did hit His Nibbs pretty hard."

Everything seemed mighty quiet at the round-up camp the next morning, but we went to work as usual and with the same interest for the future of the outfit as though we was sure to be with it for the rest of our days. Night come, and no

Lordship had showed up. The next day went on just the same, and near a week went by before we seen His Nibbs again.

In that time we'd covered a lot of territory, and we sort of worried how he'd find our camp in case he wanted to, but our worries had been for nothing because soon as we spotted His Lordship we seen he had been wise enough to get old Jim Larsen to come out with him and find the wagon. Old Jim had been a cow-man since the days when buffalo and cattle run on the same range. He knowed every inch of the V-Bench range and exactly where the round-up wagon would be at any day of the year.

We was just catching fresh horses for the second circle of the day when the two rode up, and at the sight of His Lordship we all found ourselves mighty busy with latigoes and ropes and riggins, specially Bearpaw, 'cause if there was going to be any howdedo heard, we'd have to hear it first from His Lordship. We was just neutral and sort of waiting for him to show an opening.

"Hello, boys," says old Jim.

We all liked that old-timer a whole lot, and he was greeted according. His Lordship sort of saluted as we turned to greet Jim, but his stiff-handed salute didn't go very well with us; we felt he kind of forced it and that made us all the more neutral. Bearpaw even snorted a little.

Old Jim, his work of piloting the Lordship done, stopped to talk a spell, and then got on his horse and started back. We couldn't get him to stay, and the reason of that we knowed was on account of the heavy feeling that was in the air now that His Lordship was around.

We rode out to finish our day's work, most of us expecting that it'd be our last one on that range. Still, we could hardly expect that, because His Lordship hadn't brought any riders to take our place, and he'd sure need 'em because the work had to go on—there was the main herd which couldn't be let go night or day, not mentioning the *remuda*, which needed a night-hawk and a day wrangler.

"The new hands might show up tonight," says Bearpaw.

But night come and no strange riders showed up. Us boys gathered around the fire as usual, but not a word was said. Every cowboy was looking at the ground and sort of digging at it with a stick while thoughts of all kinds was stampeding through his brain. It sure wasn't a cheerful evening.

We rode out the next morning without another glimpse of



"You mean to tell me that you fired the horse-wrangler?" asks Bearpaw, squinting at his Lordship.

His Lordship; the light in his tent the night before was all that told us he was in camp; and his "hibernating" that way, as Bearpaw put it, was getting on our nerves.

"By gar, I don't have to put up with this," says one of the boys as we loped up on a pinnacle that morning, "and I'm not going to, much longer."

That remark tallied up well with the way we all felt. Bearpaw didn't seem to have anything to say against it, and that was enough proof that we was free from the promise we'd made that we'd stick with him.

We finished up that day and figgered we'd notify His Lordship that we'd be leaving soon as he got some men to take our place. That evening's meal was mighty quiet, and the excitements of the day's work didn't at all get to be told of and laughed about, nor criticized—as usual—by the old Texan. The empty plates begun to accumulate in the round-up pan; a few cigarettes was rolled; and then Bearpaw stood up.

"You boys wait awhile and till I get the herd bedded down," he says, and rode away with the four riders on "cocktail" to 'tend to that.

There's nothing like the cool air of the evening to help a feller along to deciding on a hard subject, and we figgered Bearpaw wanted another chance to think things over pretty well before putting a cap on the business that'd stirred him and all of us. It was good and dark when he showed up and then he just went by the camp on a high lope headed straight for His Lordship's light and tent, and tied his horse to a willow bush close by.

All was quiet for a spell as he stepped in the tent; then we hear two low sounds that was like two grunts, another quiet spell, and Bearpaw's voice was heard, low and like far-away thunder.

The steady humming of the voices out there in the tent that night sort of reminded of an Injun powwow and warriors making medicine before breaking out on the warpath. You could near imagine hearing the beat on the tomtom and the whole away off on some creek-bottom. There was a feeling that the old Y-Bench was surrounded and soon now would be invaded and massacred.

FOR near an hour us boys was gathered around the fire, and nary a word was said as we gazed at it and sort of pictured there the fall of the outfit that old Pete Garrison had gathered and fought for against the Injuns and sheep-men. Good cowboys had died with their boots on, on that range and for it, and now the whole of it had fell into hands that was going to modernize it and make it look like a dairy farm.

I thought of the colts I'd started breaking that spring. They was turning out fine and I sort of figgered they'd soon be the cream of the *remuda* as cow-horses. I sure hated the thought of seeing a stranger on them. Then there was that good old cow-horse Blaze, which, with a few others, had been pensioned. I suppose with that gazabo's highfalutin ideas of efficiency, and such, he'd be selling them good old ponies for chicken feed so as to cut down waste and make things more modern. I wouldn't be surprised to even see him cut down them great old cottonwood trees around the home ranch on account as I'd heard him say once that they "made such a mess."

Them gloomy thoughts was a-running into one another that way through this brain of mine when I hear Bearpaw walking up. I never looked his way, for I knowed His Lordship was coming along too, and I didn't want to look at him none at all.

"Well, boys," says Bearpaw as he come to a stand near the fire, "His Nibbs here, and me, has come to a sort of understanding, and he says he'd appreciate it a whole lot if we'd stay on till spring round-up is over. He's being frank with us and says that he's still strong for changing this outfit to his own idea of what a ranch, as he calls it, should be like. He remarks that, even though he appreciates advice once in a while, he don't want us to interfere with his plans and the running of his layout.

"I don't know how you boys feel about staying under these conditions," Bearpaw goes on, "but I'd like to stay on if you all will. We've weathered many a storm on this range together, from bullets to sleet, and now let's stick together on this last storm, weather the stock through, and try our best to ship out a good beef-herd regardless of what happens. I feel like we sort of owe to the old range and the Y-Bench to stay with it till the end comes."

Not a sound was heard after Bearpaw got through talking.

I looked up at him as he stood there, sort of waiting, and I noticed many of the boys doing the same. They nodded as Bearpaw glanced around, and then I nodded too.

His Lordship hadn't said a word all the time, but now he sort of cleared his throat and seeing how we'd agreed to stay on, begin to tell some of what his plans was. He'd just started on "for instance" when Bearpaw headed him off.

"If you want to keep these men," says that cowboy, "you better not start talking about improving things, not just now."

THE next few days that went by was the most natural days we'd had since His Lordship took holt, or I mean since he bought the Y-Bench. That noble *hombre* hadn't at all butted in on our work, and even though we knowed he was going to sometime or other, we felt that we at least had a chance, and that made the trying of saving the old outfit seem all the more important. There was an interest stirred up in all of us we never knowed we had. That interest had no chance to stimulate much while the outfit was running smooth and strong, but now that something threatened to take that old outfit and disfigure it, and no one was there to protect it but us, we were all natural-like, stood up for it.

We found we had one strong card, and that was to threaten to quit, but we didn't want to play that card. What we wanted was to get His Lordship to forget them fool notions of his and try to understand—not that we cared a rap for him; it was the outfit we was trying to keep a-going.

And now that we seen there was a chance of winning, life on that range perked up and begin to look right cheerful. There was a laugh heard now and again; jokes was told as before; and old Tex's sarcastic remarks was present once more. When the last meal of the day was over and as the big herd was gathered close together and grazed to the bed-grounds for the night, the old songs of the cow-camps and trail-herd were brought to life once more, and as before, the mouth organ, once in a while, chipped in with a tune.

"Seems like His Lordship is melting some towards us," says a cowboy one day as the spring round-up was coming to an end. "Maybe he's getting lonesome sticking around to his tent by hisself, and's got to figgering that, after all, humans can be found inside batwing chaps as well as in broadcloth."

It all might of been on account of the spirit that'd come to life at the camp once again, and which made things cheerful and friendly-like, but anyway, we did notice that His Lordship had sure enough melted some towards us.

It started one day with his forgetting his supposed-to-be high rank and setting down on the ground right with us and eating his dinner right off the plate on his lap. He helped hisself, too, like any able-bodied man, and when the cook spotted him there amongst us that way, there was an expression in that feller's face that made us look at His Lordship in wondering if he'd noticed it too, for that cookie sure looked surprised, and pleased. There'd been a lot of extra work a-setting up a folding table for His Lordship, and we sure knowed how he hated it. He was a round-up cook and near as helpless at that special job as a hotel cook would of been at the round-up camp.

NOW, that was the first time His Lordship mixed in, and he sure had us surprised and wondering, but taking it for granted that he'd at last decided to be sociable and try to be one of us we sure wasn't going to let anything stand in his way. Old Tex had sort of took the lead to make things seem natural and in his sarcastic way asked one of the boys "what the hell" he'd been up to, a-trying to choke the nubbins the way he had that morning when his horse went to bucking.

That brought a quiet argument, 'cause the rider, accused of that disgraceful stunt of grabbing the horn, claimed innocence.

"Go on, you old horse thief," he flings back at Tex, "man up another lie."

The old Texan grunted and went on to make up evidence that'd bring the accused rider up as guilty, but knowing that old feller as we did, the whole proceedings only went as a game of matching wits. The two matched so well that pretty soon His Lordship forgot to hide his interest, and before the meal was over he'd chipped in a few comments hisself. They didn't fit very well, but at the same time we thought a lot more of him for them.

From then on, His Lordship was right in the thick of us every meal. The stone wall that'd been between him and us began to crumble away, and the time gradually come when his presence there amongst us didn't faze us like it (Continued on page 97)

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IF the authorship of this story were not disclosed, the Robert Louis Stevenson lovers would credit him with the writing, up to the ending of the story, for it might very well have been written by the man who startled England with "The Suicide Club"—again all but the end; for even Stevenson could not have foreseen, in his day, Mr. Hecht's surprising conclusion.



There are often clouds over the Loop in Chicago, yet they offer nothing to delight a person. Nevertheless the man emitted a gleeful sound.

Lalzalza

By Ben Hecht

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

THE absurd and amazing adventure which befell Kenneth Timbleton on this spring morning could never, of course, have befallen anybody but a newspaper man. It might have happened to a flapjack-turner, but it is extremely improbable. A flapjack-turner would have turned and fled. An insurance broker would have stared with rebuking eyes, and adventure would have turned and fled. But a newspaper man! Well, what is a newspaper man but an underpaid anomaly with a preposterous talent for idleness and a secret hope that the moon is made out of green cheese?

In the wilds of Africa, or in the district of Montmartre in Paris, or on a side-street in Stamboul, adventure may happen to anyone, even a Cook's tourist. But in Chicago—in the heart of Chicago on a bright spring morning—the cards are stacked. The certainties are dealt. The great god Norm squats somewhere above the wind and the smoke of the city and sees to it that only sane things transpire and only intelligent and logical things occur. And what is adventure but a clever word for uncertainty and illogic, a dramatic identification of incoherent sequences of events?

On this morning that was to usher into his life the most incredible and bizarre hour that ever turned a man into a lunatic, Timbleton was walking as all newspaper men walk when they leave their offices to cover assignments. He looked at buildings, at signs, at pictures in windows, at signs, at people's

feet and noses, at their smiles and the swinging of their arms. He passed a doorway and remembered that a murder had once happened inside it, and felt a dim hope that another murder might happen in the same place—when he was around. He looked up at the roof of a building and remembered that a shopgirl had once jumped off it, and he speculated casually upon the possibility of a shopgirl's jumping off a roof as he was passing—enabling him to report the story as an eyewitness. Thus for a moment he continued to scan the roofs of adjacent buildings in quest of suicidal young women—a thing no flapjack-turner or insurance broker would ever do.

And so he rambled on. Three hours to cover six blocks. The corridors of the Loop held memories for him. Gun-battles, great business deals, things that are called romances, crates of escaped geese holding up traffic, parades and confusions. A legless man with a Croix de Guerre selling lead-pencils from an alley curbstone—ah, that had been a good story. He kept his eyes open for a few moments for other legless men with the Croix de Guerre selling lead-pencils from alley curbstones.

A bit removed, a half-curious, half-open eye traveling through the blur of the Loop, he rambled along puffing at a forty-five-cent pipe—and when that failed to draw, replaced it with a seven-cent cigar.

He wore a fedora hat which he thought made him look like an artist—not that he admired artists. He owned a spring over-

coat which he fancied made him look like a banker. Nor did he admire bankers. Being a newspaper man, he merely desired to look like something else; he wasn't particular. And invariably, he looked, of course, like a newspaper man. And this, also of course, filled him with a certain pride.

He was on his way to a hotel to interview a man who had been in Tibet—about four years ago. The name of the man was written on a slip of paper in one of his pockets. He hoped he hadn't lost it, for he hadn't looked at the name when he started in quest of the man. Sir Somebody or other—undoubtedly a man with a yellow mustache and adenoids. The British nobility was distinguished in the mind of Timbleton chiefly by these two attributes. And inasmuch as people who stopped at the hotel in question seldom permitted themselves to be interviewed before ten o'clock, he moved with the unconscious leisure of a man who has six blocks to cover and almost two hours left to cover them in. When his cigar went out, he stepped into a cigar-store and bought two more cigars for fifteen cents—they would go on the expense-account as "carfare." Then he emerged again upon the sidewalk and noticed a man in a brown suit looking for something.

It was in this altogether naïve and simple manner that Timbleton's incredible hour began.

With his back against the wall of a skyscraper, Timbleton's eye detached the man from the swirl of legs and faces in the street; his thought fastened itself vaguely upon him as he lighted one of the cigars, offered up a curse on inferior tobacco, and waited. The man in the brown suit moved twice up and down the length of the skyscraper, raised his eyes several times as if studying the roof-tops and came to a halt within five feet of Timbleton.

PEOPLE do curious things when they fancy themselves unobserved. A man in a crowd will make faces at himself, blurt out bits of talk, go through mysterious calisthenics and indulge in innumerable gestures he would never think of doing—publicly in his own home. This particular man whose face Timbleton could only half see was doing just that. He had stopped hunting something, straightened up, contorted his features into an expression of rage, removed what seemed to be a watch from his vest pocket and stood now cursing its dial. But Timbleton, shifting his position almost unintentionally, observed that the man wasn't looking at a watch, but a compass.

No particular thought registered itself in Timbleton's mind—he wasn't curious. Undoubtedly the man had some normal reason for studying a compass at the corner of Clark and Madison streets. A surveyor, possibly an architect. Or perhaps it wasn't a compass. From the way the man was handling it, it looked like some sort of novelty puzzle—little round balls to be rolled into an open mouth as teeth. Timbleton glanced at a clock in a window and wondered idly how a man could travel through Tibet and not learn to wake up before ten o'clock. Whereupon the man with the compass or novelty puzzle suddenly shoved the thing into his pocket and extracted another instrument from his coat—a telescope. This he placed to his eye and fell to studying the clouds.

There are often clouds over the Loop in Chicago. They offer nothing to delight a person, even a person fond of clouds. Nevertheless the man looking through the instrument at the clouds emitted a gleeful sound—something like a laugh. Then lowering the glass, he made several excited gestures and remained staring fixed and spellbound at nothing. For there was nothing to see—no speck, no hint of an airplane. But the man stood fixed and spellbound, anyway. And after a few minutes during which Timbleton's neck developed a crick, he thrust the instrument into his pocket and returned his eyes toward the pavement, but this time with a vast firmness in his manner and determination to his gaze, as Timbleton could see.

Timbleton followed the man indifferently. He had achieved an indifferent conclusion.

"A nut," said Timbleton to himself. "A nut," he repeated.

He remembered an occasion on which a nut had once unlimbered a brace of revolvers and started firing point-blank into the crowd. He followed, hopefully—with the mild, even subconscious hope which smolders in the soul of every newspaper man, that he will see something: that chimneys will turn into beetles, that the pavements will turn into stories, that a man in a brown suit will turn into a newspaper "lead."

The man was seemingly lost to the world about him. People collided with his slightly stooped figure and cursed. Others passed, turned, stared for an instant and then walked on. The

great god Norm spread his protecting pinions over the Loop. A man in a brown suit looking for something was a man in a brown suit undoubtedly looking for a handkerchief or a lost cent piece.

TIMBLETON was about to relight his cigar. Seven-and-a-half-cent cigars have a way of going out. He was holding the match to his face when the thing happened. The man who was looking for something had stopped looking. He had straightened up again and turned full on Timbleton. He was staring at him with narrow-slitted eyes that looked like a cat's eyes. Rage, fury, hate boiled in the narrowed eyes. Timbleton shivered, he averted his own gaze at once. But he had received a glimpse of a face more curious than any face he had ever seen—a face that was completely yellow and had cat's eyes, and reminded him of some maniacal Chinaman with an elongated nose.

When Timbleton looked again, the man had vanished. This is a simple thing to do in a crowd. One merely steps aside. The great god Norm does the rest. Yet the incident of the vanishing annoyed Timbleton. He stood searching the crowd of figures passing. Then he raised the cigar to his nose and smelled it. He had been conscious of a faint odor of sulphur. Without dramatizing the relation, the fact registered reportorially in his brain that he had been conscious of the odor of sulphur ever since the man in the brown suit had vanished—at least three minutes ago. And looking down, his eyes encountered a green disk that reminded him, calmly enough, of a tea tile. The disk was lying almost at his feet. Stooping, Timbleton picked it up. He was interested, more than surprised, to observe that there was writing on it, and that in addition to an oddly human quality, it smelled strongly of sulphur.

The writing on the disk was unintelligible to Timbleton. It was not normal writing. After studying it a few moments Timbleton became aware that the thing was warm. He stepped out of the crowd into the lobby of the skyscraper. It was gloomy in the lobby. In the half-dark Timbleton noticed that his disk began to glow. The letters which circled its rim shone out in a phosphorescent manner like the numerals on the dial of his eight-dollar wrist-watch. The phosphorescent letters reminded him vaguely of the Hebrew signs on the butcher-shop windows of the West Side.

"Rather nice," Timbleton murmured to himself, "—the home—rather nice—kind of odd—probably Turkish or something." Whereupon he dropped it into his pocket, finished lighting his cigar and moved aimlessly down the street. The man with the yellow face had passed almost from his thought. The memory had buried itself deep among the debris that lies in the innermost cavern of every man's brain—among the rap and tags of odd things noted for an instant, odd sounds heard, strange gestures observed, bits of curious information remembered to recur sometimes in a dream or a moment of reverie or even at all. The man was gone, and Timbleton was already looking elsewhere—at other faces, other scenes.

The sound of a voice issuing from a megaphone in the corner of a drug-store window attracted him. He paused and watched a man inside the window sitting at a table and making scrawls on a piece of paper with a fountain pen while he whined monotonously into the megaphone, of the wonders and efficiencies of the particular make of pen he was using. It was the great god Norm himself haranguing the populace—tiny certainties through a megaphone, and a pen making normal scrawls on a sheet of paper. Timbleton stood gently absorbed in the information pouring from the window, his fingers fumbling half-consciously with the warm thing that nestled in his pocket.

IT was a half-hour later when Timbleton sauntered toward the entrance of the hotel. His proletarian soul shied instinctively at the canopy stretching from its front doors to the corner of the loop. This canopy seemed to indicate that the business of the hotel was done with people who rode up in automobiles and wore the kind of clothes which needed to be protected by a canopy. The canopy was an affront to Timbleton's thirty-five-dollar suit. There was also a door-man who looked like the Grand Wizard of the Amalgamated Secret Societies of the World. He was dressed in blue and gold, with patent-leather boots and a blue and-yellow top hat.

Timbleton, approaching the canopy, adjusted his necktie and paused. Go inside, or keep on walking? Three million people are never totally uninteresting. But the morning, though bright and redolent of spring traffic, was growing chilly. The hotel boasted a log fireplace in its lobby, high black walnut

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"Please, don't be cruel! It has been so long—so long! We will reward you. Money, riches, everything you desire."

exclusive-feeling leather chairs. He decided he would go in. A magazine in front of the fireplace. A fresh cigar—and another hour of existence amiably circumvented. Timbleton dropped his hand into one of his pockets to search for the slip of paper with Sir Somebody's name on it. He would tell one of the bellhops he knew to keep an eye open for the man in case of premature appearance.

The pockets of a newspaper man are full of street-car transfers, invitations to famous luncheons, the backs of magazines carefully folded and covered with scribbled notes, odd dimes, pipe-cleaners, wads of paper which unrolled develop into cables from Hongkong, London or Timbuctoo, pawn-tickets, pieces of type-metal from the composing-room, newspaper clippings held together with pins, envelopes and letters five years old, copies of political speeches long forgotten, rubber bands and innumerable pencil-stubs without points. Timbleton fumbled about and withdrew the entire contents of one of his pockets. A green disk, still smelling of sulphur, emerged surrounded by a handful of crazily folded bits of paper.

As he stood hastily scanning the clutter in his hand, Timbleton became aware that the magnificent door-man was beckoning to him. He looked up. The door-man indicated the curb.

"Somebody wants you," the door-man called. Timbleton turned and found himself facing a large black limousine with its door wide open. The chauffeur's seat was

empty. He stepped forward, hesitated a moment, and then thrust his head slightly inside.

"Did anybody want—" he began.

A hand, firm and unyielding as iron, seized his arm. He felt himself lifted clear of the pavement, whisked through the air and slammed against the cushions of the seat, his voice simultaneously shut off by a heavy cloth over his mouth. Not that Timbleton intended outcry! Amazement more than indignation or fear swept thought out of his mind. He sat still, blinking his eyes and conscious that the automobile was moving swiftly away.

Then, in the darkened tonneau speeding down the Avenue, it occurred to Timbleton that a ludicrous mistake had been made. A kidnaping had miscarried. There was no conceivable reason why anyone should take the trouble of kidnaping him. Lord! Right in front of that hotel, too! He sniffed at the cloth over his mouth. It had an odor that was making him dizzy.

Chloroform!

The alertness of his mind was rapidly giving way. A dreamy confusion played in his head. Behind the ebbing amazement he wondered what the make of the car was. He wondered whom he had been mistaken for. With an effort, he turned in his seat; and his eyes, beginning to film with the drug in his lungs, encountered the malevolent yellow face of the man in the brown suit who had been hunting something at Clark and Madison

streets—narrow-slitted cat's eyes and a long nose—a compass and a telescope.

HE awoke with a hand shaking him. A voice was calling in his ear. It came somewhat dreamily to him, and from a distance:

"What did you do with the disk?"

Timbleton's mind opened slowly to impressions. He became aware of a woman's voice repeating a question—about a disk. What had he done with a disk? Opening his eyes, he saw a woman standing over him. He was lying on a couch. A glimpse of a room that looked like the interior of a museum registered itself on his thought, and two men sitting near a window hung with long green curtains full of gold snakes or something. One of them was the yellow-faced villain. The woman shaking him by the shoulder didn't know he was awake.

"Wake up! The disk! What have you done with the disk?"

Timbleton regarded the question blankly. He was in no hurry. First he would have to decide definitely what the woman was talking about. What disk? There was no disk in his life. Then he heard one of the men near the window saying:

"You fool! Idiot! After years—after centuries! What will Zalzalza say?" At least, it sounded like "Zalzalza." Timbleton, through half-parted lids, saw the yellow-faced man lower his head in his hands and begin to weep. This was reassuring.

"Wake up! What did you do with it?" The woman's voice continued monotonously; the richness of its tone was like song.

Timbleton stirred. A faint nausea oppressed him. He opened his eyes fully on the woman bending over him, and observed that she was beautiful. Her face for the moment was describing circles in the air and duplicating itself against the ceiling. As the dizziness ebbed from him, the face concentrated itself directly over his eyes. He stared at it dreamily. It was the most beautiful face he had ever seen. Then he recalled abruptly that he had been kidnapped, and sat up with a start.

The beautiful face sighed.

"Ah," she said, "tell me now. What did you do—"

"You've made a mistake," said Timbleton. He had intended to say it several years ago when a hand had hoisted him from the pavement and flung him against the cushions of an automobile.

"The disk!" said the woman, both hands firmly on his shoulders. "He's awake," she added to the two men at the window. The other one—a man with a shock of black hair that fell to his neck and sprawled over his eyes, arose and came forward. Timbleton watched him with fascination. The man was amazingly bowlegged. His arms were amazingly short. His head was amazingly large, and his face was possessed of the most tremendous nose he had ever seen. He was, in short, an amazing man. The yellow-faced one remained at the window, weeping.

"It was in my overcoat," said Timbleton as the amazing one drew near. He suddenly felt it propitious to answer, at once and clearly. There was something wrong. A weeping man with a yellow face, a bowlegged monster with a tremendous nose, a woman more beautiful than enchantment itself! And casting his eyes about—diminutive skeletons hanging from the molding on the wall like a sinister frieze!

The receptive intelligence of the newspaper man registers facts without surprise. Once in a courtroom a red-haired woman had leaped from the witness chair and fired a gun point-blank at the prosecuting attorney. Timbleton had looked swiftly at the clock on the wall and observed it was twenty-five minutes after eleven. His single thought had been: "Just in time for the Home Edition." And he had left the panic in the courtroom without further ado and telephoned the story in.

His eyes now looked desperately about for a clock. They encountered innumerable and amazing objects, but no clock. Events which transpired after twelve noon were of diminished importance to Timbleton. They were the property of the morning papers, or at best of the optimistic "Final Tenth"—an edition of his own paper distinguished by a few blurred lines of type hurriedly set under a caption of "Extra."

EVERY man to his habits. Timbleton's habits as a newspaper man inspired in him a desire to be rid of his captors before the Home Edition went to press. Through his mind flashed automatic explanations: Counterfeiters, blackhanders, maniacs, a Society of some sort. The business would be cleared up later. He was aware of one thing chiefly: A marvelous story had broken. Simultaneously he regretted only one thing: if only it had happened to some one else,—some one of local importance,

a department-store head or somebody,—it would be even better. There was nothing selfish or mean in this regret which came through Timbleton's consciousness. It was merely the product of his fidelity to his work—to serve the public with News of Importance.

He swung about, sat up with his feet on the floor, and emitted a scream of pain. His feet leaped back to the couch, and he remained with his mouth opened, watching the tremendous man drawing nearer. His feet on touching the floor had experienced a violent electric shock.

"It's not in the overcoat," growled the man; "don't lie."

"You must tell us," added the woman; "you must."

"I've searched him," groaned the yellow-faced one at the window. "He's hidden it. I searched him in the cab.—Zalzalza!"

Timbleton marveled that the three of them were standing on the floor and that there was anybody in the world who bore the name Zalzalza. He was struck also with the fact that there had been no mistake. He, Kenneth Timbleton, had been so liberally kidnapped because of the green disk. He would have made some instant reply,—that it was in his overcoat or something,—but the man at the window had raised the blind. In the full light which came into the room, Timbleton's eyes found themselves staring at a scene which failed utterly to register on his thought, which wavered for an instant in his vision like some ghastly but unconvincing hallucination. Gasping and bewildered Timbleton stared; and the words he had intended saying came automatically from his lips:

"My right-hand pocket—in the coat."

AS he spoke, the details of the scene finally confronted his intelligence.

"Good God!" he whispered. An almost uncontrollable impulse to escape, to hurl himself out of the window facing him, raced like a panic through his thought. But his body refused to move. It remained inert and terrified, crouching against the wall with its legs drawn up.

There were skeletons, diminutive ones hanging like a frieze around the room. He tried to keep his eyes on them. They were a relief. But despite his effort, his gaze turned toward other Things, to the Thing in the corner. A frightful-looking animal like some enormous and gelatinous spider lay staring with black saucer eyes at him. Its boneless legs writhed and raised little mouths toward him.

For a moment Timbleton's hair stood on end. The Thing was crawling toward him, its snake arms creeping over the floor, its nauseating, shapeless body dragging like a maimed spider. Its saucer eyes turning slowly red. Then, as Timbleton closed his own eyes and felt his blood freeze with terror, it stopped. He felt rather than heard a curious gurgle. He looked. Empty! The Thing was gone, vanished. There was nothing left of it. There remained the other Things he had first noted and from which his mind had recoiled. Ovals of flame drifted around the room, like bodiless birds. His stomach sickened with fear. Timbleton turned miserably from object to object, eyes of his opening from the ceiling, reptiles moving languidly over the green curtains, along the wall's edge, a pile of bones, and suspended in a small alcove a cage in which lay a severed human head.

"Good God!" cried Timbleton, and a dizziness overcame him. He collapsed on the couch. Blood, death, murder and madness seemed suddenly to have caught him in nightmare talons. He lay trembling. In an unreasoning way he felt himself beside him, her arms circling his neck, and that she was kissing him wildly on his lips. She was sobbing hysterically.

"Please, don't be cruel! It has been so long—so long! Please, the disk! We will reward you. Money, riches, everything you desire."

An exquisite perfume entered Timbleton's nostrils. . . . The bowlegged monster had arrived. His short arms dragged the woman away.

"I'll deal with him," he muttered and his tremendous hand thrust itself against Timbleton's face. "No lies, now! What is the disk? Answer, or you die!" Timbleton, a newspaper man stranded abruptly in a nightmare, replied from the sick department of fear with a precision which would have been heroic in any body but a newspaper man. "I don't know anything about the disk," he wailed. "I picked it up and put it into my pocket. It isn't there, I don't know anything about it."

A shriek stopped him, and he blinked (Continued on page 101)

A soup that's rich in mineral salts

Dietitians unite in declaring that unless your food contains a sufficient proportion of the mineral salts, your body does not receive full and proper nourishment.

This is especially true of growing children who need the mineral salts for the normal development of bones and muscles.

Vegetables are rich in these salts. But unfortunately the water in which vegetables are cooked is often thrown away and with it goes a valuable amount of the mineral salts which the water has absorbed. In vegetable soup, however, they are largely retained.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup contains fifteen garden vegetables, invigorating beef broth, substantial cereals, fresh herbs and careful seasoning. What a healthful, delicious dish!

32 different ingredients

*With the meal or as a meal
soup belongs in the daily diet*



12 cents a can



Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON

DINNER

SUPPER

THE NEW WOMAN IN THE NEW WORLD

(Continued from page 53)

daughter. She became pale and taciturn and much of the time was locked in her room. When she was forced to appear at meals, she looked frightened and seemed to have been crying. To her mother's questions she evaded any definite answer. She refused to see a doctor. One night, when the mother returned from a bridge-party, she went to Edith's room. The girl's pillow was wet; her eyes were wild with fear and anguish. Putting her arms about the child, the mother said: "What is the matter?" Wouldn't she let her mother help her? Moved by this show of affection, the girl broke down and confessed. She said she was going to have a baby. Unable to bear the cheerless gloom of her home, late one night she had broken out and had gone with a man. She realized that it wouldn't be long before she couldn't conceal her condition. The mother fainted.

The mother's one idea was to protect her child. She was in terror of telling the father. But what could be done? The two lived in torment for a few months and then what was so evident to the women became so to the father. He couldn't believe it at first; he refused to voice his incredible suspicions. But at last it came out. He demanded the truth. And the mother told him. Now, when I was a young woman, almost any girl would have preferred suicide to becoming the mother of an illegitimate child. In such a situation many parents, instead of feeling that they themselves must be partly responsible, threw a girl out. Edith's father was insane with rage. There was a frightful scene. And the father lived up to the old traditions.

"I'll throw her out!" he raved, and to the cowering girl: "Go up and pack at once."

Trembling, she went upstairs, hardly knowing what she did.

While she was packing, the tears blinding her eyes, the father came into the room. Edith cringed as he approached. To her amazement, he came up, took her in his arms and kissed her.

"I've thought things over," he said. "I realize you're not entirely at fault. We're beginning to live in a day when women are demanding new opportunities and responsibilities, and we've brought you up after the methods of your grandmother. We've locked you in while other girls had their freedom, and you ran away to get what we denied. We should have trusted you, and prepared you for life. We haven't even given you much love, I guess. Somewhere something was wrong, and who knows how much inherited temperament hasn't to do with it? As a young man I wasn't any too blameless myself. Anyway, we'll make the best of it, and I'll stand by you."

The father was modern enough for that; the changes taking place in the world had at last impressed themselves upon him. The girl was sent away. The child died shortly after its birth, and Edith nearly lost her life. Upon her return home, her parents decided to prepare her for some sort of a career. They had come to realize she had her own right to live and be independent. So they sent her to college. She graduated with honors and took up special classes. She developed into a brilliant young woman. At college she met and married a professor. She told him what had happened, and he was big enough to see the thing as it was. Today the couple are leading a wonderfully happy life; they have beautiful children, and intellectual interests in common.

AS was the case with Edith, some of the wildness of modern youth is due, I am convinced, to lack of parental understanding and of that loving attention which childhood demands. If parents were too coldly

strict when I was a girl, certainly some have become too negligent and lax today. This is especially true of the privileged classes, many of whom—lazy, interested in their own pleasures—pay little attention to their children. Among the so-called middle classes there is a more widespread and deeper sense of responsibility, and it is the better middle-class mother who is back of the modern educational movement.

If there are homes where the mothers are constantly away at bridge parties or spending their nights in cabarets, where mothers who are wild themselves talk about their affairs and their beaux and bring up children in that atmosphere, where bored women are trying to get a thrill by running hospitals and reforming prisons while they let their own daughters grow up without love or attention, is the lax behavior of the young to be wondered at?

And then when the daughters are grown up, the parents are the first to censure them for their loose companions, shocking escapades, vulgarity and slang, for their late night dancing and drinking. When something happens, they blame the children. What can they do? They don't know what to do. Their children are beyond their control. Face to face with a situation with which they cannot cope, it is one to which their own negligence contributed. Is it any wonder in such cases that the young assume a patronizing attitude toward their elders, that they have little respect for their parents, that because their father or mother says a thing it means nothing, and that they declare they have the right to lead their own lives and have their own opinions? There are mothers who are actually afraid of the scorn of their children, who generally have a better education than they have; the thought of bringing their daughters to task scares some of them to death. Quite natural, if their own conduct is not above reproach! And if the modern young are open to censure as strictly brought up children were not in my youth, are not a great proportion of mothers of today deserving of rebuke?

THIS tendency of some of the wealthy to neglect their children may have come from England. In the 'nineties it was fashionable in every way to ape the English. From Europe came much that was good, and—especially after the war began—more that was bad. While we were more conservative than the Europeans before the war, we are regarded with horror by many liberal Europeans today. For in Europe you don't see so much frivolity and fastness among elderly people as you do here. Perhaps it is because Europeans are grounded in a longer culture and there are deeper traditions of refinement and taste. It seems in America we can't do things sanely. As with the rage over Coué, the popularity of crossword puzzles, prohibition instead of trained habits of temperance, the brief craze for mah-jong, when people paid one hundred and fifty dollars for a set, in our social habits, reforms, pleasures and games we go to the extreme. It's like running a motor too fast.

This happened, too, when, as I remarked, our wealthier classes began imitating the English in the bringing up of their children. In England the cultured always more or less segregated their children from the rest of the household, leaving them to the care of governesses and nurses. But there it has always been easy to secure governesses who were gentlewomen and tutors who were gentlemen—teachers for the young who came of excellent families and who had high ideals. Here this is not easy. English children were strictly brought up, and with a grounding

you do not find here. In England parents saw their offspring two to three times each day, and when they were together entered whole-heartedly into their lives. The children imbibed family traditions and a spirit of honor, and the fathers saw they went to schools where the highest ideals were taught.

It has been somewhat different here. Children are put under the care of such servants or teachers as one can secure. That done, some parents seem to feel no further responsibility. They regard it as neither a duty nor a pleasure, but a mere incident in their lives. They have little desire for the company of their children, take no interest in their concerns or their play, and give no thought to the inculcation of family and national ideals as the English do. I know that some fathers don't even know where their girls are going to school.

I DROPPED in to see a friend the other day—a woman of leisure and prominence. She spends most of her life over cards. I arrived during the hour she graciously devotes each day to her children, two charming girls and a boy. While I was there, the telephone was constantly ringing, or my friend was engaged in giving instructions to her servants. The children were naturally talkative and had much to tell their mother. "Now, don't talk so much," was her constant rejoinder. "Don't bother me." And during her engrossed conversations over the telephone, making engagements for bridge parties, for dinners, for the opera, she would shake her head with irritation—"Why can't children keep quiet? They're interrupting me all the time." Finding more interest in bridge than her own children, what can this woman expect when they are eighteen?

When some one remonstrated diplomatically with another mother about her not giving any time to her children—"What do you expect of me?" she asked irritably. "I don't know anything about children. What can I talk to them about? At their age they are a terrible trial, you know." She pays more attention to the buying of a gown or the arrangements for a dinner-party than in seeing how her children are being educated, or in trying to make her home attractive for them.

And sometimes, meeting men I know, this happens: "Where do your girls go to school?" "Why, I really can't tell you. I don't know." "But aren't you concerned about their being properly educated?" "Oh, I trust my wife," or, "I take that for granted—the school's been highly recommended." They pay more attention to their business, horse-racing, the buying of a car, or the affairs of their club, than to what should be the most important duty in their lives.

When my own daughter was very small I had a very dear friend. She was admirable in many ways, but never took motherhood as a responsibility. Her children were adorable and loved their mother, but it was only rarely that she had the desire to see them, and seldom went out of her way to do so. She meant well, but she was too lazy and interested in her own pleasures. One day we were having luncheon in the country. The children were at the seaside fifteen miles away. It was a hot summer's day, and that afternoon the mother was expected to motor over to see them. What happened was characteristic. She offered one hundred and fifty dollars to any man who would go in her place. Later, when the boy became rather wild and incorrigible, the mother lamented her lack of control over him—she couldn't understand it. Then he got into trouble with a girl. I must say the mother stood by him at that time, and as he grew older he calmed down. Good

Now try

THIS NEW, COMPLETE

WOODBURY Facial

FOR SEVEN DAYS

Follow these three simple steps for one week—you will actually see your skin responding:



1 Wring a cloth from hot water and hold it against the face to thoroughly open the pores. Then massage Woodbury's Cold

Cream well into the skin with an upward and outward motion, covering the face and neck thoroughly with the cream. Notice how gently it penetrates into the pores and softens and loosens the embedded dirt and dust particles.

2 With a clean soft cloth remove the surplus cream, always with an upward motion. Now, wash the face and neck thoroughly with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, working the creamy lather well into the skin so that it will dissolve and wash out the soiled cream which otherwise would remain in the pores. Rinse thoroughly with warm water, then finish with a dash of cold water or a small piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth.



3 And now the final step. With the tips of your fingers, apply lightly Woodbury's Facial Cream which tones the skin by

supplying just the right amount of natural moisture without loading or clogging the pores. This finishing cream is greaseless and gives that soft, velvety texture so much desired.

See how quickly your skin will respond—each day a little fresher, clearer, more radiantly beautiful

AFTER ALL, there is no secret in having a radiantly beautiful complexion. It is the result of but one thing—proper daily care, absolute cleanliness of the pores as well as the surface of the skin.

But, "proper daily care"—what is it, exactly?

Your facial masseuse will tell you that it is the faithful use of cold cream. Your physician will recommend pure soap and water.

Really, both are right, for one cleanser supplements the other.

And now, in the new Complete Woodbury Facial, the use of these two essential cleansers is combined in one treatment.

First, Woodbury's Cold Cream, a cleansing cream that melts at skin temperature, reaching every pore, softening and loosening embedded dust and dirt particles. Then, Woodbury's Facial Soap, with its mild, creamy lather, dissolving away the soiled

cream that remains in the pores, preventing blackheads and enlarged pores. And finally, Woodbury's Facial Cream—smooth and greaseless—leaving the skin cool and refreshingly moist.

That is the new Woodbury Facial, approved by leading authorities . . . Just three simple steps, yet so thoroughly effective that you, in your own home, can obtain the same results that you would expect from the best beauty salons.

You need only Woodbury's Facial Soap and the Woodbury Creams prepared especially for use with it—obtainable at your drug store or toilet goods counter. And from the very first, you can actually feel the difference in your skin. The result of absolute cleanliness—a complexion each day a little fresher, clearer, more radiantly beautiful.

WRITE today for a trial set of the new Complete Woodbury Facial, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments. Notice, from day to day, the improvement in the texture of your skin. After the first week, use the complete Facial once or twice a week, keeping your skin clear and healthy in between times with Woodbury's Facial Soap as directed in the booklet around every cake.

Begin at once to give your skin the proper daily care it needs. Send now for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.

THE generous trial set contains enough of the Woodbury Facial Soap and Creams for seven new Complete Woodbury Facials. Send the coupon for yours today.



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1709 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of The New Complete Woodbury Facial, and your booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."
If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1709 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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TRY this new complete Woodbury Facial for one week. After your first treatment, you will feel the healthy glow of the awakened, stimulated skin. Use it regularly thereafter and you, too, will have the charm of "A skin you love to touch."

heredity had something to do with this, probably, and all in all he turned out better than might have been expected.

A friend told me she went to visit her grandchildren in a school in one of the large cities which was attended by the children of the ultra-rich. The head master told her he was surprised and delighted that her daughter came to see them so often. Practically none of the mothers of the other children there took any notice of them, he said. On the other hand, there is a school in Washington which is attended by all kinds of children of well-to-do middle-class families. And the principals tell me most of the mothers of those children take an intense interest in them, visit them often and keep a vigilant check-up on their progress.

THERE are fathers who, when their sons begin sowing wild oats, stop their incomes and turn them out of doors. A man of this sort doesn't consider how far he was responsible for his children's undisciplined acts; that when the boy was young he failed to gain his confidence, never took the time to exert a needed vigilance over him or teach him to respond to proper guidance. And at a crucial time when this neglect had its results, instead of trying to make amends and set the boy right or get him out of trouble, the father's impulse was to punish him and cast him adrift to shift for himself.

I have in mind families in which the children were practically ignored by their parents from their kindergarten days until the time they went to college. One or two instances may be illustrative of the point I want to make. One boy got involved with a girl entertainer in a night-club, a hard, mercenary creature to whom he wrote compromising letters, and who tried to blackmail the family through a breach-of-promise suit. The girl was bought off and the boy was banished to a ranch out West. Instead of taking him in hand and trying to lift him up, he was sent out in the world, in all probability to go down. Another boy, after dissipating a lot along Broadway and having I don't know how many automobile accidents, married a girl out of his class and was cut off by his family. The girl divorced him when his income stopped. He began drinking heavily; his mother secretly gives him money now and then, but from last reports he is going steadily downhill.

On the other hand, I knew a girl whose revolt against a home in which she had been neglected expressed itself quite differently. When her family objected to her insistence that she lead her own life, she left home and took an apartment. She was intelligent, and got a position in an advertising office where she made good and became assistant to the manager. There has never

been any scandal about her; she is self-supporting and quite independent, but apparently cares nothing about her own family. She is one of the higher types of the modern girl who wants to stand on her own feet. But to me there is something tragic in her alienation from her home and apparent lack of love for her mother.

"I just can't understand the children of this generation," said a woman to me recently. "None of my children want to stay at home. They want to go to parties and night-clubs all the time. I have no control over the companions they pick up. And what they are doing when they're away from me I have no idea. When I talk to them, it's like water rolling off a duck's back."

"But what have you done to make your home attractive?" some one asked. "When they were younger, what interests in common did you try to find with your children? Did you seek to interest them in art, in books, in music, and make your home bright and happy? Did you let them enter into your life and make them feel they wished you to enjoy their confidence? What ideals did you give them? For the standards that are perishing, did you try to build up new ones to meet the new conditions? Have you tried to meet these new conditions yourself? Have you taught your children a sense of their own responsibilities—what the new freedom offers them and what advantages, with the proper preparation, they may gain from it?"

She looked blank. Then tears came into her eyes. No, she supposed she had not.

It is ourselves—the parents—who first failed to adapt ourselves to the new obligations of a changing world.

AND what shall we say of the mothers who have gone in for dancing and the excesses of this age of upset and transition; who haven't been able to adjust themselves and live up to their jobs; who, instead, outdo their children in overpainting and overdressing themselves and the extremes of fashion and frivolity; who carry on intrigues with younger men, and at forty or fifty act like girls of twenty; who spend their nights in the night-clubs and turn their homes into saloons where drinking goes on all the time, with incessant jazz to the accompaniment of a cabaret orchestra via radio? Can we expect their daughters to be any better? If there has been a demoralization among the young, there has been a let-down in social barriers, in the ordinary decencies of proper conduct, in all decorum and self-restraint among older people as well. And there is nothing more deplorable than the hostess who turns her home into a clubhouse in order to draw men around her and satisfy her craving for excitement and attention, and then wonders why her sons and daughters plunge into a fast and reckless pace.

Among my acquaintances there is a woman who is typical of this. Louise's childhood, like mine, was a conservative one, and in the changes which came about after the war, she had a background to fall back upon and from which to get her bearings. But like many other women, when the oldtime anchor of restraint and conventions was taken away, she went adrift, or perhaps wantonly took advantage of the license allowed in an age of unrestraint. She had never cared very much for her husband, who was killed in the war. Her freedom, and the fortune she inherited at his death, gave her full rope to live as she pleased. Louise had always been crazy about men; there had been rumors of light flirtations, but never any definite scandal. She was not attractive, and seemed to have little real charm for them. But today to all appearances she is one of the most popular hostesses I know, and her house is generally filled. Why? There are always trays of cocktails and whisky-and-soda being

passed around. Neither physically alluring nor witty, Louise seemingly does nothing to make her home delightful except to serve free drinks. And she thinks it is her own attraction that draws scores of men about her, not realizing many men will go anywhere these days to drink. Louise has an unmarried daughter, just past twenty. What must the daughter think when she sees the mother acting with so little self-respect? What safeguards has that girl in such a home atmosphere?

IF we of the older generation do not realize our faults, how shall we seek to correct those of the younger? If we are to prevent the young from plunging into folly, parents must have the ambition to influence their children to be better than they were themselves. They must give them the advantages of past experience, so they may in turn be prepared to teach the next generation to be better than the present. Only that way can civilization advance.

Now, what can we do to help our children to find their balance?

When all has been considered—viewing the present from a perspective of the past—we see many disadvantages in former conditions from which the young have freed themselves. They have thrown off inhibitions and the necessity of hypocrisy and subterfuge. And the younger generation will never go back to the "dark ages of woman." We cannot be too grateful that women have broken away from the man-made code that they must be virtually locked in, denied full independence and self-expression, and made subject to their fathers when they are young and their husbands when they are married; that women must obey the laws that men lay down. A woman can live her own life today.

On the other hand—just as political revolutions entail their horrors—it must be admitted this transition is not without its darker aspects. The young may be justly indicted for crudities of manner, gross forms of sex expression, a disregard of parental authority, a repudiation of home ties, lack of taste and self-respect in behavior, and in the more extreme cases of dissipation and a lowering of moral standards. Perhaps this is inevitable. If we refer to history, we find that all wars have been followed by a general unrest and appalling social laxity until conditions found an equilibrium. All revolutions have been marked by a sort of moral saturnalia, if not so much formerly among the young, at least among the older survivors. What happened in Russia, with the repudiation of the standards of marriage and home life, had its parallel in the upheavals of Rome and Greece, and after the revolutions in England and France, women were more debauched in their sex relationships than the loosest of the younger generation are today. What is unprecedented in the upheaval following a war is that the demoralization has today more directly affected the young instead of their elders. Let us at least admit they have shown more restraint than their adult ancestors of history did under similar conditions, when periods of readjustment allowed unrestricted license.

But today with the young, as never before, established standards are going down. What new standards are being given to take their place? If civilization is to continue to progress you cannot take something away from life unless you supplant it with something better and higher. What is the older generation giving the young? Out of the wreckage of the past, what good is being retained?

Doesn't the solution lie in striking a compromise between the old and the new, in weeding from the past what is good and rejecting what was repressive and unjust; and in seeking to combine with the new freedom the ideals of the old-fashioned home where religion was taught and the family ties were respected? Yes; we must bring the young

MARY SYNON

A new story by that real genius in fiction Mary Synon is always an event—as those who read her "Found on the Doorstep" and "Her Father's Daughter" will attest. Be sure, therefore to watch for her best story thus far, which will appear in an early issue, under the title:

"TWENTY-SECOND STREET"

Margot Asquith writes on Woman's Instinct to make herself Attractive

The famous MARGOT, NOW COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, has written with her own hand and in her own sparkling, inimitable style this article on a subject of universal interest to women.

AS long as human nature exists, men and women will want to make themselves physically attractive. The intention to be at your best, to feel brilliant, responsive, triumphant, is prompted by a desire to love and be loved.

"We have all known women who have more than made up for their lack of features and general homeliness by the play of their expression, the grace of their carriage or the beauty of their complexion. And, fortunately, most of us if we take enough trouble can improve our complexions out of all recognition.

"Those of you who have hunted, mountaineered, or been as much exposed to our inhospitable climate as I have, will know it is almost impossible to prevent your face from becoming like leather, or your chest like a gong, unless you take a great deal of trouble to preserve them.

YOU do not want to apply creams and lotions that will make your skin soft and susceptible, but something that will make it fresh and impervious.

"I have used Pond's Creams for my skin more years than I can remember; and though I have never been beautiful and I am not young, I have not got a wrinkle in my forehead. When I came in from hunting I always rubbed the Cold Cream over my face, neck and hands.

"Nothing in my life has changed so much as the estimate people place upon a



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"Margot," daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant, is the wife of the distinguished Statesman and former Prime Minister of Great Britain. She is one of the most vivid and interesting figures of English society, famous for her daring, her wit and her wide acquaintance with the personable of every land.

woman's age. When I came out, to suggest that a woman of thirty could upset a man's heart would have been looked upon as a paradox.

"Now you see proficiency at golf, riding, fishing, shooting, in women past the age of forty; and they have preserved not only their youth but their complexions.

"My advice is, save your skin—with Pond's—and cheat the devil that lurks in soot, dust, wind—and birthdays!"

powder. Wipe off and repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. A little cream left on overnight keeps a dry skin supple.

Pond's Vanishing Cream, used after every day-time cleansing, gives your skin a new freshness, holds your powder smoothly and protects it from sun and wind.

Buy your own jars of Pond's Creams and as Lady Oxford suggests, "cheat the devil that lurks in soot, dust, wind."

Free Offer Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

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How you should use these Creams:

Apply Pond's Cold Cream generously at night and often during the day. In a few moments its fine oils bring up from the pores all dust and



On Lady Oxford's dressing table are unusual perfume bottles and jade green jars of Pond's Creams.

back to a realization that the home is the unit of society and teach them to build the foundations of their future upon that.

Let the young today enjoy their freedom, but make the home so alluring they will prefer to have their pleasures there than in public places among strangers. Let them jazz if they want to jazz. It is better to jazz under their own roof than outside. Where the automobile has taken them out of the homes perhaps the radio will become a substitute to keep them in. Let the young have their companions and new friendships, but teach them that vulgar associations are degrading.

SOcial barriers have broken down. In society, instead of there being one set, there are many interlocking sets, and strangers are always crashing in. During the war, when the sons of millionaires bunked with sons of butlers, there was an inevitable breakdown of class distinctions, and there was no reason why the millionaire should not find in the decent son of a butler a congenial pal. In the choice of friends it is not class but character that counts.

Perhaps even the wildest of the "flappers" have not been any too happy. The very fact that they are restless, so lacking in all repose, always on the go, always seeking new sensations, proves that. Girls have said that they have tried so hard to find a new thrill, to get some big experience, that there is no illusion left. Give them the chance to find themselves in a happy middle course.

There is a happy medium between keeping a child on bread and water and allowing it every excess of gratification as an expression of itself. The perfect mother is one with strict ideals, but lenient ideas. When I was a girl, I was taught there are only extremes of right and wrong and no middle course. What we must do with the youth of today is to help it back to the in-between, where there is no too great repression or too extreme laxity. What the young need to learn is moderation.

Knowledge with modesty, freedom with restraint and discretion, and in pleasure good taste. Appeal to the inherent decency and common sense of the young. Nothing that is normal need be hidden from them. The natural pleasures of youth need not be restricted. But give them a sense of their responsibilities, and that the ultimate goal is development, integrity and dignity of character. Everyone must live with himself, and when self-respect is gone, everything is gone. When people do things for which they must despise themselves, there are no safeguards. You cannot expect to keep the young from temptations unless you offer them the better things of life.

And what has the older generation to offer? It is the older which has given them jazz, the trashy songs of the day, indecent plays, *risqué* books, magazines of pornographic stories exploited as true stories teaching a moral, tabloid newspapers in which every phase of scandal and crime is featured, and the general idea that everything savoring of "puritanism" must go into the discard. It is older people who have set the example of breaking the prohibition laws. In the re-

action against puritanism we have gone into vulgarity. And the miracle is that the young are as decent as they are. It is amazing what children are doing for themselves against adverse influences and conditions.

AS I have said, what is most serious, in this revolt of youth, is the attitude toward all religious belief, their materialism and cynicism, the shattering of all spiritual faith. Many look upon religion as an exploded superstition. It isn't entirely that they don't go to church. It's the sense that they have nothing to hold on to, no anchor in life, no object in existence. Many don't realize that they are born into the world to develop themselves and to contribute toward the working out of some divine purpose. They are entirely at sea. There is so much in the conflicting creeds that they cannot believe—in an age when science and psychoanalysis are almost as popular as golf—that they reject the whole cloth. What are they living for? What is the end of all the struggle and suffering and heartache? Doubtless the outcome of the war did much to disillusion them. With the rejection of Wilson's ideals, many have come to ask what was gained out of all the slaughter and maiming of youth.

When it comes to religion, there is a difference between spirituality and creeds. And parents can probably do with children what the churches may fail to do with adults—instill spirituality when they are young. Parents must bring into the consciousness of their children the realization that there is a purpose in the phenomena of the universe, that everything is working toward some divine end, and in this everyone must take his part. The individual must go forward or go back, and in ratio as he contributes to the life of his time, he either succeeds or fails. How many of the young have any comprehension of this when their minds are engrossed in midnight jazz, in joy rides, in idle flirtations and all the wild mad pace that is called a "good time?"

Interest children in books, music, science, art. Today they can read what the young could never read before. Never has there been such an age of miracles in scientific, industrial and artistic achievement. And greater things promise—such possibilities as daze the imagination. Inspire them with an ambition to achieve something glorious and notable themselves, and give them every help toward self-expression. When I was a girl, and when for my sex matrimony was the only escape from parental restriction, our only outlet for self-expression was to play the piano, in a mediocore way to sing, paint china and embroider. Today hardly any avenue is closed for any achievement by women in business, the arts, sciences and professions. Could the giddy girl be brought to realize the amazing opportunities open to women in this new age—when she can be happily married and at the same time take her part as an individual in the progress of the times,—she would realize there are things far more worth while than cocktails, cigarettes and dancing.

YES, what we are going through is something like a laboratory process—a stage of experimentation. If we have gone to the extreme, if the scales are upset, I am sure we shall find a balance. That is the law of nature and of life. As the earth after a quake readjusts itself, as after a cloudburst water seeks its level, so will the young generation come back to normal. I don't see how it can be otherwise.

As I have said, taking life as a whole, with the perspective of a thousand years, or even a hundred years, we find that what seemed disastrous catastrophes to contemporary peoples worked out for the ultimate good of civilization. And so, I believe, it will be today.

Already among the young there are signs of reaction; already you see evidences of a return to the normal; in fact, already there is a tendency toward conservatism. Young people are beginning to take it for granted that they have liberties, and that it isn't necessary to exaggerate them to prove it. Girls who "got away" with amazing things a year or two ago today find themselves criticized and cut by their friends, and they are calming down. It is no longer considered smart to become intoxicated or long of affairs with any number of boy friends. I am told that three-fourths of the students at colleges are now conservative. At Princeton there is far less drinking among the students, and while it was considered the thing to carry flasks a few years ago, and the boy who drank was considered a great sport, there is a growing spirit of exclusiveness which bars from the social life of the better element those who misbehave. In the Government departments in Washington I know many gum-chewing, cigarette-smoking little girls who will talk about anything, and are insistent upon their freedom and cocky in their defiance of conventions, but they are extraordinarily staid and conventional when it comes to relationships with men.

THERE was much false romanticism when the mothers and grandmothers of the present generation were girls; but there was a true and beautiful romanticism as well. That must be regained. Romanticism is an essential part of love in youth—of all true love. Does the younger generation wish to take the color from the rainbow? Without the transfiguration of the sex relationship into an idealized and spiritual sphere, what is left but a thing essentially sordid, grossly material, and no higher than the amours of the fowl yard and the stable? No purely physical sex attractions can ever last; after the first flare there is apt to be a reaction of mutual aversion and self-disgust. God has so exalted man above the lower creation that He has given him this thing, which separates him from the beasts, and whereby a true marriage becomes a thing of the spirit and the passion of love is translated into a promise of continuance into a life immortal. So it has been with the great lovers of the world—who have sacrificed all for love, and have not hesitated to die for love. Is this thing false, an illusion, a sham and a snare? If so, could it have become the motif, the singing theme, of the world's supreme art, music, literature and poetry through all the ages and from the earliest dawn when man began to dream?

Among the younger generation how many approach the mysterious awakening of sex into love in the spirit which Shakespeare expressed in his dramas, or Keats and Shelley put into their poetry? Surely there are no more beautiful types of lovers than *Romeo and Juliet*, *Paul and Virginia*, *Paolo and Francesca*! Among the girls who permit themselves to be "petted," how many find such a love, or are capable of giving such a love, as that of the tragic *Juliet*? Indeed, *Juliet* seems an anachronism today, when girls' emotions are cheapened by light and promiscuous flirtations and the finer instincts are dulled by vulgarity. Girls who tolerate "petting" make themselves incapable of responding to finer things, and when the big moment comes are unable to rise to the heights of a love spiritual and supreme. They either don't wait for an ultimate love, or are unable to meet it when it comes. In which I find the reason for the brevity of so many marriages, the tragic wrecks of young lives and increasing divorces of the day.

In all this I believe the old ideals are right. Men and women are born to love, and should mate only through a great love. For that sacred experience, waiting as for some wonderful tryst, a girl should keep her-

VIRGINIA DALE

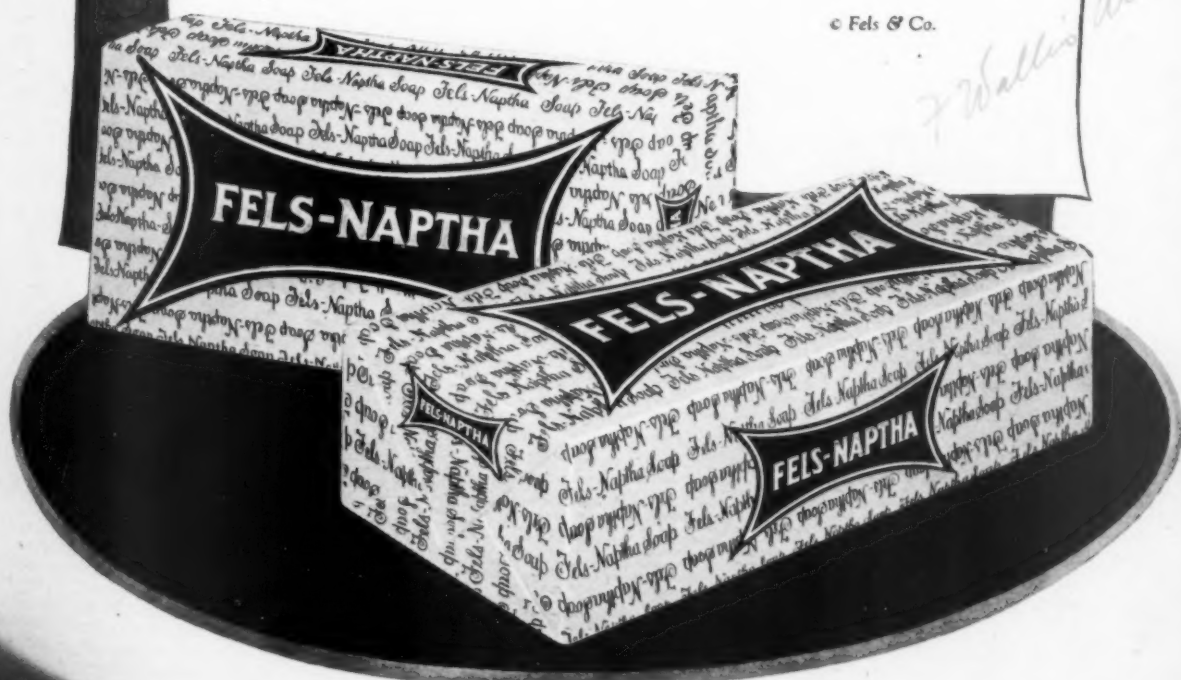
This gifted young writing-woman will contribute to an early issue another title of a naïve Dumb Dora seeking fortune in Hollywood. You who so much enjoyed "I Think I'll Get Married" and "I Was So Insulted" will find even greater pleasure in:

"THE WOMAN PAYS"

Extra washing help! The Golden Bar of Fels-Naptha makes work easier for millions of women every day! It gives them extra help in washing and cleaning they'd hardly expect from any other soap.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. Unusually good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha, working together, make things clean more quickly, more easily! Isn't this extra help worth a penny more a week? It's cheaper in the end! Buy it—and see.

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Aqua Velva helps the face after shaving

As soon as you have slapped on Aqua Velva you get an entirely new sensation of skin-comfort. Furthermore, Aqua Velva keeps your face comfortable all day long. It conserves the skin's natural moisture—keeps the skin smooth and flexible just as a Williams shave leaves it.

Aqua Velva does these 5 things

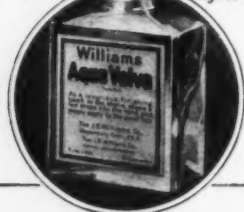
1. It tingles delightfully when applied.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
4. It safeguards against cold and wind.
5. It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin. Aqua Velva keeps the skin flexible and smooth all day long—just as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

Aqua Velva sells for 50c (60c in Canada) in large 5-ounce bottles. If your dealer is out of it, we will send it postpaid on receipt of price.

Make a free test of Aqua Velva. Send us the coupon below, or a postcard for a generous trial bottle free.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving



Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 105, Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A. (Canadian address: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal).

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Name.....

Address.....

R.B. 8-27

self unspoiled until it arrives. She may be free to work out her own career in whatever way she desires, but she must not be corrupted by a degradation of ideals and fifth-rate sex phylacteries. Only if she be chaste as *Hypatia*, in her age the most advanced of women, can a girl win the veneration, trust and respect which are essential if a man is truly to love a woman and feel she is fit to become the mother of his children. This is instinctive in nature, and no modern changes can alter that.

A YOUNG girl came to see me recently who spoke frankly about herself. "I've liked a lot of boys, and I often wondered why I didn't hold any of them long. At first they made violent love, and would hug and kiss me, telling me I was the only girl in the world. But their interest soon cooled, and they would drift off to other girls. I'd say to myself the boys of today are like butterflies flitting from flower to flower. It hurt my vanity and made me feel cheap. Why couldn't I hold any single one? I wondered why I didn't get much of a thrill after the first kissing parties, and the more I 'petted,' the less thrill I got from the new boys I took up with. Then, I think, I did fall in love. I would have married Charles. I'd have given up everything for him. I was quite wild when he drifted away to another. We had a terrible quarrel one night. 'What do you expect?' he said. 'The boys you've been running around with were out only for a good time. When I marry a girl, it's going to be a different proposition—I'll marry one who hasn't been 'petted' and hasn't been an easy mark for any fellow who comes along.'"

The girl said she began thinking about herself. One evening she was walking along Riverside Drive in New York. She saw a girl, over-rouged, tawdrily dressed, sidle up

to a sailor boy. She saw the girl's quivering look, with a lifting of her eyebrows. Walking ahead of my young friend, they were soon seated on a bench, the sailor's arms about the girl, hugging and kissing her in the light of a street-lamp and before the passer-by. "And then it just came to me," said my friend. "Was I much better when I picked up with boys I hardly cared for and let them kiss me than that girl of the streets who sold her carresses? I began to see how I must appear to the boys when, to be smart or to get a thrill, I gave my easy kisses away. Why, I was almost cheaper and more to be criticized than that poor creature! With her it was probably necessity. But with me there was no excuse."

Happily, I believe, many girls are awakening to a realization of this. It is when I look back and consider courtship and the conception of marriage in my girlhood that I realize what revolutionary changes have come about in the sex relationships of the young today.

(In the next article Mrs. Harriman will contrast love and marriage as it was a generation ago with the wooing and youthful conception of marriage as it exists among the young at present. Bringing her own experience and liberal viewpoint upon the problem, she will deal with the question: Is there a too trifling regard for the obligations of marriage on the part of young people today? Are the freedoms of courtship to be deplored or praised? Are they to the advantage of the state and the race, or are they not? Has the color faded from the rainbow—has romance been hopelessly lost from love? That Mrs. Harriman's consideration will be helpful to the young of today—and the parents of the young—may be assured from the sympathy, broad vision and depth of insight she brings to the subject.)

THE MANICURE MYSTERY

(Continued from page 79)

"Luncheon is served, sir," he announced.

But I was so disturbed that I had no appetite. I sat down at the table with Drake, though, and played at eating a meal.

"What dangers a girl like that is exposed to!" I said. "I hope her old lady does take her out of it."

"We shall see them together this evening," Drake replied. "The girl is too clever, too ambitious and—yes, subtly scheming, to take her new benefactress into her confidence, and I am very glad of it."

"Scheming!" I echoed.

Drake's eyes twinkled at me, across the table.

"You are still so young and susceptible, Howard! I'm not blaming the girl for trying to make the most of her life. I admire her for it. A good marriage is of course what she's playing for. As the protégée of a wealthy old lady, her chances of marrying well would increase a thousand per cent. Inspector Sorby is very curious about her."

"Inspector Sorby! Are you bringing him into the case?"

"But, Howard! I may need to use the widely extended net which we call the Police Department. I'm not setting them on Miss Carlin. The girl is in danger. You don't yet see one-half of her danger. I think it is something a good deal bigger than the Gorham robbery on Long Island. You'll see, before many days are over."

Drake took from his pocket a small photograph and handed it to me. It was a picture of Betty Carlin—very like her, too.

"I went down to her home this morning," he said, "quite early. I just caught her, before she started for the beauty shop. Of course I did not tell her why I wanted the photograph; but I took it right down to Police Headquarters. Nobody there recog-

nized the face. I should have tried the newspaper offices—but that wouldn't be fair to her."

Now, that seemed to me a pretty strange distinction between inquiry points—yes, and with the accent in the wrong place.

"That girl's picture—to Police Headquarters!"

Dexter Drake sighed. "I'm afraid, Howard, that you're not going to be of much use to me in this case. Do you think, at the Mammoth Hotel this evening, that you can assume that air of indifference which is necessary to your rôle? I shall be less conspicuous myself if I have another man—you—with me."

"You surely don't think I'm in love with the girl, Drake!"

"No, my dear boy! I don't think any such thing."

Nobody knows better than I what a chivalrous man Dexter Drake is. But he is not sentimental like me; that is why he can save people in danger—his head is so cool.

He told me that he had to go out again after luncheon—more work on the case; but that I must be ready at half-past five for my lesson in disguising myself.

WHEN Drake and I got into a taxi at the corner of Park Avenue that evening, our own mothers would not have known us. Drake's virile dark thirty-six years had become a well-preserved sixty. His hair was almost white; his drooping mustache and short pointed beard were white. A deft line here and there had transformed the upper part of his face.

I too had aged somewhat—not too much, for Drake said that my youthful manner would not go with a forty-year make-up. About thirty I seemed, when I examined

"A grocer's simple advice made my son a healthy boy"

"FOR FIVE MONTHS last year my seven-year-old son was so sick I didn't know what to do.

"Indigestion—terrible intestinal pains—frequent nausea. He suffered misery—looked so sallow and pale.

"And worst of all, nothing seemed to help.

"One day my grocer said to me, 'Why don't you give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial?' It could not possibly hurt, I thought, so I told him he could deliver two Yeast cakes every day along with the other groceries.

"That was on August 15th. Jimmy began taking them right away and in two weeks' time he was showing an improvement. His food began to digest. Soon his stomach gave him no more pain. He has got back his white skin and rosy cheeks. Today, thanks to my grocer's simple advice, he is a healthy, robust boy."

Mrs. JOHN GUINEY, San Jose, Calif.



JAMES GUINEY and one of his sisters at their home in San José, Calif.

THERE is nothing mysterious about Fleischmann's Yeast—unlike medicines, yeast is simply a living plant—a fresh, corrective food.

To keep well the digestive tract must be kept clean and active. That is exactly what yeast does. It tends to counteract intestinal putrefaction, preventing the absorption of dangerous toxins by the body. It stimulates the sluggish muscles of elimination, gradually bringing complete release from constipation.

Start today to eat your way back to health, to rid yourself of constipation and its attendant ills—indigestion, pimples and boils, and that constant feeling of weariness.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. M-40, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



"SOME SIX YEARS AGO I became an airplane pilot. Sitting long hours in my plane, irregular meals, the constant strain of the work—told on me. After the first year I began to be bothered with constipation. My system seemed to become more and more poisoned. This lasted for five years—in fact, until I began eating Yeast. In three weeks after I started with Yeast my system began to function regularly. After six weeks I experienced no more heartburn. Today I consider Yeast a part of my daily food."

R. F. KNOX, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

BELOW

MME. DOROTHY JARDON, prima donna mezzo soprano of the Chicago Opera Company

"THE DARK SIDE of operatic and concert work is the constant wear and tear on one's complexion. Long train trips, changes in food—all had their damaging effect. Loss of color and that sallow look became most alarming. I was panic stricken. At this period a relative suggested Yeast. I ate it daily and my digestion showed improvement—and naturally this was reflected in my face. My old energy returned. Now, when that sallow look threatens I use Fleischmann's Yeast."

DOROTHY JARDON, New York City



This Easy Natural Way to feel yourself again

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation

physicians say it is best to dissolve it in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous purgatives will gradually become unnecessary.



This digestive aid knows when to stop!



TO relieve after-dinner distress, many people take alkalis like soda bicarbonate and preparations containing it. And they get the relief they want, because these chemicals neutralize the acidity that usually causes indigestion, heart-burn and flatulence.

But the drawback to alkalis of this class is that they don't know when to "call it a day." After they overcome the hyperacidity, they keep right on working. Unless you know exactly the right amount to take, they are apt to alkalize the contents of the stomach.

And that is a great handicap to normal digestion, for the stomach should be slightly acid (1-5 of 1 per cent) properly to perform its work.

Gastrogen Tablets are free from this objection

The commendable thing about Gastrogen Tablets is that no matter how many you take, they do just one thing—neutralize the acidity that causes your discomfort. Then they stop. They can't possibly alkalize your stomach. Any excess that you might take simply passes harmlessly and unchanged through the system.

So, next time you feel uncomfortable after eating, try Gastrogen Tablets. They are mild, effective and 100 per cent harmless. They quickly quell digestive disturbance—within 15 to 20 minutes. They are aromatically pleasant to taste, and they are surprisingly good for sweetening the breath.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you wish to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets

GASTROGEN

Tablets

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73 West Street, New York City

Without charge or obligation on my part,
send me your special introductory packet of
6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name _____

Address _____

myself from head to foot in the long glass on the inside of the bathroom door. My chestnut hair had something dark on it, which Drake said would wash off in the morning. Old Patchen had put it on with a toothbrush. He had also attached a small dark mustache to my upper lip.

What is personality when it can be changed like that?

We wore our own evening-clothes, of course; but Drake's walk and manner were those of a man of sixty.

"Just forget you are different," he told me; "behave as you always do, and leave everything else to me. If a very dark, fat man speaks to us, he's the hotel detective at the Mammoth. He doesn't know that I'm watching a girl, though. I just told him I had a case. Don't you stare at Miss Carlin, Howard."

"You think that strange man may follow her there?" I asked.

"I don't know. There are many things I don't know yet. But where Betty Carlin is present now, anything may happen."

It certainly was thrilling—almost too thrilling.

I wanted to scratch my upper lip, but I didn't dare, not being certain just how adhesive my mustache was.

"What will you do, Drake, if some stranger comes up and speaks to her?"

"Watch—without seeming to. But if I am on the right track, nothing whatever will happen tonight. I shall be interested enough in seeing that clever girl make herself charming to the wealthy old lady. You know danger has only appeared to her in West Forty-fifth Street. She will not be looking for the emerald man elsewhere."

THE rotunda of the Mammoth Hotel was brilliant with women in rainbow-colored gowns when we entered, a few minutes before seven.

Pretty soon Betty Carlin walked in, "as if she owned the whole place." It was a warm evening for May, and she wore a light cape thrown over her evening-gown. She slipped off the cape—her gown was a lovely "creation," I think they call it, of Nile-green and silver. She was beautiful, with her soft, long, fair hair in two braids wrapped round her small head. In that crowd of overpainted women and girls she looked like a water-lily.

Shyly she looked around her; then she saw her hostess, a very tall, rather bony woman of sixty-five, maybe, in a light gray evening-gown with a good many diamonds in her elaborately waved gray hair, and on her corsage and fingers.

The old lady did not gush over her, did not even shake hands with her—just took her arm and piloted her toward the dining-room. The girl might have been a daughter, from whom she had parted five minutes before. I thought being so taken for granted spoke well for Betty Carlin's future.

Drake and I, in our disguises, followed them to the dining-room.

Just outside the door the old lady grabbed a passing bellboy, snatched the cape from the girl's arm, thrust it into the boy's hand.

"Take that up to my room, Eight-forty-six, remember, and tell the woman on the hall to put it inside, on my bed."

She was a dominating person, Mrs. Morrison of Kansas City.

I heard her ask her waiter what his name was. Then she said to him: "My niece and I want a very nice dinner this evening, Léon. Will you help me choose it?"

Yes, it was "Auntie" and "my niece" now. I told myself that Miss Carlin would not remain long in the beauty shop.

The little they said to each other was in tones so low that I heard almost nothing of it, though our table was across the aisle from theirs. Miss Carlin was not exerting herself. She must have gauged Mrs. Morrison

as one who valued companionship more than chatter.

Nothing happened. Drake had said that nothing would happen tonight, if he was on the right track. The dinner was long drawn out; then we followed them back to the rotunda, where the old one smoked cigarettes and fanned herself. Miss Carlin did not smoke.

The concert was in the ballroom, upstairs, and it lasted two or three hours, with the intermissions.

Then came the late supper. And then the old lady—she seemed a tireless and hardy specimen—took the girl back once more to the rotunda, where she ordered mineral water, and smoked more cigarettes, and still fanned herself.

She loved to order servants about. She must have sent five or six of them on errands—bring this for me, bring that for my niece—before she was ready to call it an evening.

But at last I heard her ask her companion if she was sleepy. It was one o'clock in the morning then, and there were few people remaining.

"Yes, Auntie, just a wee bit sleepy," said Miss Carlin, with an adorable little smile that was well worth a bangle, a new hat or something.

We saw them enter the elevator. I also was not sorry by that time to call it an evening.

Drake threw himself into the taxi cab after me, and banged the door.

"That's an old woman, all right," he observed.

"What did you think it would be? A giraffe? She is—almost."

I must have been sleepy, for it was ten seconds before I got the full sense of his remark. Then I jumped. I grabbed his arm.

"Why, what do you mean, Dexter Drake?"

"Don't get excited. In this case I take nothing for granted, not even old women. But we haven't wasted our evening. That was a very fine concert, Howard."

When we reached home, Drake went down to his study and closed the door. He was in there some time, talking over the telephone.

I made Patchen wash that stuff off my hair, before I went to bed.

WHEN I read in the newspapers the next morning that another daring jewel robbery had taken place on Long Island the night before, I wondered if Miss Carlin's emerald man was in that too.

If he ever caught sight of Mrs. Morrison's diamonds!

There was a startling feature about that second Long Island robbery. It was in the Rosenthal's new palace on the South Shore. Mrs. Rosenthal was giving a grand ball; a special train had been chartered for any of the New York guests who did not care to motor so far; a traveling prince gave added éclat to the function. The ball was in full swing when suddenly, just before midnight, every electric light in the great house and the grounds went out.

Consternation—darkness—pandemonium of excited questions and youthful laughter. When, after some delay, a few candles were found and lighted, Mrs. Rosenthal's youngest daughter was heard to gasp:

"Mother! Your pearls! They're not round your neck!"

Mrs. Rosenthal's pearls were famous. The New York newspapers printed long accounts of the daring robbery, with pictures of the new palace, the family, the traveling prince; and one paper pictured a long string of pearls.

Again Dexter Drake had breakfasted early and gone out, before I was up.

As I dallied over my grapefruit, speculating about last night's sensational theft, which might have no connection whatever



The President said "This is my Cabinet"

If you could have, at your elbow, a Secretary of the Treasury, a Secretary of Commerce, and an Attorney General—

If each one of them was a \$100,000 man, devoting his time exclusively to the advancement of your interests—

Would you feel safer in the soundness of your business judgments? Do you think that opportunities might open up which now escape you, either because you do not see them or have not quite the courage and resources to take advantage of them?

Would you like to have such a Cabinet if you could have it at a cost of a few cents a day? Naturally you would. Any business man would.

The man who gave us this thought is the president of a successful corporation. In a bookcase in his office, almost at his elbow, are the volumes of the Institute Course.

"I think you make an advertising mistake," he said, "when you refer to your service always as a Course. Men in my position know very well that we need a course in executive training. We are conscious of the big vacant spaces in our stocks of knowledge. But we should never dare to commit ourselves to a 'course' because we know that we simply cannot find the time to go thru with it.

"When I enrolled with you,

I had no idea of finishing the reading or solving all the problems or taking all the lectures. I merely said to myself: 'These people have gathered together some of the smartest brains in business and in university teaching. They offer me those smart brains as my staff of business advisers, at a price that is just nothing at all. I'll take their advisers and keep them here beside me; even if I look to them for the answer to only one problem a month, I shall be making money.' For in my business an idea doesn't have to be a very big idea to show a handsome profit.

"So I call these books my 'Cabinet,'" he concluded, pointing to the case. "Here is my Secretary of the Treasury." He pulled out Professor Walker's volume on "Corporation Finance." "And here is my Attorney General (Dean Sommer's 'Business Law'). And here is my Secretary of Commerce (the volumes on plant management and purchasing, accounting, sales campaigns, and advertising). Hardly a day goes by that I don't consult them, and I can take you thru this business and show you idea after idea and plan after plan that has come to me from these tireless, unobtrusive business friends."

This explains in a vivid way why more than 38,000 corporation presidents have enrolled with the Institute and why they dip into the Course and Service for help whenever a new problem comes up.

In the Course and Service are 5,271 definite practical ideas and plans. For example, there are

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Mr. R. G. Rigg of Colombia, S. A., was happy to find that he could enjoy in South America the same tobacco that had been his favorite since 1908 when he lived in Iowa.

Read his letter:

October 6, 1926

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with the theft of the Gorham emerald passed on to Miss Carlin, a distressing thought flashed through my mind. On the possible chance that the "strange-looking man" was trying to get hold of Betty Carlin as a means of approach to that wealthy old lady at the Mammoth, suppose he should steal the old lady's diamonds some night when the girl was sleeping there in the next room—steal them in such a way that the girl herself would be under suspicion! Her own story about the possession of that emerald would sound rather "fishy" to any police detective. A scoundrel might try to get hold of a girl by compromising her, making her afraid.

Drake had said something the night before which stuck in my memory. "If Betty Carlin," he said, "were not the honest girl that she seems to be, with that personality of hers she could have made one of the world's great adventuresses."

It was true. Even old Patchen had characterized her as innocent-looking. With those big blue eyes of hers, she could have deceived any man alive, and most women—if she had not been innocent.

If anybody could play on her imagination in the wrong way, enlist her on the wrong side of society, strange things might be done with her aid. It was painful to think about, for the girl had that rare and elusive quality called charm.

To get my mind off the case, I wrote letters all the forenoon. About one o'clock Drake came home, and down to the study where I was sitting. I asked him if he had read the morning papers.

"Oh, yes!" He sat down on the window-seat. "I just came up from Police Headquarters. There has been a curious development in the Rossthal pearls sensation. A strange report has come to Headquarters from Bellevue Hospital—they are keeping it from the newspapers today, for good reasons. A blonde young woman,—when her paint was washed off,—a blonde young woman wearing a dark wig, was going along Thirty-fourth Street this morning when she was stricken with appendicitis and was hurried to the hospital. The hospital nurses, surprised by the wig when they undressed her, were more than surprised when they found tied round her waist, between her dress and chemise, a long rope of pearls—the Rossthal pearls, they proved to be. The girl went to the operating table, refusing to give her name—it was one of those cases, you know, where delay might be fatal. What's the matter with our young people, Howard? Do you know that the average criminal age is now twenty-two?"

"Have you seen the girl?" I asked.

"Of course not. Nobody knows who she is."

I asked him if he had made any progress in our own case.

"Yes," He looked at me fixedly. "And I must telephone."

HE came over and sat down to use his desk-phone, called up the Isis Beauty Shop, and asked if Miss Betty Carlin was there.

"What's that? She hasn't been there today? You don't know where she is? But have you telephoned her at her house? Thanks, thanks very much."

Drake then called the number of the girl's house, which she had given him. No, they had not seen her. She had left before seven the evening before, saying she would spend the night with a friend, and return today after business hours.

"That's strange," Drake said, "not going to work this morning."

"Why don't you call up her old lady," I asked, "Mrs. Morrison, at the Mammoth?"

"No, no, Howard! A man calling Miss Carlin at the hotel—that might give the whole thing away."

"Of course. It was stupid of me," I admitted. "She was so afraid the old lady might know she was mixed up in something queer."

During luncheon Drake was silent and thoughtful. I had learned not to bother him with questions when he was in one of those moods.

Just before the dessert was brought in, he pushed back his chair with a scraping sound, and rose from the table.

"I'm going down to Bellevue Hospital," he said. "Two of the surgeons there know me. I can't get that girl out of my mind."

He turned and strode through the sitting-room, and a moment later I heard the door of the apartment bang after him.

I could not help wondering—a painted blonde girl with stolen pearls round her waist, down there at the hospital; an unpainted blonde girl in our rooms here night before last, with a stolen emerald ring of great value. You know how the mind works, how it links things together.

Drake did not return for several hours. When he came in at last, Inspector Sorby was with him. That stocky, stolid servant of law and order, with the honest gray eyes and the kindly heart, had become a great friend of mine. I shook hands with him warmly.

"Hello, youngster," he said. "Coming with us?"

"Of course—if you'll tell me where."

"The girl is dead," Dexter said gravely. "While still dazed by the anesthetic, she was babbling about her real name being Sadie Schloss, babbling about pearls, and diamonds and emeralds. But I wouldn't torment a dying girl with questions about her accomplices, even if the doctors could have permitted me to speak to her. I think the strange-looking young man will lie low when he learns she is dead—we can't keep the case out of the morning papers. But come, Howard. We are going to the Mammoth Hotel now."

ONE of the many things the detective has taught me is not to talk to him about cases in open taxicabs, unless he begins it—on account of the driver, you know. He and Sorby were keeping secret, for a few hours, the news of the finding of the Rossthal pearls.

When we reached the Mammoth Hotel, Drake went straight to the elevator, and asked the man to stop at the eighth floor. We had heard Mrs. Lee Morrison tell a bellboy last night to take Betty Carlin's case to Eighty-fourth-six.

When we stepped out of the elevator at the eighth floor, Drake asked the woman hall-attendant if Mrs. Morrison was in her room, and the woman nodded. She did not ask what we wanted. I wondered if that dominating old lady had terrorized the whole staff of the hotel.

Drake found the door numbered 846, and knocked on it.

The door was opened by Mrs. Morrison herself. When she saw the three of us—of course Sorby was in plain clothes,—she said: "Well, what do you want?"

"May we come in?" my friend asked politely. "We heard that Miss Carlin was staying with you."

"Oh!" She thought a moment. "Yes, yes, come in. Don't stand talking in the hall."

But when we were inside with the door shut, she did not ask us to sit down. She just stood there, tall and angular, looking us over with her keen old blue eyes. She wore a plain black silk dress now, with a round white collar, and very few of her diamonds. Her gray hair, though, was elaborately arranged.

An interesting face she had, slightly asymmetrical, with a little twist on one side which gave her an ironic look. She had a good many wrinkles—hard, deep wrinkles.



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"You are Mrs. Morrison, aren't you?" Sorby asked.

"Yes, yes. But Miss Carlin is not here. She went shopping this morning. I wanted to rest in the middle of the day, but I told her to come back in the late afternoon. What do you want with her?"

"I'm sorry," Drake said, "but we have some unpleasant news for you."

"Unpleasant news? Has anything happened to the girl?" Her face fell, and a strange look came into her eyes.

Then before I realized what was happening, Sorby had called her Kate Kimber and told her that she was arrested as an accessory in the Rosenthal pearl robbery.

"What the devil—" she snapped.

Sorby laughed.

"Diamond Kate! Diamond Kate! We've been wondering where you were. We lost track of you, eighteen months ago, just after you came out of prison the last time."

I WAS so astonished that I sank down in a chair, gazing open-mouthed at that well-known character. Diamond Kate! Of course I had heard of her—who had not? But what in the world—

She was making no futile efforts to get away. Game, she was.

"Who are you?" she asked Sorby. "I never saw you before."

He told her his name, and that he had a warrant, if she wanted to see it.

"But your nerve!" the Inspector growled.

"How you ever dared to live here in this hotel! And say—what have you done to yourself? When a set of your fingerprints was turned in at Headquarters this morning—the house-detective here got them from your breakfast glass of orange juice—and we compared them with the prints of a lot of women star criminals, including Diamond Kate's, which they fitted, we sent a man right up here, a sergeant who knows you well, to masquerade as a window-cleaner. He came back and declared that you were not Diamond Kate—that he never saw you before. But fingerprints cannot lie. You're yourself, all right."

That amazing old woman laughed. Had she been arrested so many times that she took it as part of the day's work? Drake told me afterward, though, that she was so clever she had probably not been caught in one per cent of her thefts, during the last forty years.

"Sit down," she said. "Yes, there are chairs enough." And she seated herself in a big stuffed easy-chair. The aplomb of her! I should not have been surprised if she had ordered tea—or tried to.

The Inspector was humoring her, though he watched like a hawk every motion she made.

"Tell me, Kate," he said, "what have you done to yourself, that nobody knows you? Been patronizing the beauty shops?"

She gave a dry cackle. If it was acting, it was superb. "Not exactly," she said. "I don't deny I'm myself, no use with those fingerprints. It's a shame, too. I was having such a good time. I'm innocent of this charge. What else have you got against me?"

"Oh, conspiracy, I guess. Or corrupting the young generation."

My heart skipped a beat. Corrupting the young!

"I'll tell you," she said, "how I disguised myself. I had a nice job of plastic surgery done—not face-lifting, but face-transformation, including a nice Roman bridge to my nose, and a set of crooked false teeth. But I haven't been working again. I'm too old. Also I've reformed. I've been living a quiet and innocent life."

"Yes," Sorby growled, "training younger ones to steal for you."

"Can you prove that?" she asked, almost violently.

SORBY did not answer. Then she looked over at Dexter Drake, who was regarding her fixedly, and asked him who he was. When he told her his name, her eyebrows went up.

Not a word—yet—about the dead Sadie Schloss.

"The hotel people tell me," Drake said, "that you have a niece living here with you now—off and on."

That did shake her poise a bit. I could see she was thinking hard—thinking quickly. But she chose her tack, and sailed in:

"If you mean Betty Carlin, why, that girl wouldn't harm a fly. It would be just like beating a kitten if you make her any trouble. Now," she asked sullenly, "can I telephone my lawyer?"

Sorby's big fleshy face turned a brick red. His chin went down in his collar.

"Not just now," he said firmly. "You're not going to send out any code warnings to your confederates—not while you're in my hands. There's a nice little story of how you did that, once before."

She did not seem to find the charge worth answering. But I could see from her face that there was something on her mind—something beyond the crude fact of her arrest.

"The girl is a child," she said suddenly. "She doesn't even know—you see, she isn't my real niece. I just took a fancy to her, sort of adopted her."

"When?" asked the inexorable Drake.

She thought best not to answer that. Then Sorby broke in:

"You've been wearing a good many diamonds around the hotel."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Those? Paste! If I had any real stones, I'd take better care of them."

Sorby muttered: "We know that you've got 'em all right—hidden somewhere, enough to live on for the rest of your life."

The woman was certainly listening for something—or somebody. Her eyes would wander to the door now and then.

I was very uneasy. If I only knew who Sadie Schloss was! I admitted it, then, to myself—the doubt and uncertainty. I had been more distressed by her efforts to shield her "niece," to make her out an innocent, than I should have been by a show of heartless indifference.

YOU know Drake never tells me beforehand when he is going to arrest somebody, for he says that my face is too little under control. He had let the Inspector do most of the talking with Diamond Kate. Drake is not dainty-fingered where men are concerned, but I knew in this case that Sorby must have his police in the hotel.

I had wondered what the Inspector was waiting for, but I think he was simply enjoying the odd situation. Now he asked me to summon his men; they were round the bend in the hall to the left, he said.

"You don't need them," the old woman told him, with an impatient toss of her head. "I won't make a fuss."

And she did not. Perhaps she had grown philosophical. Drake says that many old offenders make themselves quite at home in a jail. They are used to it.

But what a dramatic figure she was! Last night ordering the hotel servants about—bring this for me, bring that for my niece—and now going out as a prisoner!

I could not be sorry for that hardened old creature. She had played a bad game and lost—and she deserved much more than she got, if she had really taught young people to steal.

Drake stayed behind in the room, while Sorby went off with his prisoner. I had just opened my lips to say, "Where do we go from here?" when the doorknob rattled.

Betty Carlin entered, her arms full of bundles.



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"Why," she gasped, "Mr. Drake! Mr. Howard!"

She just stood there for a moment with her back against the door she had closed behind her.

"B-but—you ought not to come here! Whatever will Mrs. Morrison think?"

Dexter Drake laughed. "That's all right, Miss Carlin," he said. He relieved her of her bundles, which he threw onto a couch. "Shopping?" he asked. "Old lady told you to take a day off from the beauty-shop—gave you some money to buy things? But I think you don't want them. Sit down, Miss Carlin."

She was by now in a state of speechless amazement. She sat down, staring at Drake with her big blue innocent eyes.

I was so glad to see that little blonde creature alive! I had been ashamed to ask Drake, before Sorby, the question which nagged at me.

And there were other questions nagging me as well—a good many.

The girl did not faint when Drake told her that Mrs. Morrison was Diamond Kate, told her how we had watched them together last night, in our disguises.

"But what could such a woman want of me?" she cried. "I had nothing for her to steal. She's just given me things—given and given."

Drake motioned toward a door in the side wall of the room.

"Does that door lead into the room where you slept last night?"

"Yes. My evening-gown is still there, on the bed. I was just going to wrap it in paper, with these new things I bought today, and take them home. Mrs. Morrison told me not to bring a suitcase last night, that she would have a new outfit for me, a day outfit, everything to put on this morning." And she indicated the little dark-blue silk dress she was wearing, the hat, and the smart little shoes.

Drake opened that connecting door, and we went into the other room. He walked straight to the closet, tried the door.

"Locked!" he said. "Are the bureau drawers locked too?"

"Yes, all but the top one. I thought it was strange."

Drake generally carries a small metal object that he calls a "lock persuader," and it did not take him long to open the closet door. Miss Carlin and I stood watching him.

Into the closet he went. Then he reappeared holding up a girl's evening-dress on a wooden hanger, a "creation" of Nile-green and silver, the exact duplicate of the dress Betty Carlin had worn the night before, and which now lay spread out on the bed before our eyes.

"Of all things!" The girl rushed to Drake, examined the second Nile-green dress. "B-but—why did she buy two—two just alike?"

DRAKE then brought from the closet a light cape—also the duplicate of Betty Carlin's cape, which hung over a chair-back. Her blue eyes were aflame with excitement now.

"Whose clothes are these?" she demanded. "Why, that is evident. They belong to Sadie Schloss. Those locked bureau drawers also must be full of her things."

"Sadie—Schloss? But who is she?"

"The girl who stole Mrs. Rosenthal's pearls last night, at the big ball on Long Island—Mrs. Morrison's supposed niece. You, Miss Carlin, were unconsciously masquerading as the niece last night, from seven o'clock until one in the morning, in full view of scores of people—an alibi in reserve for Sadie the pearl-snatcher."

Miss Carlin dropped down on the nearest chair—speechless.

I ran to the closet. A few other clothes hung there.

"But I don't see," I said, "a duplicate of that dark-blue silk which Miss Carlin has on now."

"Of course not," Drake answered. "The others, the Nile-green dress and the cape, were doubtless sent home by a messenger-boy last night. Of course the dark-blue one, the day dress, like the one Miss Carlin will wear when she is seen leaving the hotel—the duplicate of that dress Sadie Schloss would have worn tonight, to be seen coming into the hotel, after Diamond Kate would have telephoned her that Miss Carlin had gone, and that the coast was clear for the other 'niece' to return."

WHILE his client was getting her breath, Drake put the things back in the closet and relocked the door. Then he came and stood in the middle of the room, looking down at that bewildered girl in the chair. And he told her now about the dying Sadie in the hospital.

"You have certainly had an adventure, Miss Carlin, one of the strangest adventures a girl ever had! They would not have harmed you so long as you could be useful to them. Later, if you had become suspicious, your life might have been in danger, certainly."

"My—life? But why—why?" she gasped, pale to the lips now.

"Don't you understand—yet?" Drake said, kindly.

Then he turned to me. "And you, Howard?"

I could not confess, in the presence of the girl, that I had not been sure—not all the time anyway—that her strange-looking man had not returned from Canada and passed on the pearls to her this morning, as he had passed on the emerald two weeks ago. But I could admit something else, equally true.

"W—why," I stammered, "I did wonder if maybe Miss Carlin was—well, seeing things, that night on Fifth Avenue—seeing things that weren't there."

Drake looked at me. There was amazement in his dark eyes.

"But of course," he said, "the *Doppelgänger* that frowned and ran from Miss Carlin that night on Fifth Avenue was—Sadie Schloss. They say that Nature never creates two faces precisely alike, but sometimes she comes very near it—very. I could detect a few infinitesimal differences between the face of that dying girl in the hospital and the face of Miss Carlin. But to casual observers, like the waiters and door-men and bellboys and guests of this hotel, the two girls, when dressed precisely alike, would appear to be the same girl. The hotel doorman told me this morning that Mrs. Morrison's niece, in a light-green dress and a cape, went out and got into a taxi last night at a quarter to seven, but that she returned, in a taxi, at seven o'clock. Now, it was Miss Carlin he really saw, in duplicates of the other girl's clothes, at seven o'clock, when she 'just walked in as if she owned the whole place.' That clever old woman would not let her bring a suitcase."

Drake then turned to the girl: "It is clear that when Diamond Kate first saw you in the beauty-shop, three weeks ago—saw the close resemblance between you and her young pupil in theft, Sadie Schloss—she conceived a perfect alibi for her pupil in more and more daring thefts. Sadie, putting on her paint and dark wig in some place outside the hotel, could go anywhere, do anything, and so long as she was not *bodily caught*, she would have you as an alibi at the Mammoth. Oh, Diamond Kate must have trained the girl well! Only very light fingers could slip off those pearls undetected. For Sadie to mix with that crowd as an uninvited guest, and then make her get-away, was also a difficult job. Who cut off the electric lights for her, what sig-

nals were used, who the rest of the gang may be—those are questions for the police, and no part of our case. My stock is sufficiently high at Headquarters just now for having located Kate. We did not tell her that Sadie was dead. She was trying all the while to make us believe that you were the 'niece,' and she was nervously watching the door, fearing you might come in."

"But that man—that man who gave me the emerald?"

"Why, of course he was one of their gang, and he thought you were Sadie. Diamond Kate would be too clever to let him come near the hotel. He may have seen you first through the beauty-shop window, then slipped you that note that you ought not to be where you were, meaning it was too risky, no doubt. His slipping that emerald into your hand makes me certain that Sadie herself was the one who disposed of the gang's stolen jewels, sold them to some 'fence.' When the man sent you that message that he had gone to Canada, he thought he was notifying Sadie, still masquerading as the manicure girl Betty Carlin. Oh, he could easily find out the name. Diamond Kate would be much too careful to let Sadie be seen on the street, talking with one of their gang. But the cleverest criminal sometimes makes a mistake. She should have notified all her associate thieves that Sadie, like many famous people, had a double."

The manicure's eyes had grown wider and wider.

"Why, you wonderful man!" she breathed. "But what made you suspect Mrs. Morrison—last night?"

HE gave the girl an indulgent smile. "I should have investigated any stranger whose attentions to you were so marked. But when I heard her repeating 'my mind' so often, as if she were establishing my identity, I had a link with the *Doppelgänger*. So I asked the hotel detective if Mrs. Morrison's niece had been living here with her for some time. He said yes. Then I suggested the fingerprint test. Already I had taken your photograph to Police Headquarters, to see if your double was known to them; but she wasn't. By the way, Miss Carlin, you don't owe me anything for professional services. And there's a reward for that emerald—I will see that you get it. It will help to assuage your disappointment about the wealthy old lady. Now do you want to take home these pretty things, bought with Diamond Kate's money?"

There was a moment of hesitation; then she lifted proudly her little blonde head.

"Do you think I would touch them—now?"

Yes, old Patchen's "innocent-looking young lady" was honest.

"But Mr. Drake," she said with a little gasp, "it's so queer, so very queer. With that other girl dead, it's just as if I myself had been the real *Doppelgänger*—not real, of course, but you know what I mean."

Drake threw me a quick glance—he delights in these curious twists.

"Yes," he said to her, "it's just as if you had been. And even my friend Howard seems to have thought you were seeing things that weren't there. You half believed it yourself. If that strange-looking man had not slipped you the emerald, you might really have gone to a doctor instead of coming to see me. Doctors have their own excellent methods; but when a *Doppelgänger* frowns and runs from you, always consult a detective, to find out why."

Miss Carlin just stood there, looking up at him with her large round wondering blue eyes. And how that old reprobate Diamond Kate would have laughed—even on her way to jail! And she would have laughed at me, too.



DENTISTS SAY THIS TO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

You must protect your charm from the acids which attack The Danger Line

Not only are white teeth and firm, pink gums vital to charm and beauty, but physical well-being often depends upon their soundness.

With the vital fascination of good health depending on them, it is fundamental that you must guard your teeth and gums. But how are you to know the most effective method of protecting yourself?

E. R. Squibb & Sons asked the dental profession of America to settle the problem. 50,000 dentists were requested to state briefly what constituted the greatest threat to teeth and gums, and what was the best means of combating it.

95% of the answers agree that mouth acids most frequently cause tooth decay and irritated gums.

95% of the answers state that the most treacherous decay and gum

infection occur at the place known as The Danger Line where teeth and gums meet—where a tooth-brush cannot reach.

85% state that Milk of Magnesia is the best product to neutralize these dangerous acids.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in the most convenient and effective form. Each time you use it, tiny particles of the Milk of

Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice where acids can form. There these particles neutralize the acids already present, and remain for a considerable time, to neutralize any new acids that may be formed.

Squibb's Dental Cream combines all the ingredients necessary for the correct care of your teeth and gums. It is a thorough cleanser—leaves the teeth beautifully white—relieves sensitive teeth and soothes sore gums—contains no harsh grit.

Protect your health and beauty. Follow the advice of these authorities. Consult your dentist at least once every six months, and meanwhile use Squibb's Dental Cream. At all druggists—40c a tube.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York
—Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.

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SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER



Beauty is Health's Reward

Every woman knows the rewards of beauty—love and happiness—admiration wherever she goes.

But not every woman knows that, nine times out of ten, beauty itself is the reward of health.

Hence, the wise woman strives to attain the health that is the basis of all lasting beauty. She knows that one of the greatest enemies to health is the retaining of poisons in the blood.

To protect herself she uses a simple and sure precaution. It's Feen-a-mint, the Chewing Laxative. Feen-a-mint looks and tastes like a dainty chewing gum confection and contains a harmless corrective laxative prescribed by physicians, which quickly relieves internal inactivity.

Feen-a-mint is an efficacious protector of health and beauty.

A trial will prove its value to you.

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORPORATION

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THE MORAL REVOLT

(Continued from page 75)

at it. The one is flexible and free, and able to meet conditions as they exist, and to do something effective to remedy them; the other is rigid and final; it sets up a spurious claim to divine authority, and demands that the world conform. And the world, no longer to be terrified by bogies, laughs and goes its way.

Intelligent laymen are waking up to the fact that they know as much about God's will as do this element of the reactionary clergy, and this is a very healthy and hopeful condition.

When people begin to take the responsibility for their own moral decisions on their own shoulders, they will begin to be moral. Theology, masquerading as divinely revealed religion, has forbidden them that right long enough; and it has thereby produced, quite without anybody intending it, a monstrous amount of ethical impotence, stupid conduct, cruelty, fear and asinine blundering on the part of human beings who would have done well enough if they had been taught to follow that inner craving for what is just, right and beautiful, which is the common heritage of all of us.

This is in no sense to be interpreted as an attack on the clergy themselves, but simply on the system they represent and are themselves the victims of. I know many ministers who heartily agree with what I have just said, and who are eager to change the spirit and import of pastoral work in these particulars.

Those of the clergy who dissent from these ideas, and who cling to the old notions are, it seems to me, the victims of their training; and except for the fiery intolerance of some of them, I do not reproach them for that.

It is natural for men to cling to what is old and tried. They see no spirit of adventure and high purpose in these new movements of society, but only folly and threatened disaster. They always tell you that Rome fell because she accepted what they claim were ideas like these. And it is characteristic of such minds that it never occurs to them to read history and find out from competent historians and economists why Rome fell.

From start to finish I find in the thinking of such reactionaries not a spark of originality or power of growth. They have nothing but a kind of stubbornness which might pass for courage if it were not really a form of panic-stricken cowardice. But in saying this, let me again emphasize that I am here making no personal references; and though I speak plainly, it is, I hope, in no spirit of intolerance or rancor.

It takes all kinds of men to make a world, and ninety per cent of the race have had their imaginations so stifled by the traditions around them that they inevitably become conservatives.

A conservative is a person who clings to what is ready-made, because he lacks the imagination to create anything better; and he regards as reckless and irresponsible all who disturb his fancied security. He doesn't know that he is over a powder magazine, and that the radical on whom he looks with such suspicion is merely trying to get him to move to a better "ole"—concerning whose merits he is, of course, skeptical.

MY talk with Howe ended on a note that gave me something to think of, and which shed an added bit of light on what follows. I suggested that if he wanted to start a general exposure of these conditions all around, here was a good place to begin. But he became panic-stricken on the spot. It has always been my experience that in cases of this kind, "law enforcement" is

not wanted if it involves a public scandal in their church. He was extremely anxious that I should do nothing that would involve that risk. Nothing must be done that would involve exposure, even though it might mean a cleaning up of the conditions. Better that things should go on as they were than that the facts become known. They would reflect on the church and they would discredit him, and their beloved pastor, and they would alienate many of the valued parishioners.

For different reasons I was in entire accord with him that exposure in this case would do no good. My thought was that exposure would needlessly bring disgrace on people who could be set right without it. He, on the other hand, was thinking of the institutional and social interests that would be involved and more or less jeopardized. It was natural that he should feel so; and my object in pointing it out here, is to show how closely it parallels certain other experiences I have had with people who denounce me as an encourager of immorality and a lax enforcer of justice, but who want to be shielded themselves. As just observed, Mr. Howe was not the only one to throw his moral theories to the winds when it involved interests in which he was personally concerned.

What I find all along the line is that on the slightest inducement of a personal sort, these stanch and conservative upholders of the established order, these shouters for morality and law-enforcement, stand on occasion all too ready to evade the law. The law is all right—they are for it—but they don't want it to touch them. It is always for the other fellow. And the worst of it is that they are often guilty of unmitigated cruelty toward persons who overstep the bounds, and who happen to have no pull with them. They are like a certain judge I know who, I have pretty good evidence, has a store of illegally owned bootleg liquor in his cellar, and who once sentenced to prison a washerwoman who had sold a quart of whisky in her home to a prohibition agent. She had been trapped to her doom. He is great for law-enforcement when it doesn't touch himself and his friends.

In a certain large church in Denver there was a minister whom I liked very much. He was a gentle, kindly man who was gen-

uinely trying to do his work in a way that would please his Master. He and I had always been on friendly terms, but we had met only now and then. I knew that he had his doubts about my ideas of sex and sex conduct, though he approved unqualifiedly of certain other phases of my work. I may add that he numbered among his parishioners some very wealthy, powerful and important persons.

With the encouragement, I believe, of some of these important persons, he preached a great many sermons about lawlessness in Denver. He said women and children were inadequately protected, and the courts did not enforce the law. And, as I have said, he was great for law-enforcement, let the lightning strike where it would, high or low, rich or poor. He was a powerful and eloquent preacher; his sermons attracted much attention, and the newspapers gave them considerable space on Monday mornings.

Now it chanced that while this minister—let us call him the Reverend Jacob Fisk—was thundering for law-enforcement, a most tragic thing happened. The young assistant minister of Dr. Fisk's church was discovered in a serious offense, but the matter was hushed up, and the culprit left town.

All was quiet for the next six months. Dr. Fisk dropped "law-enforcement" and talked of other matters. Then suddenly he began to gather steam. I had been guilty of more leniency; and he decided it was time to castigate me from the pulpit. I had not sent certain boys to prison, and he was going to ask why.

A friend of mine, who was also a friend of Dr. Fisk, told me what was brewing. He added that Dr. Fisk seemed satisfied that it was his duty to do what he could to lessen my chances of winning the next election since he was sure I was becoming a dangerous man.

I thought a moment; then I asked my friend if he would not invite Dr. Fisk to meet me at his home that evening, that we might talk things over. He consented to this, and the meeting was arranged. When I got to the home of our common friend, I found the disciple of law and order looking a bit sheepish; for the sermon was to be preached the following night, and our friend had not known it was coming so quickly.

Later I learned that he had said to Dr. Fisk: "Don't you think you had better talk with Judge Lindsey before you prepare that sermon? He might be able to explain some things."

"Not at all," Fisk had answered. "I have all the necessary facts. I have been hearing about these sex cases and that there are no prosecutions. He puts these people on probation instead of punishing them."

When we got together, he frankly explained what he expected to say about me. It was lively stuff. I countered with various explanations; but they made little impression on him. "The law must be enforced," he said majestically, "regardless of your well-meaning theories."

"Then you would hold," I suggested, "that punishment should be meted out regardless of the rank and position of those concerned, and that not only should they be punished, but also any who may dare to stand between them and the justice they deserve."

"Certainly. The law is the law. It must be enforced."

"Has it ever occurred to you," I said, "that strict law-enforcement is impossible if you are to have even-handed justice? There are influences; for instance there is money. The poor man can't afford a lawyer, or if he does, he may get one that isn't worth his salt. The rich one may employ some man

"GOLDEN PAJAMAS"

A new adventure of John Dreve, the gallant Virginian exile whose fortunes we have followed with such interest in "The Star of the Glacier" and "For New England, Home and Glory," will be vividly described in an early issue by that prince of story-tellers

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It's a universal weakness

MAYBE you have observed that most of us are lazy even though we won't admit it.

The woman in the picture, for instance. Still in bed at one o'clock in the afternoon, although she should have ordered tomorrow's groceries, had a shampoo, visited the dentist and exchanged some purchases at the store.

Study your own character for a moment. Ask yourself if you are always prompt about attending to the little tasks of life.

It seems to be almost a universal failing to neglect them. And this applies particularly to tooth brushing—that necessary twice-a-day rite. In contemplating the task itself, we lose sight of the delightful and health giving after effects.

Recognizing this human weakness we set about to create a dentifrice to meet it—a dentifrice for busy people, for tired people—even for lazy people.

Now greater speed

A dentifrice to clean teeth quicker

than ever before. And clean them whiter.

Our chemists created formula after formula. Three were selected. Each was tried by thousands. The result was noted. Then the most perfect of the three was chosen.

Minimum Rubbing

Now we offer it to you under the name, Listerine Tooth Paste. It provides a maximum of cleansing* with a minimum of brushing. The job's over in a minute. But that clean, fresh feeling in the mouth lasts a long time.

And only 25c

Compare this dentifrice with any paste at any price. Once you use it, we will wager you'll be delighted with its results—and its economy. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

P. S.—By the way, the 25c tube of Listerine Tooth Paste is a large one.

*This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts tooth decay.



LISTERINE



"—even for lazy people"

TOOTH PASTE

— over in a minute



Have you a "YELLOW MASK"?

BE ABSOLUTELY frank with yourself.

Look in your mirror. If your teeth have a yellowish color, be it even faint, they are unlovely. Enamel is a brilliant ivory white—yours included.

*"I brush my teeth," you protest.
"Why can't they be white?"*

Because only now has dental science successfully found the means of embodying in a pleasant, tasty tooth paste the *one* substance that will remove that unsightly yellowish tint.

This substance is known as "Tri-Calcium Phosphate." Foremost dentists use it for cleaning teeth; yours, too, no doubt. And you know what a miracle of beauty he works with it.

Of course, this substance can't scratch or harm the softest tooth surface—or your dentist would never use it.

The name of the dentifrice with this marvelous "Tri-Calcium Phosphate" formula is ORPHOS Tooth Paste. Your druggist has it now.

Says one dentist

who uses ORPHOS in his chair: "8 out of 10 patients ask what it is, stating that they have never had their teeth feel so absolutely clean and smooth after a cleaning." If *one* usage does this, visualize the teeth beauty awaiting you using it *morning and night!* Exchange your "yellow mask" now for teeth with the sheen of polished pearls. Don't wait. Buy a tube of ORPHOS today—or mail coupon for generous 20-Time Tube.

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the mere weight of whose reputation can often bend a jury to his will. Even-handed justice, you can take it from me, is usually a myth; and we would perhaps get just as good an *average* of justice in this country, so far as our legal deserts go, if we all cast lots to see who was to go to prison and who was to stay out.

"Now, as to these sex cases, as you call them—and these youthful offenders. I know that some of them are among our prominent and well-to-do people, and that others are very poor. Some are from families who are having a desperate struggle to exist, and punishment visited on them will only add to their miseries.

"I, for one, don't want to send these people to the penitentiary save in cases where rehabilitation seems hopeless otherwise.

"Now, my dear Fisk, let me make a suggestion. You go ahead and preach that sermon tomorrow." It may start something. I'll profit by it. I'm willing to follow your advice and give your scheme of law-enforcement a trial if you still think I should. I'll try hitting out."

"Well," he said, evidently pleased, yet slightly puzzled at this sudden surrender on my part, "I do think you should use more severity, Judge—more severity. You can only teach these people by severe measures. And when you do, you may be sure that I will be the first to commend you for it from the pulpit."

"All right, my dear Doctor," I said cordially. "I'll do it. I believe in starting at the top in these matters, and in getting the fellows higher up first. They have much less excuse for wrongdoing than those who have never had any advantages in the way of education and right surroundings. Don't you agree that I should begin at the top?"

"By all means," he said enthusiastically. "Make an example of them. Be courageous, and don't care who you hit. Smite in the name of the Lord. There are times when it is necessary to forget the welfare of individuals and be stern."

"Quite so," I agreed. "I am glad to know that I shall have such enthusiastic support from you. Do you remember the assistant minister of your church, the one who left Denver so suddenly six months ago?"

His form stiffened and his face flushed. "What do you know about that?" he demanded.

"I know all about it, and I know how the thing was hushed up."

"I was never consulted," he said.

"Oh, yes, you were consulted," I retorted. "You were consulted, but not by me. You were consulted by certain members of your church. Do you remember? With your help and connivance, and that of certain of your influential parishioners, that fellow was put on a train and shipped out. That much you know, and you were active in it; and that makes you accessory to the fact. I can't get him, but by heavens, Doctor Fisk, I can get you; and Monday morning, after your sermon and a good night's rest, we will start to enforce the law by charging you with being accessory to his crime, for that's exactly what you were in fact and in law. Thus your prayer that the Lord make me see the error of my ways will have the immediate answer it seems to deserve."

HE sat looking at me as if I had hit him between the eyes. His face went white; his jaw dropped. "You don't mean that! You don't mean that!" he cried. "You don't understand. You know the good name of the church was at stake. See what it would mean to the church—the awful scandal that would get out."

"Yes," I said, "I suppose that is what every individual family feels; that is what every father and mother feels about their son or daughter. The law should be enforced; but *they* should be excepted. And institu-

tions are like persons in that. It's too bad that you and your church should have gotten into this mess, isn't it? For of course you see that your demand for impartial and—may I say—indiscriminate law-enforcement leaves no room for considering either your church or you.

"Now, my inclinations in the matter are quite otherwise. I am not threatening you. I don't want to charge you with being accessory in the case of your assistant, because I know that though legally you are just that, actually you are not. Nor are the parishioners, who helped you get rid of your assistant. It was all natural and human. I would no more do you such an injustice than you would do me the injustice of condemning me from the pulpit for not doing it. And so the Serpent of Evil swallows his own tail, Doctor Fisk; and if you'll come over to my court some of these days, I'll show the number of ways in which he can be made to do it."

Dr. Fisk slowly reached for his hip pocket, from which he drew nothing more illegal than a handkerchief. He mopped his brow and looked at me. "Great heavens!" he said.

The saying that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin worked out very well in this instance. Dr. Fisk and I soon found ourselves talking more or less in the same language from then on. I told him some stories of other similar cases I had dealt with—among them, for example, the story of a certain man in Denver who was put on the grand jury that was going to clean up the situation. He went about breathing fire and slaughter and threats of what he would do.

"Among the witnesses called," I went on in narrating the story, "was a sixteen-year-old girl whom this fellow had himself seduced. When she entered the room, he thought that she had come to expose him, among others, and driven by his guilty conscience he made a dive for the door, and got himself excused from the grand jury later. The girl, as it happened, had not come there to expose him, but to give other testimony, and she was immensely amused at his precipitate exit. She gave me a spirited account of it later.

"He was very prominent, my dear Fisk, very prominent, and a certain big business firm in this town would have been immensely distressed if one of its solid granite pillars had proved to be crumbling sandstone. And what is more, they would have gone to any length to muzzle any effort to expose him. They would have had an undying grudge against me if I had told on him. I knew all about it through my confidences with the girl, which I could not betray, so I never peeped—though he had it coming to him, in view of his brazen hypocrisy in being willing to send to prison men no worse than he, but who didn't happen to have his money."

"That's what it comes down to all along the line. Money and power in one form or another rise up to protect their own all along the line. And what this cry for law-enforcement on your part and on the part of your brother-ministers really means, whether you and they know it or not, is that they are too often hounding the poor and the ignorant, and are escorting the rich and powerful into heaven over a broad, smooth, gold-paved street of respectability.

"I don't particularly blame them. It is human; and they are far from realizing the true nature of the Beast, the *respectable* Beast. But it is so. And these are the things I think about when, with lies and slander, they attack me as an encourager of immorality, a preacher of free love, an advocate of trial marriage, and a conniver at lawlessness of all sorts.

"We all are the victims of conditions, my dear Fisk. I am blaming nobody, and my regard and respect for your profession

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Special Sedan

Special Six Chassis

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A Nash Contribution to American Body Craftsmanship

From all aspects this new Nash body design portrayed by the *Special Sedan* pictured above constitutes a history-making forward step in American creative body artistry.

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The *Special Sedan* on the *Special Six* chassis, displayed herewith, is superbly

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Its invitingly luxurious interior is enhanced with a real walnut steering wheel; and the inside window mouldings, door panels, instrument board, and crowned panel above the instrument board are of walnut finish.

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remains very high, even though I know the foibles of some persons in it. What do you think?"

"I wish," he said slowly, "that we could be as frank as you are, and tell the truth. I think I shall some day get the courage to preach on that."

"Good!" I said. "But be careful not to lose your job. We need you here. Too many people regard *facts*, remember, as far more offensive than crime. You can't possibly make yourself more offensive than by telling the facts."

FISK looked at me with misery in his eyes. "But why should it be so? They are good people. They mean all right. So do I. What is this invisible thing that hems us in and keeps us earthbound, so to speak?"

"I can tell you *one* of the things it is," I answered. "It doesn't mean that society is corrupt, or that organizations like the church wink at corruption or wrongdoing. It simply means that they have mapped out a program which they themselves are unable to follow, and which, with very good reason, they are unwilling to follow. The reason they can't apply it is that something within them rebels when they come to the pinch. This system of theological morality is more and more refusing to work; if you try to make it work, you destroy human beings, and you produce misery and injustice. We need a system based on love and kindness and tolerance and understanding; and these shouters for law-enforcement want that just as much as anybody, but they don't know they want it. They haven't been trained to that way of thinking."

"I could tell you many times as many experiences as I have related, and perhaps it has seemed to you that these stories I have told you have been in the nature of so many shots at respectability, and at the hypocrisy of organizations that protect their own. Not at all. I am merely trying to show you what are the fruits of an unethical system of morals they uphold. They can't make a go of it. And when things go wrong, they have to step from under. If all the laws and traditions they want enforced could be enforced,—and if society would stand for such a tyranny,—this world would be a red-hot hell, and such a breeding-place for vice and crime as would make Sodom and Gomorrah wholesome and desirable by comparison."

"Don't infer that I am not for law-enforcement. I am. But let the spirit and intent of the thing be different. People who come to me are *glad* to have the law enforced on them because it is applied in such a way as to save them and better them, and they know when I look them in the eye that such is my intention toward them."

"Let the forces of society, I say, learn a lesson from their own hypocrisies. Let them

learn how evil is the thing they avoid by their hypocrisies, and let them openly drop this dead thing, and turn to something that is alive and which is able to grow if men will but love it and cherish it."

"Above all, let's get away from the idolatry that worships the law, regardless of whether a particle of sense went into the making of it or not."

"There are a lot of people, inside the legal profession and out of it, who carry that absurd worship in their hearts, and never know what buncombe it is. And then they turn around and bewail the growing want of respect for law in this country. What do they expect, when they pass prohibition laws forbidding people to order their own conduct in the use of alcohol; and 'obscenity' laws forbidding them not to have children if they are married; and laws forbidding them to beget children if they are unmarried; and blue laws forbidding them to amuse themselves as they please on Sunday; and censorship laws telling them what they may not read, though they want to read it, or what they may not see on the stage, even though they may want to see it."

"But why continue the list? The point is that you, and your church, and the other various organizations I have mentioned, are *all* of you lacking in respect for law because the law has gotten to a point where it merits so little respect. And the reason it merits so little respect is that its prohibitions are idiotic, its punishments not curative but vengeful, and its administration managed by the very same stupid traditions that made the laws. I'm not speaking of *all* laws, mind you, but of those we, as a people, most obviously don't want and don't respect."

I LEAVE my friend Fisk here. I don't say he is converted; but I know he is interested. He too appears at the court now and then; and he hasn't preached that sermon yet. And when he does hit out at me, as he does now and then, he does it in moderation—and with a covert grin in my direction.

It was not long after this that I had my last visit with my friend Luther Burbank. I told him of my talk with Fisk. It was one of the stories I told him that led to his exacting from me the promise that I preach his funeral sermon.

When I had finished the story, Burbank could hardly contain himself. He sprang to his feet, fairly dancing with impatience.

"Why don't you write that?" he cried.

"Why don't you write that?"

"Good heavens, man," I said, "I have to hold my job and I have to live."

But here it is; and I dedicate it, for whatever it may be worth, to the memory of a man who, more than any other I have ever known, understood that whatever is at once Natural and Beautiful is likely to be Good.

THE ADVENTURER

(Continued from page 81)

could speak and tell queer stories. Any one of them might hold adventure when you came to think of it. Supposing one got, say, to Odessa, and went out of the station and down a side turning, and opened the first unfastened door one came to, and went in. What then? Something, certainly. Something strange and moving; something different from Stockwell and Bedford Street. Suppose this was the side-street in Odessa, and that house opposite, all dark but with a light in the top room, were the house; and suppose one—

At that point Adventure thrust out a finger and lightly touched him, and beckoned him to follow. Out of the recesses of a yard, whose entrance he was passing, came a hiss, a series of hisses, the soft noise with tongue and teeth by which street-boys at-

tract attention. He stopped short, startled, and went hot, as he always did when spoken to suddenly. He peered into the murky shadow of the yard. In it he could just discern the figure of a man—a little man in shirt and trousers. His braces hung behind him, and he was supporting the trousers with his hands, arms out. His hair was tousled. The face could not be seen, but in that situation the figure and attitude held a hint of something that turned the bookkeeper's stomach. What lay behind him in the yard, whether sheds or houses or emptiness, could not be seen, and before the bookkeeper could begin guessing, the hiss was repeated; and then a low whistle.

"Set!" And then "Oy!" And then, softly: "Mister! Oy! 'Alf a mo'!"

"Eh?"

Peace-of-Mind

Under Woman's Most Trying Hygienic Handicap



Enjoy peace-of-mind under the most trying of hygienic handicaps—utter and absolute protection, plus an end forever to the embarrassing problem of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

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The old-time "sanitary pad," hazardous and uncertain, has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute. Wear lightest, filmiest things, dance, motor, go about for hours without a moment's thought or fear.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal. It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

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"Ask for them by name"

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90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue



Easy Disposal
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② True protection—5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."



A Woman's Beauty Starts with HER LIPS

Fashion decrees that they must be rouged.

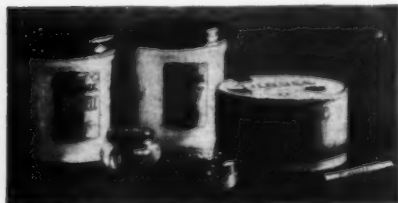
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Tangee lipstick satisfies both Beauty and Fashion—by giving lips the warm, pulsating, blushrose glow of Youth, so rich in color, and yet so natural that it cannot be told from Nature's own.

For Tangee is vastly different from any other lipstick. In an amazing way it changes color, as you put it on, from orange to rose . . . and blends with your complexion. . . . You can give your lips just a suggestion of color, or make them a deep red—it depends only upon how firmly you run the little magic wand over your lips. . . .

Ask for this astonishing lipstick today. And be sure to see the name TANGEE on the box and the chic little gunmetal case . . . for no other lipstick in the world has Tangee's remarkable property of changing color to blend with every complexion. Permanent. Price one dollar. On sale everywhere.

OTHER MODERN AIDS TO LOVELINESS
Tangee Crème Rouge \$1, and Rouge Compact 75c, the same color magic for the cheeks; Tangee DAY cream and Tangee NIGHT Cream to improve and protect the complexion, \$1 each; and Tangee Face Powder, in the five shades of Nature, \$1. Prices 25c higher in Canada.



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Please send me your trial "Tangee Beauty Set"—including Tangee Lipstick, Crème Rouge, Face Powder, Day Cream and Night Cream. I enclose 20c to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

"Ere. 'Alf a mo. I want yeh."

"What?"

"Come in a minute. I can't come outa the yard like this. I want yeh."

"Want me? Er—what—"

"Come in!" The voice was husky, but urgent. "I want ya. It's serious. Reely." He took one hand from his trousers and waved it, miming seriousness. "'Ere—guv'nor. I say—"

"Well—er—what is it? Why don't you tell me what you want?"

"I can't. Not 'ere. Come 'ere a minute. I want yeh!"

He turned away, confused. "I—I'm sorry. I—I'm in a hurry. I can't stop. I—"

"No, but Mister—my missus—"

And then, as he turned away, he saw that the horrid crouching figure was moving toward him out of the yard; and as it moved it began to run. His body went cold, and his face blue. "Here! Oy!"

But he waited for no more. In that moment the yard seemed to fill itself with a cloud of fear that shrouded unnamable things. With one swift look behind him, he turned and ran—ran down South Lambeth Road until his chest told him that he must stop. Mercifully he heard no following feet, and, looking back when near the "Swan," he saw a vague thing, with two strings hanging behind it, slink back into the yard.

HE hurried home to his lodgings in Studley Road, and when he got there he found himself stirred up and shaking. He sat down but he could not settle to his tea. The incident overclouded every corner of his mind.

It was lucky, he felt, that he'd had sense enough to run. It was smart of him to be dignified and determined, and not stop to debate the matter. A silly fellow would have stopped, and listened to the man, and got into conversation, and into God knows what afterwards. Chances were that he'd had a narrow escape from a very nasty affair. He was almost going in when the man called—almost. If the man hadn't run at him, he would; and then, who knows what might have happened? That yard—he had never noticed it before; but the horror of it, the sheer horror of its dusk and that figure! What did he want? What game was he up to? Some criminal game, you might be sure, from his secrecy and his condition and being in that place. If he hadn't run he might have been in the thick of it by now; might even have been dead. You never knew. Queer things happened in London. He saw that yard as a cavern-mouth, the lair of desperate men. At the thought that he might have got mixed up in some criminal affair, he went both hot and cold.

There might have been a gang of them, who wanted him in there to cover up some doing of their own. He remembered a play he had seen, called "The Silver King," where a man had been made drunk, and left with a dead body to be suspected of the murder. They might have got him into a dark house

or a dark shed down there, and done all sorts of things to him. You could be attacked in horrible ways in a dark house—mained, perhaps, for life, or disfigured. Or they might have tried to get him in there to play cards for a lot of money, and follow him about and wait outside his house for weeks, until he had paid. Or there might have been a private row on, and the police would have come in, and he'd would have been drawn into it as one of them, and taken to court, and his name and story printed in the papers for people to laugh at his disgrace. Or it might have been one of those gangs that he had read about that would get you drunk and make you do something, and then blackmail you and terrorize you all your life. You never knew. It was just in ways like that, getting into talk with queer people, that men got drawn into messes that they never heard the last of. Supposing he had been fool enough to answer that man and go into the yard—it might have been the end of everything that made life agreeable. He might never have known another minute's peace.

The way the man had run at him. . . . Clearly he had some guilty secret that he wanted to share or dispose of; anybody in his senses could see that by his manner. Speaking about his "missus" was, of course, a blind. These crooks used any trick to get hold of people. Think of the dirty business that might have happened—a dead woman—perhaps a dead child—perhaps a hoard of stolen goods that they wanted to leave him with. Perhaps—

Ugh! He tried to shake off the memory, but it wouldn't go. He felt too queer to take his usual glass at the little place round the corner, and at last, to escape from its oppression, he took down a book describing a journey from China to Lhasa in disguise.

THAT was six months ago. And now, whenever he is in company where adventures are spoken of, his eye lights up, he nods wisely, and he thrusts a finger into the group with: "Ah—talking of adventures reminds me. You don't need to go abroad for adventures. London's full of 'em. Give you an instance." Then, with the ring of self-conviction in his voice: "I had an adventure some time back. In an empty house. Not far from here, neither. Really it's a wonder I'm alive today. I was coming down Vauxhall Bridge Road, when a man came out of a yard. It was night, mind you, and dark. He came out of a yard and called me. I went in. And he took me to an empty house in that yard. And when he struck a match, I see on the floor of the downstairs room, the body of a woman, bleeding from the throat. He never spoke. Then two other men come in and they never spoke neither. Well, when they came in, I saw there was going to be trouble, and I turned to bolt. And then the match went out and they came for me. Three of 'em! In the dark! I shall never forget that struggle as long as I live. Have one with me, and I'll tell you about it."

MOONLIGHT ALL THE WAY

(Continued from page 69)

peering out from romantics. I made a grasp at it. "How fast? I mean, how fast do you think you went on canals?"

"Well—you can guess how fast a pair of horses could pull a good-sized boat. Or mules. I'd sit up on the back with Sam. They had the cabin there. The top was flat—just a little flat-topped house. We'd watch the trees in the water. The willows would hang down so you could pull the leaves off. My, it was green. The Middle West is about the loveliest place in the world in June, I guess. The captain of the Ohio boat was a young man, not much

older than Sam. He was full of fun. We'd all sit out there nights, and he'd play on the guitar. He played real well. And we'd sing. Sam had a fine baritone voice. He'd sing the verses, and we'd all join in the chorus."

Once more I tried for specifications. "How were the accommodations? Beds comfortable?"

"They were all right. I don't suppose you'd call them anything wonderful, but they were good enough."

"Food?"

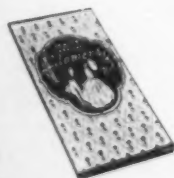
"It all tasted good." Once more that slow smile. "We—we didn't notice much



And he said it with Flowers

" the flowers you sent are simply *won-der-ful* a perfect match for the new dress! You do think of the nicest things I love you for always remembering not to forget"
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always wire flowers. This service was instituted by the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association, comprising thousands of bonded members in the United States and Canada. They send flowers to all parts of the world.



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GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM

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We were pretty happy, you know, just to be let alone on our honeymoon. And going off on a big adventure like that."

I grinned. "I should say so. Now, tell me, Gramma, how long did it take you from Utica to Coshocton?"

She didn't answer. I thought she hadn't heard. I repeated my question, crescendo.

MONTY OF THE "Y" BENCH

(Continued from page 96)

used to. Even the short scrap him and Bearpaw'd had seemed forgotten, and the two was often seen talking together.

BUT with all the peace that seemed to be with the outfit we wasn't forgetting that His Lordship still had it in his mind to change things to his plans. He was doing a lot of studying and figgering, and even though he kept quiet and acted more sociable, we knewed that most any time he'd be up with some new idea. And sure enough here he come with one one day.

It was the last day of the spring round-up. We'd covered the whole range, and the wagon was on the turn, back for the home ranch. We was branding that spring's last calves, and His Lordship had been there to see it done.

"Well, that's the last one," says Bearpaw as he pulled the branding-irons out of the fire.

"And I'm glad of that," chips in His Lordship as he watched the calf get up and lope away towards his mammy.

"I never did like the idea of branding," he goes on. "It seems unnecessary and cruel, and I hope that in the next round-up we have we can think of some other way of marking the animals."

Bearpaw looked under his hat-brim at the few of us that was around and winked, the same as to say: "It's come." Then he turned towards His Lordship and asked:

"And how are you going to do that?"

"Well, there ought to be some way," says His Lordship. "I've thought of a few, such as keeping the cattle under fence, or just placing tags in their ears."

"That sounds all right," says Bearpaw, "but it don't work so good. Putting a tag in a critter's ear has been tried on the range, and so has other schemes to eliminate branding, and the only result that ever got was a lot of cattle missing and a few losing lawsuits on account somebody appropriated 'em."

"Supposing for instance," went on Bearpaw, getting interested in the subject, "that you was walking on some street with a pocket full of twenty-dollar gold-pieces, and you happened to run across another gold-piece a-laying right there on the sidewalk, wouldn't you naturally think it was yours? Well, it works the same way with range stock. When a cow-man rides out on his range and spots a critter with big long ears a-staring at him, and no brand on its hide, he's going to whistle through his teeth at the sight and wonder how in the samhill he ever happened to miss that critter. He'll naturally think it's his whether it is or not, and he wont lose no time dabbing his line on that parcel of beef and putting his iron on it; then he don't have to doubt whether it is his or not. The cow-man that does that is a good business man. He's not cheating anybody, no more than you would when you pick up that twenty-dollar gold-piece on the sidewalk."

"But," says His Lordship, "what about the tag on the animal's ear? Wouldn't that identify it?"

"Sure it would, if the tag would stay there, but as a rule it don't," says Bearpaw. "Cattle rub 'em off, and there's nothing to show a tag ever was there only a little

"How long?" she repeated. "Oh, not very long—not long enough."

"A month?" I persisted.

"Yes—a month mebbe." She took off her glasses, and peered past me.

Then, with the utmost simplicity and conviction, she added: "And it was moonlight all the way."

hole in the ear, or a slit where it'd been caught on a snag and was pulled off. And even if the tag did stay on, look at all the hide that's left without a brand, and it'd sure be pickings for a cattle rustler to come along, take off that little tag, put on a real earmark and then slap his running iron on that critter's ribs. With all that done, where is your evidence that that critter ever was yours?"

"Bah Jove, that sounds reasonable," says His Lordship. He thought on the subject a spell and then he played his last card.

"The only safe way, then," he says, "would be to fence the country and keep all the cattle inside."

"You couldn't do that very well unless you want to spend thousands of dollars on fences. Your land is too scattering, and a lot of it aint worth fencing on account it takes too many acres to carry a critter through, and is fit only as open range. Then again, a fence don't always hold cattle; and if any of your unbranded stuff ever got out and mixed in with the outside cattle, I'm thinking a good many of 'em would be bearing somebody's iron mighty quick and you'd be left without a lot of cattle."

Another one of His Lordship's plans had run up against a snag and evaporated into thin air; he wasn't taking it very good-natured, either, and as he turned to walk away, he was heard to say one little word:

"Hell!"

We was surprised at the sound of such a word from His Highness, and Bearpaw grinned.

"And if it'll help you any," says that cowboy as a wind-up, "I'd like to inform you that the cow-business has been improved all it can, and by experienced men who grewed up in the game. If you was to do any changes, you'd find you'd have to cut your herd down to just a few, give them few a name and a barn, and then your layout would turn into ranches, and farms, irrigation ditches, and fences. It wouldn't be a cow-outfit no more."

It struck us as sort of comical the way His Lordship was taking it all, and still it was sad too. We felt sorry for him, in a way, 'cause it don't make a feller feel good to have all his plans scatter four ways, and fall flat, the way His Lordship's had.

"But," says Bearpaw, after His Lordship had gone, "it all stands to reason that a cow-outfit can't be run the way he wants to; it'd be like trying to row a boat on the Red Desert."

THAT was easy for us to agree to, but not for His Lordship. We could see he tried to take it all good-natured, but it was hard for him to hide his feelings sometimes. He rode by himself most of the way the next day as the round-up wagon and remuda headed for the home ranch, and when we got there, he unsaddled his horse and hid for the big house without saying much.

There he sort of hid himself, and it was a couple of days before we seen enough of him to talk to. That day he stopped to confab a spell with Bearpaw and then got out a big car, telling the cowboy he was going to town.

"Is there anything we need that I can bring out?" he asks as he speeded up the engine.

The same delicious magic you loved in costly French Soaps

From France comes the
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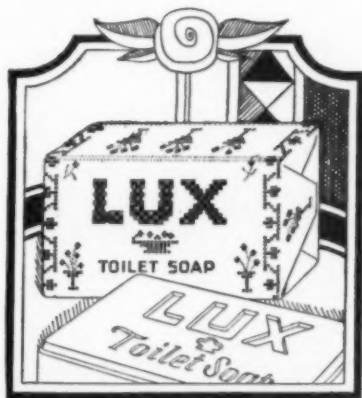
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It tends your skin the true French way

able cosmetics are of little use unless the skin itself is smooth, exquisite.

Your white fingers, pink-tipped, delighted, recognize Lux Toilet Soap in-



Yesterday • 50¢ for a French
toilet soap Today • the same
luxury for • 10¢

stantly as true *savon de toilette*, made the famous French way.

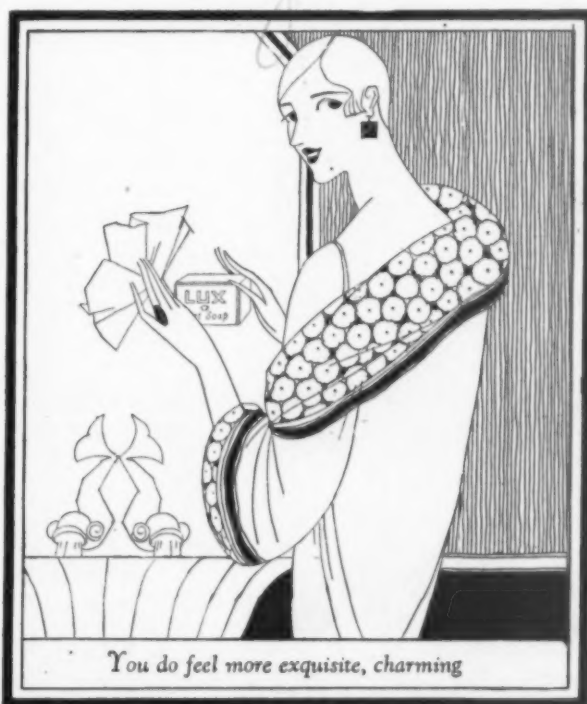
Firm, fine-textured, snowy, Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way. Its caressing, instant lather (even hard water can't quell it) gives you that same luxurious, cared for feeling you adored after costly imported soap. Its evasive fragrance, like the *Bois* in Springtime! You do feel more exquisite, lovelier—more gaily ready to captivate the world.

FRANCE with her passion for perfection—America with her genius for achievement make Lux Toilet Soap, the new *savon de toilette*, at just ten cents! All the family may use this delicious soap.

Firm, generous, Lux Toilet Soap is in your hands, in your deep delicious bath, proudly in your lovely bath room and you know you are not extravagant! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



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This treatment leaves your scalp tingling with new vitality. Used regularly it destroys dandruff infection and stimulates hair-nourishing circulation.

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ED. PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine

"Well, you can bring out some salt if you want," says Bearpaw. "It'd save sending a wagon in, and the thoroughbred herd is needing of some mighty bad."

He said he would, and away he went. A few days went by, and when His Lordship came back, most of the boys was scattered out to different cow-camps of the Y-Bench range, riding line and branding up the few calves that'd been missed. A few had quit with the idea of taking on a few contests and rodeos during the summer, and outside of Bearpaw, there was only myself and another rider left at the home ranch. We was breaking horses.

The three of us, and a few ranch hands, was coming out of the cook-house when we see His Lordship driving up. As he drove his car close to us and stopped, we noticed he looked peeved again.

"These cattle towns don't seem very well aware of the needs of the country around them," he begins. "I've gone to every drug-store in two towns to get the amount of salts necessary for the cattle, bought out all I could find, and had to come back with only fifty pounds of the bally stuff."

"Did you say salts?" asks Bearpaw, squinting at him.

"Why, yes," says His Lordship. "Wasn't that what you wanted?"

We hardly believed what we heard, and the only natural thing to do then was to look in the car, and sure enough, the back end of it was loaded with packages and packages of neat little red cardboard boxes, and on each and all of them was writing that told of the purity of the contents and a warning to "Beware of Inferior Brands."

BEARPAW and me both stargazed at the loadful for a spell, and then we looked at one another. There was a roar from Bearpaw about then that must of echoed for four counties around, and that cowboy just plumb doubled up.

We forgot all about how His Lordship would feel at us laughing that way, and right then we didn't care much. It was too good a joke to take serious, and the only one that was serious was His Lordship himself. He couldn't understand and glared at us for a minute; then he got red in the face and drove away, madder than ever.

"I'm thinking," says Bearpaw as we walked towards the corrals, still laughing, "that His Nibbs don't just appreciate the joke."

Many days went past, and we didn't get to see His Lordship no more. We figured us a-laughing at him the way we had was a little more than he could stand, and he'd just hit out to sort of live it down, but we was wrong. Old Jim Larsen rode in at the home ranch one evening and stayed the night with us, and he told us how His Lordship had come to his place and visited with him one whole day.

It seemed like, as old Jim said, that His Lordship was out to get information on the general running of a cow-outfit. He had

been gathering that from old-timers around, and from all indications was headed out to visit a duke or something who like himself had left his castle and bought a cow-outfit somewheres in Canada. This duke had been in the country many years; no doubt his experiences would prove valuable to His Lordship.

A WHOLE month went by, then another, and yet no Lordship showed up. The fall work would soon be starting now, and we hoped to see him back soon, but it was away in the middle of September, with the *remuda* gathered, and the round-up wagon, with all hands present, ready to pull out, before we see the big car of His Lordship's make a dust towards the ranch.

The car came to a stop by the corral where us boys had been busy; His Lordship clambered out and he was packing a grin the likes of which we never thought we'd see on a face like his, and then he says:

"Howdy, boys!" That was another surprise. And he went on before we had a chance to return his greeting:

"I've brought a couple of friends which I'm sure you will all be glad to see again, and I want to present them to you according to their position. This gentleman," he says as he opens the back door of the car, "is the new superintendent of the Y-Bench, Mr. Saunders, and this young man is Mr. Buttons, who has consented to take his former job as the horse-wrangler for the same company."

His Lordship stepped to one side, and there a grinning from ear to ear stood our old cow-foreman, who'd been let go when His Lordship had took it onto himself to handle the outfit, and beside our old foreman, who now was promoted to superintendent, stood "the kid," our little horse-wrangler.

To see them all a-standing there, along with realizing what their presence meant, was sure a surprise to us, more so with the transformed features of His Lordship.

We all stood around sort of paralyzed for a spell, and then Bearpaw took the lead, and we shook hands all around, His Lordship included, and for the first time.

"The Y-Bench has had a very narrow escape," says His Lordship as we all gathered at the bunkhouse that night, "all due to my inexperience, and I am very grateful to you boys for what you done to save it. From now on I'm willing to resign as cow-foreman and be only the interested owner, and if Bearpaw here will take the position I tried but failed to fill, I would be very pleased."

Bearpaw stood up and spoke. "And I'd be mighty pleased to accept, Mr.—" He stopped.

"My name is Montgomery," says His Lordship, "and I would like to have that remembered by all of you."

"All right, Monty," says Bearpaw, grinning.

And from then on His Lordship was always spoke to and as Monty, on the Y-Bench range.

Courtney Ryley Cooper

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THE RED DIAMONDS OF RUNA

(Continued from page 58)



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get her to understand. The maneuver she understood, since it was well within common native customs; but the business of going after the diamonds, anywhere, anyhow, seemed to stick in that wrinkled old throat of hers. Obaba didn't know what a diamond was, had never seen one, and though she must have heard Jacob tell the incredible story of the Russian yacht a hundred times, to various unbelieving hearers, I do not think she had ever fairly grasped it. Yet the miserly instincts of the old creature were all on the alert; blindly she understood that something of value was to be found and taken away from Runa Island, and she was all agog to keep it back.

I told her she would have her share, though she had no more right to a share than anybody else had—I, or Dimmi, or the Soviet of Moscow; but it was findings keepings, in this case. My promise went over her head like the wind over the palm trees. She stuck it out that nobody was to go looking for her property in her waters; and meantime the white-gold sun was climbing down and down the sky, and the lugger from Thursday Island, manned by colored divers with proper outfits, might prick up over the rim of the horizon and bear down upon us at any moment.

I grew desperate at last. "Look here," I told her, using the pigeon-English that is so easy to talk and so hard to reproduce, "if you want to have Dimmi killed, you're going the right way about it. He and I mean to try for the necklace, whether you help or whether you don't. If you want come along, your Dimmi will be eaten, ten to one. Have it your own way."

She flung her withered arms above her scarred head—the mutilated finger showing horribly—and called down curses in native on me. Then I knew that at last she had given in.

WE got the canoe, and went over to the place where, near twelve years before, the fair-haired girl had leaped to death. The story all fitted, when one thought it out. Storm in the night—dragging anchor—yacht blown out to sea, and later wrecked in Torres Straits; there couldn't have been any attempt at recovery. If the necklace had ever been there, it was there still. And if the wretched Dimmi had not inherited his father's long tongue, the colored men of "T. I."—so much better fitted than whites to disentangle the boasts and dreams, and tales, half-truths, whole lies, of colored folk, would not have known anything about the matter, and we should have had time and opportunity to carry out our search in the only safe, proper way.

Well, as it was—

"See here," I lectured Dimmi, when we were stripped, and had moored the canoe just above the spot where, in three or four fathom, the red diamonds were supposed to lie, "we'll go over it again, to avoid mistakes. Make this clear first—you are not to go down, if you don't like. I'd be glad of all the help I can get, but—"

"Oh, I going, sir," he said with a slight swagger. "I think you know a pretty damn' lot about sharks, and as for that bad luck, well, I don't like it, but I don't like those Thursday Islanders getting anything they don't deserve; they wouldn't share with me, sir. I'll go down."

He was afraid, greatly afraid, I could see; he had given in almost weakly, as half-castes do; but I reckoned we were sharing risks equally, and anyhow he had had fair warning.

"This is it, again," I said. "Listen, you and Obaba: We go down, and she keeps a lookout. If she sees a shark anywhere, she is

to put her mouth down to the water, and hoot—like this." I put my lips to the green sea-surface, and made a hideous roaring noise.

"That carries under water; we should hear it again. Then if she sees a shark, she is to beat hard with her paddle on the side of the canoe, to scare him away."

"Scare him away," repeated Dimmi obediently. I don't know how much of this was new to him; at all events he had the courtesy to pretend that it all was.

"If we hear the warning," I went on, "we lie right down on our faces on the bottom, and don't stir for our lives, till she's had time to scare him off. He can't see you if you lie flat, but if you get up, even a little bit—"

"I know that," broke in Dimmi. "Everyone know that; but it's hard, sir; I reckon a man would feel his bones turn to water, as they say in the Psalms, if one shark come."

"Well," I said, "that's it, and that's all. They told me about the dodge in Sumatra, and they're good men with sharks about there—good skin divers, too. But I reckon we'll see no sharks. People always exaggerate that risk. And as for bad luck, if there ever was any hanging on to those things, why, we'll change it, only let us get 'em. Now, off we go, and don't anybody forget anything."

I REMEMBER the look of him beside me, a slim, splendid creature carved in bronze, his deltoid muscles standing out like epilettes, his legs clinched over both sides of the narrow canoe, as the horsemen in the Elgin marbles clinch their steeds. He was tying up the knot of his loin-cloth ready for the plunge, as I went down.

I am a good swimmer and diver. To get down to bottom in twenty-five or thirty feet of warm water, well lit with tropical sun, is no very great feat for a fair performer, and I was in good practice. I bottomed it pretty easily, saw nothing of sharks, and found the hole under the spring rock, without much trouble. After twelve years, I didn't expect to see the necklace hanging on a stone or anything of that sort. I made a general reconnoiter, decided where I was going to look next plunge, and came up to the surface for air.

Dimmi had come up a little after me; was striding the canoe again, his big brown chest heaving like the sides of a fish just landed.

"See anything?" I asked him. I was beginning to like this Dimmi; slack-mouthed, superstitious creature that he was, he had pluck stowed away somewhere after all. If I had been half as afraid of sharks and of omens as Dimmi was, not a foot would I have dipped into the water. And he was not greedy; in the simplest manner he had joined in my adventure, without making terms of any kind. He only wanted to make sure that those blankety-blanks of the Island would not get anything.

"It's a good place," he answered me. "There's just a little run of water there, enough to keep the sand and dirt away; clean rock, sir. It all sloping down just a little bit to that stick-up rock. I think if we don't find it there, we don't find it nowhere."

"That's my opinion," I said, and lit a cigarette. Dimmi was just reaching forward for a match, when he paused, and remained frozen for a moment, hand out, and head half turned. Following his eye, I saw something that induced me to let forth a long whistle.

"Down again, Dimmi," I cried. "We'll do them yet!"



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POUDRE DE TALC

BEYOND the palm-trees, over the horizon, there had arisen two little butterfly wings of sail. The luggers, with their apparatus of machinery and gear, were already coming!

We bottomed it much quicker this time. There was plenty of light; our diving glasses, tightly strapped over our eyes, enabled us to see almost as well as on land. We reached the rock pinnacle together, and with one consent began to circle round it, Dimmi taking one side, I the other. Heads down, hands groping, feet waving high up like fishes' tails, we must have made a queer picture to Obaba, up there in the canoe. I for one was so busy keeping my wind (I had been down near a minute) and groping about under the stone, that I did not at first realize the meaning of the queer, trumpeting sound that by and by, crept down to my ears. I believe I thought at first it was some sea-beast. . . . Then suddenly, the truth struck me like a blow. It was Obaba, with her mouth to the water, signaling: "Shark!"

Instantly I brought down my legs, caught them, after an effort, under the edge of the big rock, and clawing into the small stones and crevices of the bottom, held myself flat, face down. You cannot, unless you are a professional acrobat, lie on your back under water. It is very hard to lie at all—not impossible, however, when you know that there is, somewhere within ten or twenty yards of you, a gray sea-devil with a gape full of tiger's teeth, trying to find you.

And now I knew that my life, and Dimmi's, depended on just how far the stories I had been told were true—also, on just how long, with crackling lungs, I could hold my breath, lying there with face buried in the stones of the sea-bottom, and feeling, in every joint of my naked spine, the shuddering certainty that something I could not see would presently sight me and crunch me like a sardine. . . . It was then that I understood to the full Dimmi's grisly quotation about a man's bones turning to water.

All the din that Obaba had made before was nothing to the row she proceeded to kick up now. One would have thought—had one been capable of thinking—that her fierce blows would stave in the canoe; and every now and then, through the water, came again the unearthly bellowing sound that showed she had recklessly put down her mouth to the sea-surface, in the hope of scaring the shark away. I heard it all, with senses dulled by terrible pressure on lungs and heart. I was clearly conscious of only one thought, one impression—I must keep down.

THEY had always told me that the man who can hold his wind for a minute or two, lying prone and avoiding all temptation—and my God, what a temptation it was to raise his head and look about—would get away safe, if only the helper above did his duty.

I clawed tighter and tighter into the stones and small gravel—they were sharp; I felt them cutting my embedded face and hands—and kept my wind, until I knew for certain that another twenty seconds under water would mean death. The sounds above had ceased; Obaba no longer banded and bellowed. "Now!" I told myself with a last, drowning spasm of conscious thought, and shot to the surface.

Something else shot with me, making a torpedolike rush that swirled the water about so that one could not see anything save circling lines of light, with one huge shadow in the midst. My head popped into sun and open air; I snatched at the canoe, and swung myself aboard. With me came a head shaped like the nose of a racing speed-car, that flung itself out of the water, and snapped, just as a dog snaps—only the sound

of the closing jaws was like the slam of an iron gate.

They missed me—just. Obaba gave a yell, and I saw that Dimmi was crouched astride of the canoe. He had come up before me; and Obaba whether by accident or design I cannot say—though I rather think the last—had ceased her warnings as soon as she saw her son above water. Clearly, I didn't matter.

I HUNG on to the canoe, sprawling, gulping air, and not at all sure, for the minute, where I was or what I was doing. The shark rose again, again snapped, with that fearful clashing sound. Obaba hit it violently with the paddle, and then began working to shore, screaming as she went, like a train running into a tunnel. Native women can paddle, but never before had I seen anything like the speed that Jacob's widow hit in one stroke, and kept going till we grounded on the beach.

"Are you all right, Dimmi?" I cried. He was still perched astride the narrow canoe, facing me as he went; he had lobbed curiously to one side, and his face was yellow underneath the bronze.

"I think so, sir," he answered me dully. "He bite me a little, though—something wrong with my leg, maybe; I feel it very cold." Immediately he toppled, and fell into the shallow water.

I reached out and caught him. My heart seemed to stand still as I saw that the shallows were turning red. Something dropped from my hands as I pulled Dimmi back onto the canoe—a fistful of little hard stones that I had mechanically clutched, down on the bottom, and hadn't, until now, let go.

They tumbled into the shallow water, and lay there sparkling.

I didn't know, till long after, that I had seen them. In that moment I was conscious of nothing but the fine bronze body of Dimmi, lying across the canoe, with one leg gone. . . .

Obaba had done it. If she had not been so ready to cease beating and shouting when her son came to the surface,—if she had not

deliberately abandoned me and left me to chance and fate,—that gray-nosed tiger would not have followed me; missing me, he would not have snapped at Dimmi, carelessly seated astride the canoe.

Past helping, now. Past all remedy. The mother could shout and wail, could beat her ugly face,—so strangely like the handsome face drooped over the gunwale of the canoe,—tear her breast with her nails, call down curses on me, on the shark, on the whole island of Runa, without avail. Dimmi, scarce conscious of the shearing bite that had torn away a limb, had bled fatally before we knew of it; and his slack, gentle nature, unfit for any struggle, was already giving in to the end. I put a tourniquet on as soon as I had him ashore, but the bite was right through the thigh and no amateur surgery of mine availed to stop the fearful flow from severed arteries and veins.

The tourniquet but tortured uselessly, and when Obaba angrily pulled it off, I let her be. So, in a minute, on the blood-marked sands beneath the palm-trees, silently Dimmi passed.

OBABA picked him up in her old arms—she had the strength of ten in those lean, aged limbs—and staggered with him toward the house, tearing the air with her screams. I sat down, faint, on the curving root of a palm, for I was badly shaken; and what I did for the next minute or two matters to no one. I could have liked Dimmi; I liked him much. . . .

It was the sight of the luggers from Thursday Island, coming in fast, that roused me. I got up and turned, not without repugnance, to the shallow where the string of stones showed dimly, under veils of floating red. For quite a little while, I stood staring at it, seeking for spirit enough to pluck it out.

Chance had brought it to me; I knew that I might have hunted fruitlessly, for days, about the foot of the big boulder, without lighting on what one moment's frozen clutch at the sea-bottom had casually given. It was chance, too—surely nothing else—that had given me the jewels then stained—red diamonds, in truth.

I picked up the string at last, washed it in deep clear water, and held it to the sun. So little, to mean so much! There were but sixteen stones in all; a "collet" necklace, perfectly matched, the jewels, brilliant-cut, about as big as shillings. It was not for weeks after that I learned just what value the market puts on flawless, mated jewels of such a size. I had imagined a mass of gems as large as walnuts, worth perhaps ten thousand. The collet necklace was comparatively small, but it brought near fifty thousand, in the end; and I did not get half its worth.

HAVE I found my dream? Am I the master of a kingdom far away, captain of my life, tamer of new lands, rover, adventurer? Why, no. A little stroke of luck would have done that for me; but with an invested income of two thousand a year, who could be wanderer any more? I am getting middle-aged, perhaps too soon; I am plump, respectable. Life is safe, even if it doesn't seem interesting. I pensioned Dimmi's widow. I don't know what became of the gems, after I sold them. They may or may not have kept their name and reputation; I hope, anyhow, they killed off one or two of the scoundrels who cheated me in the matter of price.

Sometimes I see them in the night again. Sometimes I fancy they are red indeed, red with the blood of murdered dreams—my dreams. But in the morning I know that is absurd.

Another of Beatrice Grimshaw's captivating stories of South Seas life will appear in an early issue.

F. Britten Austin

The distinguished author of "A Saga of the Sword," "Diamond Cut Diamond," "The One-eyed Moor" and many another memorable story has recently completed for our readers what we are inclined to regard as his best story so far. In an early issue, this fascinating drama of a mystery aboard a great passenger liner will appear under the significant title—
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*Page 4000
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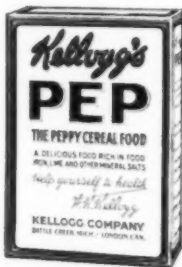
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F A L L E N A N G E L S

(Continued from page 47)

there's an effect, there's bound to be a cause? Well, suppose we get down to cases. Your name isn't James Roberts. If you served in France, you didn't serve with the pitying officer who pleaded with Mantolini in your behalf. And so you are wondering why. Fair enough; I'd be doing plenty wondering myself if I were in your place."

He leaned back and glanced around the restaurant. Save for the waiter who, sensing a tip rather larger than usual, hovered discreetly out of earshot, and for the cashier who sat upon a high stool near the door, the place was deserted at this mid-afternoon hour. Assured against the possibility of an eavesdropper, my host leaned forward.

"I've said your name isn't Roberts. I don't care a damn what it really is." His voice, that had been indifferent, suddenly hardened. "All that matters to me is that you're a desperate criminal, with ten years hanging over your head if you let your foot slip. In fact, your foot doesn't have to slip. Just let word get to Mantolini that you were released because of an error, and Sing Sing has another boarder."

"And is the Judge likely to hear of his mistake?" I inquired.

"Now, there's a streak of everyday common sense sticking right out of the philosopher's hide. Is he likely to hear? Young fellow, he isn't likely, he's certain, unless that streak of common sense proves to be just as wide as your carcass."

"Sometimes it's a good method," I said coolly.

"Reading from left to right, I don't get that remark," he said.

"I mean that threatening in advance sometimes is effective," I explained.

"Also meaning that you don't scare easy, eh?"

"Go on with your story; you interest me," I said.

"Don't worry about that; there's one thing my worst enemy won't say about me—that I'm a bore. But, even at the risk of tiring you, I'd like to get the situation clearly in your mind. You're no fool. You tumbled right away that I was on your trail. And you don't panic easy, either. Many a man would have run himself into a lather trying to make a get-away. He wouldn't be curious, as you were, about the who and the why."

"You've got nerve and sense—sense enough, I guess, to realize that I wasn't the only one following you."

"The interest shown in me is flattering," I smiled.

"And it isn't going to end, my boy," he assured me. "If you like, you can plume yourself on the fact that no king or president is watched as carefully as you are."

"All right; you've given me the synopsis; continue." I assumed a nonchalance that I assure you I was far from feeling. For the impalpable evil that surrounded my host now seemed to become something physical which touched and soiled me. And evil can have no good purpose. What, then, was evil doing with me?

"Maybe you read the synopsis too quickly," he suggested. "You ought to have it all clear in your head."

"I tell you, I don't scare easily. Go ahead and speak your piece," I said impatiently.

"All right," he told me; "you're going to be married this afternoon."

sway, multiplying neuroses had undermined my mental stability. It's a dreadful thing, comprehensible only to those unfortunates who have experienced it, to have the social and financial props kicked out from under one. The moral prop is apt to follow, and if it does not, the struggle to keep it in place is mentally exhausting.

Oh, yes, my nerves were ragged. And yet I laughed in my fat host's face. Dulled though my sense of humor was, his statement released dammed springs of mirth, and I rocked back and forth in merriment.

My host contemplated the tip of his cigar. "Some take it one way and some another," he sagely commented. "Myself, the only time I'll ever use a minister will be at my funeral. However, I suppose a happy bridegroom is according to the book."

I WIPE my eyes. All the menace seemed to have departed from my companion. Melodrama had suddenly degenerated into gorgeous burlesque.

"And I suppose I'm the long-lost heir to the throne of Slovenia, and you're going to awaken my dimmed memory by love, gentle love?" I laughed.

"That's where you're betting on a scratched horse. This ceremony isn't going to disturb your memory at all; in fact, you're going to forget all about it."

"Oh, it's one of those affairs where the bridegroom is torn from the arms of his protesting bride?" I chuckled.

He shook his head. "You're wrong again. You aren't torn, and the bride doesn't protest. You waltz right in, and you turn around, and you waltz right out again."

"Where are your studios?" I jeered.

He smiled, but there was not the slightest gayety in the mechanical movement of his thin lips; nor was there any jocularity in his voice as he answered me.

"I know, a lot of people mistake me for Mack Sennett, only the ones I hit don't brush apple-pie off them, and they don't play in any more scenes."

Ever since I had discovered that I was being followed, I had been racking my brain for explanation. Now I wondered if my vis-à-vis were mad. But unless the possession of criminal tendencies is in itself madness, there was nothing insane about him. My mirth dissipated itself; my Gargantuan merriment thinned, died completely away.

My host nodded wisely. "I thought you'd appreciate what a serious proposition marriage is, after you thought about it a minute."

"But you'll admit that there's a certain amount of humor in the suggestion," I ventured. "And now that it's been suggested, and I have quit laughing, suppose you tell me all about it."

"Just an asking kid, aren't you? You're out of jail; you're full of food; and you're smoking the best cigar you ever clamped your teeth on. A lot of people in your position would be so glad at the things they'd escaped that you couldn't dig a question out of them with dynamite."

"Still," I mildly protested, "marriage is a serious thing."

"So's ten years in Sing Sing," he retorted. "You mean it's a choice?" I asked.

"Quick-witted lad."

I pushed my chair back. "You're a stranger to me. You've—I'm taking your word for it—got me out of jail, and you've fed me. I just can't endure further obligation. To owe you, in addition to my present debt, a wife as well—"

"Stubborn, aren't you? Just can't get it through your head that I'm serious," he said. "Well, the strongest argument is money. How would you like to have ten grand?"

"The bride comes to me with a dot?" Despite the incredibility of the situation, I was beginning to believe in his seriousness. And if my words were light, my tone was not.

"Dot or dough, they're pronounced the same and they mean the same. Ten grand, young fellow. Ten thousand berries, and no one to holler at you that you've been robbing the orchard."

"The cost of living has gone up," I reminded him. "One can hardly keep a wife on the income of ten thousand."

"A forgetter as well as an asker. Didn't I tell you that this bride does no clinging? You marry her and get out. She never sees you again, and you never see her. Why, there's a million husbands would jump at a chance like that." Once again the thin lips curled in external gayety.

"Sounds ideal." I fell into his humor. "But somehow it doesn't appeal to me. I'm much obliged and everything like that, and the memory of this meal will sadden me when you're hanged."

I had risen to my feet as I spoke, was even tentatively extending my hand to him. But at the glare in his eyes my fingers clenched. Instinctively I prepared to defend myself, for if ever red murder stared from a man's eyes, it looked at me now.

"Sit down, you wise-cracking yegg," he ordered. "Have you turned simple? Do you think you are taking part in a turn in a four-a-day house? What sort of a small-town yap are you? Do you think the hand that yanked you out of Sing Sing never wore a set of brass knuckles? If Mantolini can be reached, and Mannheim muzzled, don't you suppose you can be fired?"

"Do you suppose we went to all this trouble simply to hear you say, 'No, thank you'? Because I've had time to kill, I've been willing to kid with you. I didn't intend to pick you up until about this time. We just meant to keep in touch with you, to see that you didn't go anywhere that we didn't want you to go. But you forced the play by dancing up to me on the Avenue, and it didn't do any harm to chin with you. You talked like you had plenty sense. But a sap that lets himself get grabbed by a clerk isn't any too brainy. You don't seem to get it through your noodle that this isn't some kind of a joke. Well, act as though it's a joke. Walk out of this place, as you just started to do, and see how far you get. Turn around—take a look at the door. You'll see a tall, thin guy pass by in about ten seconds. Wait a moment after that and watch for a squat little man. Don't take my word for it; look!"

ALMOST hypnotized by his quick ferocity, I obeyed him. The tall, thin man passed on, and a moment later a long-armed, chimpanzee-like man went by. And both of them glanced inside.

"Arrest if I give the signal: that's what they'll do," my host promised me.

"And when I tell about our talk—" I began.

"Who in the hell will you tell it to? Your cellmate in stir? Or maybe you think Mantolini will call in the newspaper men to hear you shout that the judge was fixed?" He eyed me balefully. "At that, you're yap enough to pull a sucker play like that. I'll give another signal. And that signal will mean that you're to be killed while resisting arrest. And resisting arrest will mean that you've batted an eyelash."

Deliberately he produced a cigar, meticulously pressed upon its narrow end with his spatulate fingers, and calmly lighted it.

"Go on, yap, and meet the smoke," he said.

Chapter Three

MIND you, it needed more than a square meal to soothe my nerves. Even before that dreadful moment when I had knocked Mannheim down and crossed that useless barrier behind which evil holds

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Now, I don't think I'm any more of a coward than the average man. Nor am I any braver. Under the stimulus of warfare, I behaved creditably, as ten million other men behaved.

But this was different. This was looking at death from a different angle. To die for one's country, or to give up one's life in behalf of another: I could still do that, I believe. But to walk out of this restaurant and be shot down like a trapped animal required a coolness of nerve that I did not possess.

And I was not imagining terrors. My host had put it clearly, and the fact that he had wasted few words but added to the menace of his statement. A power that could influence a judge on his bench was certainly not a power that would hesitate at snuffing out the life of so inconsiderable a person as I. Certainly, my host was a dangerous criminal; the brief glimpses I had just had of the two men who patrolled outside the restaurant were not reassuring. Human life, in these post-bellum days, was cheap. Gangsters killed decent citizens on the off chance that the victim might have ten dollars in his pockets. And I, through the fearless and contemptuous frankness of my host, had learned things detrimental to a judge. I had been made aware that Mantolini was in some sort of league with the underworld. It was all very well for my fat friend to deride the possibility of my making public what little I knew, but he would not take any chances. I knew intuitively that there had not been any signal arranged for my detention; if I walked out of this place alone, I'd walk to my death.

So I sat down again.

"Smoke hurts my eyes," I told him.

"And ten grand are ten grand, eh?" he glibed.

"No good business man dismisses a proposition until he's heard all the details," I said.

"Well, you've heard all that's necessary. There's a girl; you're to marry her; you're to get ten thousand; you're to get out of the way."

"How far?" I asked.

He shrugged his deceptively fat shoulders. "That's up to you. If you're seen in New York half an hour after the ceremony, you'll be bumped off. My advice to you would be to get a railroad map and find the farthest place from New York. When I got to that farthest place, I'd take a steamer across at least one ocean."

"You make it very clear," I commented.

"Then you aren't as big a yap as I thought you were. Well, what about it?"

IT may seem strange that one who frankly admits that he has committed a felony, and committed it for profit, should speak about his unwillingness to lie. Duress, I know, is supposed to relieve a man from the consequences of a promise. Yet it is a mitigation that the Rance Rogers of a few years ago would have scorned to plead. But, I told myself, a few years ago I would not have found myself in a position where crooks could dictate to me.

I looked the situation in the eye. If I refused to yield to bribery and coercion, I'd be killed. I hadn't the slightest doubt of this, and panic had no part in the formation of this belief. Through some quirk of fate I had been tossed into that underworld which for most of us consists of newspaper headlines, and which we only vaguely apprehend extends its boundaries into the upper world.

Don't think I had any intention of actually yielding to the bizarre demand made upon me. Marriage to me was—and is—a holy partnership. Even as I sat silently before him, delaying my answer so that my apparent thought would convince him of my honesty, I contrasted this blasphemous ceremony, which he was trying to force up-

on me, with the vaguely beautiful idea of marriage which I had once held.

Like every other normal man I had assumed that some day I would wed. A girl, beautiful, charming, well-bred—there must be gay mockery in her eyes, and sympathy as well, and candor and sweetness—and in the lovely home where we would dwell, there would be children— Well, in the six weeks since I had become a criminal, I had put that vague dream, with others, far from me. I had not looked for release, but had I known that I was to go scot-free, I would also have known that I could never ask a woman to share a life that had been blasted by my own impulsive deed.

And now, because I was a criminal, and could therefore be assumed to be subversive and amenable, I was asked to take part in the degradation of a dream. My fat friend assumed that because despair had driven me into Mannheim's jewelry store, money could drive me to the altar, and that if I faltered on the way, threats could direct my hesitant course.

YET, because I must not seem too easily cowed, lest suspicion be aroused, I temporized.

"I should think," I sneered, "that if the lady must be provided with a putative father for her child, she might have done better than a man under suspended sentence."

"Now damn you, yap," cried my host, "another crack like that, and you shake hands with St. Peter!"

I had thought that ferocity glared from his eyes awhile ago, had thought that murder stood in them. But now I realized that his manner had previously been mild for him. Not mere lust for killing, but unnamable vindictiveness was in his voice and expression.

His fat hand, whose strength I had felt as he gripped my arm, clenched and touched the table. The very softness with which he brought it down was more frightening than any bluster could have been.

"Listen, rat," he said, "you're not going to know why we've picked on you. You're not going to know why a girl wants a thing like you as a husband. So you're going to do a lot of guessing, but don't guess out loud."

He raised a hand, and the waiter came over, to realize in full measure his expectancy as to the size of his tip. My host looked at me.

"Make it snappy and in one syllable," he ordered.

"Yes," I meekly replied.

I walked with him to the sidewalk. But any thought of immediate escape was driven from me by the instant arrival of the two men who had been patrolling outside. A taxi, which I had wit enough to know was not chosen at random, drew up at the curb, and I was bundled into it. We started off with a jerk.

My fat man nodded to the two men who sat on the extra seats.

"Criney, shake hands with Mr. Roberts."

The tall thin man extended clawlike fingers. I touched them briefly. A similar ceremony was performed with the squat stocky man, who responded to the name of Mehaffey. I looked at my other guardian.

"And the purveyor of food, cigars and wives?" I inquired.

"You can call me Johnson," he said. "And let's can the chatter. There's been plenty."

I was not averse to silence. There was something so calmly businesslike about these three men that hope of escape diminished with every second. And yet I must plan a way of eluding them, or be ready, in default of a plan, to seize upon the faint opportunity.



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But my mind would not dwell upon ways of escape. It insisted on finding explanation of why I had been selected, at the exercise of so much influence, and why a girl should want, or have foisted upon her, such a husband as myself.

The obvious solution, when I voiced it, had aroused such murderous wrath in Johnson, that against my will I was forced to dismiss it. But what manner of girl was this, that an aspersion upon her virtue would drive a man like Johnson almost into frenzy? She was the associate of men who would not hesitate at murder, any more than they had hesitated at corruption of justice. At least, it seemed only sane to assume that she was their associate.

I forced myself to speak. Too long a silence, despite Johnson's orders, would arouse suspicion as to my complaisance.

"When do I get my hands on the ten thousand?" I asked.

If I were the rat he assumed me to be, it was only natural that I should express concern as to the time of my payment.

From the moment that Johnson had guessed I was going to acquiesce in his preposterous proposal, his manner had definitely changed. At first he had essayed a light humor, which had swiftly drifted into threat. But now there was contempt in his eyes and voice. I was not merely a criminal,—being one himself, though perhaps more subtle in procedure, he would not sneer at me for this,—but I was the sort of person who can be threatened and bribed in the same breath.

"Well, if you train a rat to do tricks for you, you ought to feed him," he said. "Here's your bit of meat, rat."

Now, even in the days of my prosperity, when I had been able to spend what I deemed considerable money, I'd hardly ever had more than a hundred dollars in cash about me. But from his trousers pocket my fat friend drew a sheaf of bills an inch thick. His thumb flicked the edges with the swift precision of an expert card-player riffling the deck. I glanced at the bills thrust into my hands. Each for a thousand dollars, and there were ten of them! And the bundle from which they had been stripped was hardly diminished by their withdrawal. "Satisfied?" asked Johnson.

I tried to make my voice light, but I know it trembled. "I'm not sure I drove a very good bargain."

"Better be sure of it," he counseled. "For if you try to welsh—"

BUT I hardly heard him. Barely two hours ago I had been standing, awaiting sentence, in Judge Mantolini's court-room. A little later I had been a hungry vagrant, possessed of exactly forty-five cents, and hoping fiercely that I might be able to obtain work as a laborer.

Now there reposed in my pocket a sum which no laborer, unskilled as I was, could earn in five years. With a capital like this a man might found a fortune. Ten thousand dollars was, I had come to appreciate, vast wealth. With it a man might purchase an interest in a business, might buy a ranch, might open the doors of success. And all I had to do was go through a

meaningless ceremony of marriage with a girl whom I had never seen, and would never see again afterward.

Driven by less pressure than now, I had, six weeks ago, walked into a jewelry store and held up the owner. Then I was merely hungry, merely weary of sleeping outdoors on park benches. Now I was a criminal threatened with death or, at best, a hue and cry that must inevitably result in capture and prison.

And yet I knew perfectly well that I would not earn the ten thousand dollars in my pocket. All of us have our limits, and I'd crossed mine six weeks ago. Now I'd stay within them.

Chapter Four

HAD I any longer doubted the earnestness of my captors, the money would have banished disbelief. But there were other matters even more convincing than the transfer to me of a comparative fortune. The personalities of Criney and Mehaffey were enough to stamp with fraud or violence any enterprise in which they were engaged. The clawlike hands of Criney, the face on which the skin was so tightly drawn that there seemed to be no flesh beneath it, and the odd fixity of his eyes—he always turned his head to view any object although it might be only inches from the last thing on which his eyes had rested—gave him a cadaverous and sinister appearance. As for Mehaffey, with his huge chin, and half-inch forehead, and eyes that were placed almost flush with cheek and brow, he was the typical subnormal gangster.

And there was something beyond these things and persons: not the slightest effort was made to hide from me our direction or destination. There was no melodramatic drawing of the taxi curtains; nor was any bandage placed over my eyes. Apparently there existed in the minds of my companions no fear that I would lead a group of policemen to their headquarters later on. This cool indifference was more impressive than anything else. I was an inconsiderable tool which, having been used, would be tossed carelessly aside.

Up Sixth Avenue to Twenty-third, then east across town, then uptown on Madison Avenue, then east again, until at last we came to a pause before a three-story house in Stuyvesant Terrace, that newly fashionable square on the East River. Where once had been farms and more recently slums, now pleasant gardens fronted the docks. Fashion, having neglected Riverside Drive until it had become too late to resurrect that neighborhood from dowdiness, had turned eastward. Tugs shrieked triumphantly as they battled the tides; liners were maneuvered out of Long Island piers for all the world like fat old ladies being assisted from limousines; and traffic roared across the great bridges. Circling gulls aroused my bitter envy. They were free; crime and its punishment were unknown to them.

Johnson was first to alight from the cab. As he stood on the curb he spoke to me. "A wise guy like you, Roberts, might think that if he saw a cop and hollered, there might be a way out of doing something that maybe he wasn't crazy to do. Don't kid yourself. We'd as soon bump you off in front of Police Headquarters as anywhere else."

I assumed a snarling petulance. "Take a bromide for your nerves," I said. "Why would I want to be chatting with a cop?"

He made no answer, but beckoned me from the cab. Criney and Mehaffey followed, and the three of them, as we marched across the sidewalk, effectually screened me from close observation, had anyone been minded to pay it to me. We descended two steps, and a beautifully carved semi-

basement door, ornamented by a knocker that was early Colonial, swung open at our approach. An immaculately gotten up butler bowed us in.

"The minister, Doctor Warden, arrived a few minutes ago," he said.

"He's getting plenty; let him wait a minute more," said Johnson. "How is Miss Ruth?"

"All right, sir," replied the servant.

I eyed the man as we passed him. Externally he was all that a well-trained servant should be; but there was that opaque film over his eyes that is one of the surest indications of a lawless bent. But I had no more than a glance at him when Johnson's deceptive hand closed upon my arm, and I was being urged into an electric elevator. Mehaffey and Criney did not follow us, and we shot up to the third floor, emerging into a hallway whereby we entered a well-furnished bedroom.

Half a dozen suits of clothes lay, carefully folded, upon a bed. Also there were shirts, scarves, underwear and even shoes. And all of them were obviously new and expensive. Johnson indicated the attire with a wave of his hand.

"Take your pick," he invited. "Can't guarantee a perfect fit, but we did the best we could. You're not going to beef because we haven't a frock coat for you," he laughed mirthlessly. "This is an informal wedding."

CERTAINLY I was not going through with his scheme. But there was no opportunity that I could yet see for escape. Criney and Mehaffey, not to mention the butler, were downstairs. Doubtless there were other men there to guard against any sudden dash for freedom on my part. These might be a stairway or a ladder leading from this floor to the roof, but I had not seen any as we crossed the hall. And a man is as well equipped for struggle in new clothes as in old. I resigned myself to the exigencies of the moment.

There was a bath attached to the bedroom, and beneath a cold shower I felt confidence stealing into my nerves. Clean and refreshed, and dressed decently, no obstacle could frighten me. Funny that the appearance of well-being should make for the real thing.

But finally I was dressed in a brown suit that fitted very well. I had adjusted a tan tie before a mirror. My feet were incased in shoes that were not uncomfortable. The ten thousand dollars had been lodged in a pocket of my new trousers. I turned to Johnson, who had waited patiently.

"All ready?" he asked. "Think you'll make a handsome groom?"

"We have to get the license, don't we?" I inquired.

"Don't be silly. If we could fix a judge, how much trouble would we have with a clerk in the marriage-license bureau? That's all attended to. We have an honest-to-God license, an honest-to-God minister, and we're going to pull an honest-to-God wedding. Now, if you've got any objection to register, spill it right here."

I assumed an air of innocence. "Haven't I agreed to go through?"

He nodded heavily. "But you might change your mind. I don't quite figure you. You look all rat to me most of the time, but I'm taking no chances."

"Your minister might refuse to marry a reluctant groom."

"Don't kid yourself. We hand-picked him more carefully than we selected you. It's the girl. If you balked—"

"She wants a willing mate, eh?"

Once again the jeer in my tones aroused him to ferocity. "Mate? A rat like you? Why, she's so far above you—but I'm not going to explain anything, except to tell you that if you showed any hesitancy, wouldn't go through."

HOLWORTHY HALL

The gifted author of "Egan," "What He Least Expected" and many another well-liked story will contribute one of his best to an early issue. Watch for it under the title—

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Why year after year discriminating women depend upon this simple method of shampooing.

How it brings out all the natural life, wave and color and gives the hair that wonderful gloss and silky sheen so much desired.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

A Simple, Easy Method

IF you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

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YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

Even while wet it will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage.

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"Then you haven't frightened her into it?" I asked. "Well, I haven't many scruples, but she'll have to tell me that she's willing."

"Hell's bells, she's going to stand up before the minister and say 'I do.' What more do you want?"

"I've got to see her alone before we go ahead."

"What for? To tell her that you've been bribed into this?"

"To hear her tell me that *she* isn't forced into it," I replied.

He had been standing, but now he sat down. An automatic pistol, that seemingly sprang from nowhere, rested in the palm of his right hand.

"You've backed and filled and stalled long enough," he declared. "I'm going to count three, and if you haven't swallowed your last objection by then, a couple of honest gravediggers will get employment."

It was not courage alone that made me laugh at him. He was bluffing; he was not, after all the trouble to which he had been put, going to act rashly now.

"Count thirty, or don't count at all," I indifferently advised him.

He stared at me, and I met his glance with bravado. Suddenly he slipped the gun back into his pocket. He rose and stretched himself.

"I need you, yap, and you're wise enough to guess it. So I want gun you. I'll just beat you to a jelly, and then take you downstairs."

I have spoken of my tendency toward impulsiveness. I regretted it half a second after he had spoken. For strong and active though I knew him to be, my own one hundred and eighty pounds are not flabby. If I could come to grips with him, silence him, and possess myself of his weapon, all the gangsters in New York would not keep me in this house.

But he read correctly my eager step forward. The gun flashed in his hand again, the light of deadly purpose in his eye.

"Stay right where you are, young fellow," he ordered. "We'll postpone that beating."

I knew that he would shoot if I came on, but I also knew that he would not shoot merely because I refused to obey his orders.

"And you'll postpone the wedding until I've seen the girl," I told him.

He was an actor, this Johnson; he could be ferocious, bantering, aggressive or pleading, as the needs of the occasion demanded. Now his voice took on a whine that ill matched his hard eyes.

"Look here, young fellow, use your head. Here you are all fixed up with a bank-roll; you've ducked ten years in Sing Sing and you're asked to do something that doesn't even cost you a minute's work. There's some pretty important people in on this play, and you don't want to rile them."

I shrugged carelessly. "I've given you my last word," I told him.

I will say this for Johnson. He was not one too stubborn to admit defeat.

"Come on downstairs," he brusquely said.

BUT there was more than balked wrath in his eyes; there was a wary watchfulness that warned me. He had reweighed me on the scales of his regard, and decided that I was not the rat he so contemptuously denominated me. He would not relax his alertness for a second, and it behooved me to be as watchful as he, if I hoped to extricate myself from my predicament.

We did not use the elevator, but descended a narrow flight of stairs to a living-room on the floor below. And I saw that I had made no mistake in assuming that there were other unsavory adherents of Johnson in addition to those whom I had already seen. For a man loitered in the hall, and as we passed him Johnson muttered an

order. Out of the tail of my eye I saw the man knock upon a door at the end of the hall. Then I was in the living-room.

A window was opened, admitting a mazy breeze from the East River. I walked carelessly to it. But it was at least eighteen feet above the ground. If emergency should drive me through this window, the hard pavement below would cripple me. However, it was not as high as the floor above. I had come this much nearer to freedom.

And then I forgot thoughts of escape, forgot the intricate chain of circumstances that had brought me here. For with every sign of tender courtesy, Johnson had gone to the door, and was ushering into the room the girl whom I was to marry.

HOW futile are words! At best they are makeshifts whereby we endeavor to translate thought so that it may be understood by others. But thoughts are so rarely clear. We cannot understand the kaleidoscopic impressions that dart across our minds, and so it is that generations pass without the birth of a new philosophy.

So how can I make clear to others feelings that have never been sharply defined to my own understanding?

Say that she was beautiful, and what has been said? Tell of her brown hair flecked with gold, and add that its bobbed ends curled deliciously, and what have I told? What meaning have gray eyes, that seem to shade to deepest violet, to one who has not looked in those eyes? A mouth with mobile lips and dimples at either corner, faint shadows in the throat, and a figure that in movement was Diana and in repose was Venus! And above the physical attributes that made perfection pale, a quality of simple candor, a gay understanding that would inspire fidelity when youthful charms had passed away. Such was the girl to whom Johnson presented me.

"Ruth, this is Mr. Roberts. Jim,"—and his voice was unctuous,—"*this* is Miss Van Leyden."

Ruth Van Leyden! More stunning than the girl herself was the pronouncement of her name. For the whole world knew of the late General Van Leyden, financier, great merchant, and statesman who had wound up an honorable and brilliant career by representing his country as an ambassador.

And it was the daughter of this man, who was herself familiar to the newspaper readers of two continents, to whom I was to be clandestinely wed! In the brief moment before she acknowledged the introduction, I remembered snatches of what I'd read about her. Orphaned a dozen years ago, her estate had doubled in these years. She was unknown to society, her training having been supervised by an old-fashioned aunt, who had kept the girl at her studies in an age when other maidens of equal years were acquiring a fine taste in Bacardi cocktails. She had become almost a figure of mystery, and this fact had caused her to receive more publicity than would have normally been accorded her. But the publicity was all speculation, for not even a single snapshot of her had ever found its way into the newspapers.

And I was to be married to this girl, whose entrance into society, it was freely prophesied, would be the most prominent début of a generation. I, Rance Rogers, convicted criminal, at large by the grace of a corrupt judge, was to marry this girl! Under an alias, and because of threat and bribe, I was to become her husband.

If the first suggestion had seemed incredible, the actual fact became monstrous, as I looked at her and realized who she was. As her slim hand, firm and capable for all its delicacy, rested in mine, I spoke to Johnson.

"Leave us," I ordered.

He stood behind the girl, and he tapped the pocket in which his automatic pistol reposed. Then without further threat he left us. Reluctantly I released the girl's hand, walked to the door, and closed it after Johnson. Then I turned back to the girl.

"Miss Van Leyden," I abruptly asked, "are you being coerced into this marriage?"

Bald and unreal my words sounded. But this was because speech of any sort was difficult for me. For I had known, from the instant she entered the room, that ever and always she would be the one woman in the world.

Don't sneer. Don't deride love at first sight and call it passion, or by some other hateful name. I tell you that love, the kind of love that makes you willing—aye, eager—to give up life itself in proof of devotion, is possible! I speak by the book, for it had come to me.

She shook her head; into the depths of her lovely eyes came mystification.

"Why, no," she answered. Then mystification seemed to give way to hurt. "Why, don't you want to marry me?"

A little child whose ears have for the first time heard harshness, a friendly puppy whose advances have been rebuffed: of such things she made me think.

Incoherencies were on my tongue, but I held them back. How could I tell this girl that my heart would ache for her the rest of my life? I, a felon who had been dragged into her presence!

"You understand that I'm to leave you the minute the ceremony is performed, and that we are never to see each other again?"

The look of hurt deepened in her eyes. "I'm sorry for that; I think I like you."

Before this childlike spirit my own soul seemed a black and ugly thing.

"I'm a felon," I told her harshly. "I've been threatened with jail to make me marry you. And I've been bribed."

"Of course," she said simply.

AND then I knew! No wonder that she seemed immature, even younger than her eighteen years. No wonder that she contemplated without shrinking horror the blasphemy ahead of us! For while the body had come to the threshold of delicious womanhood, and the lovely spirit had scaled angelic heights, her mind was clouded, dimmed by some fate that chose to protect her from the miseries of maturity.

I had understood, in the moment of meeting her, why even such a person as Johnson, who plotted God knew what evil against her fortune, should resent the lightest jeer at her. But now I understood the tender courtesy of his manner toward her. Perhaps even he felt shamed.

So this was why the old-fashioned aunt had kept her in seclusion, had made her lead, in these days when girls are as free as boys, a cloistered life. But in God's name how had Johnson and Criney and McHaffey got possession of her person? Where was the aunt? Where were the watchful retainers who should have been ever vigilant in her behalf? What was to happen to her after I went away? How long would the courtesy of Johnson endure? What was planned against her, and who was there to circumvent the plan?

Horror at degrading myself by even a spurious acquiescence gave way to a sudden realization that I owed her that duty which a man must owe the only woman in the world.

Johnson would use me as the vile instrument of his vile wish, would he? The hunted criminal, grateful at avoiding his cell, would flee the scene of his blasphemy to squander eagerly the profits of his bargain? James Roberts, knowing that the law would reach out and seize the bullet of the gangster would

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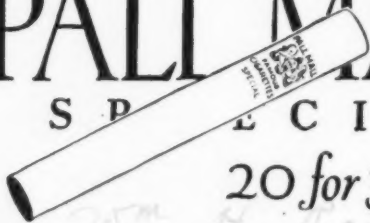
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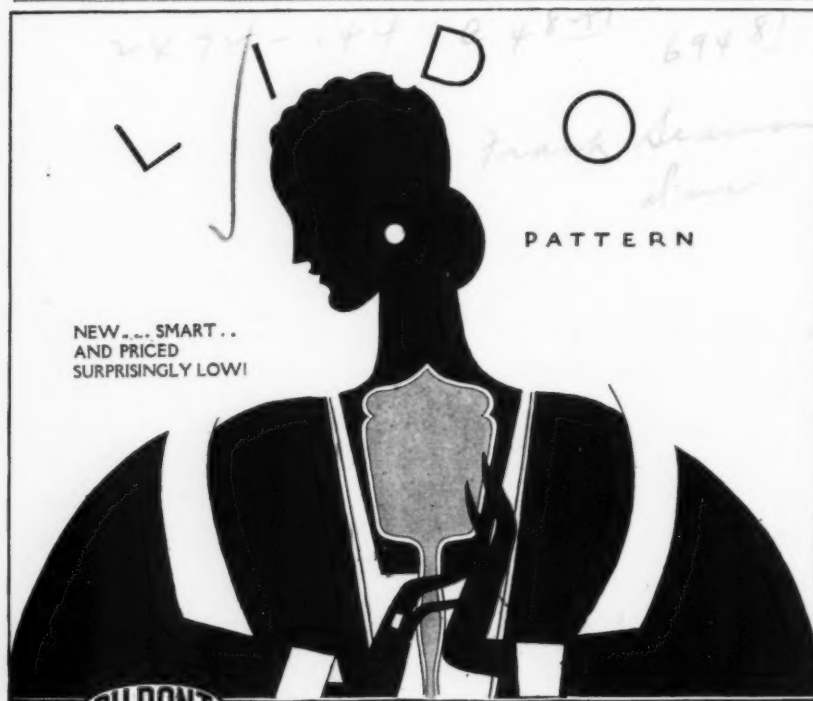


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lay him low, if he ever returned to attempt extortion or blackmail, was the last person who could be counted on to be of service to this unfortunate victim.

But wasn't it written somewhere that the last should be first? Couldn't I better serve this girl by pretending acquiescence, by going through with this ceremony, than by objecting to it now? I wouldn't live to leave the house. And another substitute, less scrupulous, would be found to take my place. Whereas, if I went on, I would not merely preserve my own life now, but might live to serve her. For, you see, my cunning fat friend had made one error. It was not a bit of underworld scum who would marry the Van Leyden heiress—it was Rance Rogers, who had once been a gentleman, and who would remember that fact and abide by his memories, whom Johnson had selected.

"Then we'll be married," I said to her.

Chapter Five

"DO you, James, take this woman to be your lawful wife?"

Directly behind me stood Johnson, and as the minister put the question whose affirmative answer would bind this girl to me, something hard pressed against my back. Grotesquely melodramatic as the action was, it was the element that reduced the whole affair from the heights of the fantastic to the dead level of earnestness. If I should answer in the negative, or if the girl should do so, not even the too unctuous and shifty-eyed minister would dare go on with this travesty.

Dr. Warden raised his eyes from the pages of the Bible and looked at me. At the hard contempt that must have been in my glance, he colored faintly. Then, as I firmly uttered, "Yes," his glance lowered again to the Book, and he finished the reading of the ceremony.

I turned to look at the untroubled countenance of my wife. For she was that! It didn't matter that I had been married under a name not my own. This ceremony was as legally binding as any that had been performed since marriage became solemnized by church and state.

Dr. Warden—how heavily he must have been bribed—began a little speech of advice and congratulation. Not by any slurring of the etiquette of such occasions would he escape from him an implication that there was anything out of the ordinary in the tying of this nuptial knot.

But I didn't hear him. I was staring at the sweet face of Ruth, and my arm had slipped about her lissome waist. Then I realized who and what I was, how unworthy I was to touch her, and how vile—even had I been worthy—it would have been to force a marital kiss upon the lips of this child, who had not the faintest conception of what the ceremony meant.

My own decency reacted against an impulse not wholly unnatural, but Johnson was almost as quick. His big hard shoulder thrust between us, and the eyes that glared into mine were almost maniacal. Again I marveled at the strange protectiveness he showed toward the girl. Some chord of inner decency beneath that hard and vicious exterior must be touched by the helplessness of her.

"Your part don't call for that," he whispered.

Then, pushing by me, he was signing the documents produced by the minister. Casey also signed, and Ruth and I affixed our signatures. For a moment I wrestled with the impulse to write "Rance Rogers," but caution held me back from that error. If I was to depart unhindered, it was up to me to show complete acquiescence in the rôle assigned to me.

The wedding had taken place in the living-room on the second floor. And now, as soon as the signatures were blotted, Johnson announced that a wedding supper awaited us in the dining-room below. We all descended the stairs, and my fat friend deftly edged me to the rear of the party. Ruth went ahead with Dr. Warden.

Johnson placed his lips near to my ear. "Don't try anything like that again," he warned.

I knew to what he referred, to the abortive embrace which he had blocked. My lips curled in a self-contempt which he accepted as complaisance. Rance Rogers was being told that he must not kiss his own wife! There were persons in the world who would not have believed such a situation possible, and it would not have been, to the Rance Rogers whom they knew. But this was a Rance Rogers in whom self-respect had died.

But it was being reborn. Better that I should be rotting in Sing Sing than that I should make no effort to solve the mystery in which I played so unheroic a part. But none of these thoughts, I hoped, were readable on my countenance as, linked to Johnson by an arm thrust through mine, I descended the stairs.

The farce was played out by capable actors. A wedding-cake was cut; toasts were drunk to the bride and groom, and an air of spurious gaiety pervaded the room. The only one whose nerves were not on edge was Ruth, my bride. To her it was a party. She exclaimed with delight at the cake; ever and again she turned upon her finger the little band of diamonds which I, having received it from Johnson, had placed there. She held it up and laughed with pretty glee as the stones sparkled in the candle-light. No more realization of the gravity of the ceremony had penetrated to her clouded intellect than would have reached the consciousness of a child.

And I was to abandon this child to the mercies of this gang! How long would the incongruous gentleness of Johnson be maintained? I was still asking myself this question when the minister arose, paid his hypocritical respects to Ruth and myself, and departed.

"Time you people got ready to start," suggested Johnson.

Ruth looked at him, childlike pleasure in her expression. She clapped her hands together lightly.

"Oh, I'm glad," she cried. "I thought that Jim was going to leave me, and that I'd never see him again?"

Johnson shot me an ugly glance, but the look he bestowed upon Ruth was kindly.

"We've changed our minds about that," he said. "You and he will take a little trip together. And I think he ought to pack a bag."

I LOOKED at him, trying to read the purpose of his utterance. For if he had been ready to strike me because my hand had touched her waist, and my lips had been near to hers, what chance was there that he intended us to go away together? Believing me, despite the slight scruples I had shown, to be as low as my final subservience indicated, he would not trust me alone with my wife. He must have been aware that I had guessed her mental infirmity, but he would not look for chivalrous conduct from me.

Then I understood. My wife—I thought of her as that, regardless of her condition or of any promises I had made before the ceremony—was showing a childish liking for me. Several times she had patted my hand with that almost impersonal affection which children show toward those who please them. I figured that Johnson had reasoned that she might show distress if I abruptly left her. Therefore his unexpected an-

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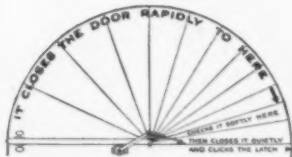
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nouncement of a trip that we were to make together. Expecting to see me in a few minutes, she would volunteer no objection when I left the room.

"I'll help you pack," said Johnson. And now my bride showed the pretty imperiousness of a not too badly spoiled child.

"You aren't going to leave me for one second, Uncle Ted," she declared. "This is the nicest party I ever had, and you're to stay right with me."

"Uncle Ted!" My lips must have pined at her naming him thus. I am no great believer in family resemblances. More often than not members of the same family are as unlike in appearance as they are in tastes or character. But if ever features shrieked denial of any relationship, the moonlike countenance of Johnson did so.

"I want all my nice uncles to stay with me," she went on.

I almost laughed, and would have, had the situation been less fraught with anxiety. So the cadaverous Criney and the apologetic Mehaffey were also related to her! Then my urge toward laughter was erased by anger at the deception played upon her. A clouded mentality is incapable of reason. It has no memories to warn it against the acceptance of this statement, or to advise it to give credence to that. And so the girl had been imposed upon.

But the lies they had told her reacted now upon them. Johnson, who, in our brief acquaintance, had shown a wit capable of meeting almost any emergency, was amply now. He glanced helplessly at Criney, but that worthy was as bewildered as he.

My heart leaped with excitement. They did not want me to leave the room alone. But equally they did not want to do or say anything that would arouse or excite or annoy my wife. At least, Johnson didn't want to. For Criney made a move to arise, and the puzzlement in my fat friend's hood eyes gave way to a warning light. Criney sat down again.

But I—I rose to my feet. Johnson glared a threat at me, but I professed to be unaware of it. I spoke to my wife.

"It won't take a minute," I assured her. "You can be saying good-by to your dear, kind uncles while I'm gone."

She couldn't read the irony in my tones, but it gave me a slight satisfaction to arouse the wrath which I saw upon the face of Johnson. Then I was through the dining-room door.

FROM the third floor I had descended to the second, gone thence to the first, and now to the hallway that led to the street door. A dash and I would be free. A great reluctance to make that dash rendered regard my feet. And yet I could not serve my wife by remaining here. I would not desert her, but these men outnumbered me and were armed. There was no good to be gained by sacrificing myself now.

Then a glance showed me that escape was not the simple thing that I had thought. I might have known that Johnson would have anticipated some such contingency as this. For two men guarded the door. If I should try to overpower them and make my way to the street, the first sound of struggle would bring assistance to them, an assistance which, indeed, they might not need.

I turned, without pause, toward the stairs. There must be a way of egress to the roof, and from the roof I might come clear. Some of those doors in the upper hall must lead stairs or ladder reaching upward.

And then shrewdness, or common sense, reasserted itself. Johnson had made a bargain with me. He had agreed to give me ten thousand dollars if I would play the part given to me. He had shown good faith, if the term is applicable to such a dealing, in giving me my money in advance.

He had said that it was part of the agreement that I should immediately leave New York. He had said that if I delayed my departure more than half an hour, measures would be taken to assure that I never would depart.

And yet I was racking my brain in an effort to find out some way whereby I could escape from this house. Why, they would be only too glad to get rid of me! Nervous, a prey to terrors that were partly of my own imagination, I was in a state of panic that was entirely uncalled for in the circumstances.

Johnson and his henchmen had been less alarmed at my departure from the dining-room, doubtless, than they had been over being left with Ruth. Child though she was in everything save stature, some sort of explanation must be forthcoming from them to her, and it was the wish to postpone this that had made Johnson and Criney anxious to accompany me from the room. God knew I had reason enough for nervous tremors without conjuring up added reasons from the depths of fear.

I slackened my pace up the stairs. As I turned at the first landing, I could see the two guardians of the door. Neither of them had made the slightest move to follow me. And when at the top of the next flight, I looked back, there was still no sound or sight of pursuit. I entered the room where, because my shabby blue-serge had seemed incongruous, I had been supplied with presentable clothing.

ALTHOUGH common sense seemed to indicate my alarms were needless, an inner caution spoke to me. It was wiser not to gamble too heavily on what at the moment seemed an obvious thing. I might not be as secure as I thought. So, on tiptoe I went along the hall. There were four doors, and three of them opened into chambers somewhat similar to the one where I had changed. The fourth was locked, and from its location at the rear end of the hall, I figured that it must mask the exit to the roof. There were no servants' stairs.

I could, if necessary, smash the lock of the closed door with a chair, but once again what I termed common sense went into ascendancy in my thoughts. These men would make no attempt upon me here. Indeed, the reason Johnson had suggested that I pack a bag was to afford an excuse for separating me from Ruth, and he had intended to go with me and deliver to me the final instructions or threats deemed necessary.

The thing for me to do, then, was to descend to the dining-room, announce that my preparations for departure were completed, and leave it to Johnson's wit to get me out of the house without disturbing the girl—Provided, of course, that I had been right in the assumption that they feared that an abrupt disappearance on my part would disturb her.

In compliance, then, with this idea, I started toward the stairs. A yard from the landing I stopped. As sweetly as the sound made by a tiny brook in spring came Ruth's voice from the floor below.

"No, indeed, Uncle Ted, you mustn't follow me any farther. I want to tell Jim a secret. Not," and her voice was childishly playful now, "that we'll keep it secret from you for long. It's a surprise, and you mustn't peep, and you mustn't listen."

I heard Johnson make reply to her, and the good humor in his voice was underlain by a hint of worry.

"That's all right, Ruth—only don't be long, will you?"

With the laugh of a child who has persuaded an elder into granting a favor, Ruth cried a word of assent. Then I heard her swift feet on the stairs. A second later, and her face, slightly flushed by the exer-



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tion of the rapid climb, appeared above the balustrade.

She looked straight at me, but raised her voice as though she did not see me.

"Oh, Jim," she called. "May I come in your room?"

I STEPPED back, wondering if the fog that dimmed her mind had suddenly clouded her eyes. A fierce resolve never to leave her, to shelter and protect her so long as I lived, came to me. I held out a hand to stop her, to make her realize that I was not in the room but standing here before her.

Impatiently she brushed my hand aside. Six feet beyond me was the closed door of the electric elevator. She stepped to it and pressed the button that would bring the lift silently to our floor. She darted back and glanced down the stairway. Then, at the top of her lungs she screamed.

"Don't touch me! You mustn't! Uncle Ted! Oh!" The last monosyllable was a veritable cry of innocence outraged. "The roof! Uncle Ted, he's going to the roof!"

In sheer, dumb, bewildered amazement I stared at her. From below came cries of vengeful rage. And then the elevator door swung silently open.

"Kid, for the love of God make your getaway!" she whispered.

Gone was the look of bewildered innocence. The violet eyes flashed with the light of sudden purpose. Courage, and an understanding that was uncanny in view of what had been my previous impression of her, were in the expression of her determined countenance.

THE WIFE OF THE DICTATOR

(Continued from page 91)

Captain Musker withdrew his eyes. Señora Marino was speaking in expressive broken English. The rich husky voice gave the Captain a queer sensation. The same! Her superb physique had always enthralled him when he thought of her, and out of it her voice had come in thrilling, vibrating tones to dominate his heart, to hold him for those few days while the *Andromeda* had been held on her rock, and to echo through the caverns of memory. Now he sat there, very quiet and thoughtful, while Señora Marino, the wife of the Dictator, talked to him of her visit to New York.

UP on the bridge, looking out from beneath the awning upon a star-strewn sea, Dolores Marino sat up in her deck-chair and peered at Captain Musker's glowing cigar. "How do you know my name?" she demanded uncertainly.

"How do I know you worked in the Cantina del Sol?" he replied. "Once I had a fight with you, Dolores, *mi querida*. Have you so many fights with men that you forget the Cantina del Sol?"

"So that was the trouble," she muttered in Spanish. "I wondered where I had seen thee before. It was a long while since I was in the Cantina del Sol. *Por Dios!* Thou art my lover Henriquez! Well!"

Captain Musker knew perfectly what she meant by that last exclamatory sigh. He had left her, climbed aboard the floating *Andromeda* and sailed away. And now, with the amorous vindictiveness of strong women, she wanted to know what he had to say for himself. In a way, such a woman never forgives a man for a single minute he bestows on the world away from her. Loving or fighting, she demands his heart's blood. Suddenly Dolores flung over the rail the gold-tipped trash she was smoking.

"Give me a *puro*," she demanded brusquely. "I have no fancy for these things."

He passed her a cigar, and her strong

Into my hand she thrust an automatic pistol similar to the one with which Johnson had threatened me.

"I nailed this when I hugged my dear uncle a minute ago," she said. "Use it, kid, if they try to stop you, for they're all ribbed up to send you out in the smoke. They're going to pull it now."

I heard Johnson on the stairs. But I grasped at her.

"But you—" I protested.

"They think I'm goofy," she answered. "And you're too white a lad for me to let them bump you off. If you hadn't talked to me, told me what you really were—On your way!"

She pushed me into the elevator, and I began descending as my enemies reached the top landing. With a break in the luck I'd be out of the house and around the corner before they realized that she had misled them.

But oh, it hurt me to leave her there, competent as I knew she was to meet the situation. For if I had loved her when I had thought her to be a child being pushed along pathways she did not recognize, I was mad for her now. For the girl she had seemed to be was unattainable even though married to me. But this girl, of wit, and daring, and slangy speech, was not unattainable. And while we may adore that which we can never reach, every drop of blood in our veins responds to that which we perhaps may gain.

(The next installment of this fascinating novel sustains the swift dramatic pace. Be sure to read it in our forthcoming June issue.)

teeth bit the end. In the flare of the match he saw her eyes, hard, brilliant and amused. The spark from them suddenly ignited an inflammable charge in his heart, lying there under years of useless lumber as though waiting for this moment to explode. And it was this, that here without doubt, grown out of the turbulent girl of the Cantina del Sol, was the woman for whom he had been seeking. The match went out, but his heart shook with this detonating discovery.

"The General is a big man, these days," he said, as though thinking aloud.

"He!" She gave a brief laugh.

"Why did you marry that—small person, Dolores?"

"You ask too much, but I will tell thee, my Henriquez. I married him because he could do as he pleased with me or any other woman in Costaragua. At the time of the revolution, when he shut that old book-worm, that gray-bearded *cabro*, Miguel Castovar, in the president's palace and took over the government, he was a man to be feared."

"Castovar was a goat, eh?" said the Captain. "What do you call your general?"

"A weasel, a *comadreja*," she laughed.

"Where did the weasel find you, Dolores?" "My husband was Administrador of the Customs and Minister of Haciendas, if you know what that means," answered Señora Marino.

"It means he was rich," said the Captain. "Very rich. And a speculator. He had bribed himself into the ministry, and of course he took bribes. He was appointed by Castovar."

"Where is he now?" asked Captain Musker with some curiosity.

"I am not sure, but some say he is a waiter in Tegucigalpa across the frontier. The Dictator took over his offices and made out the divorce-papers."

"Like that, eh?" Dolores, how you must love your dictator!"

There was a silence at this, and the two

figures glowed. The Captain gained a conviction that she did not love her dictator beyond reason, and he put this conviction into word whispered in her ear.

"He goes to Washington," she said solemnly, "to secure recognition for this new president he has appointed. I shall remain in New York. I have heard of it. Once Umberto, my other husband, took me to Paris. Is New York like Paris, Henriquez?" "Far better," said Captain Musker. "I shall see you every day while the ship is in port. Do you remember the house behind the palms on the lagoon, Dolores?"

"Why ask me?" she sighed. "I remember it well. I was happy, and you left me as a male leaves his shoe on the trail."

"Well, and now you are a rich woman, married to a great man."

"He lies on his back and snores like a pig," she remarked calmly. "He has a miserable soul."

"Are you going back to San Benito?" asked the Captain.

"He never discloses his plans. But I think he understands that the new president is planning a revolution on the Pacific side, where the people are discontented because the Dictator revoked the concessions for a railway. And he has not left Costaragua without providing for the future, my Henriquez."

"How happy you must be, Dolores, with your dictator!" Captain Musker said softly.

"Listen, my friend," came the thrilling voice at his side. "Do not speak to me like that, or I shall grow angry."

"Grow as angry as you like, Dolores, but don't forget I am in command of this ship and of you too, for that matter. This is not the Cantina del Sol." And reaching out in the darkness, Captain Musker laid hold of the woman's firm smooth shoulder. Suddenly he heard her laugh. She bent over and bit his hand.

"Henriquez, thou art the same murderous man! You shall show me New York."

AND as the ship sailed north, the idea burned and burned in his brain. He sat at his table, contemplating General Cipriano Marino, absorbed in his Latin moroseness, and wondering that such people existed in the modern world. General Marino knew no English and spoke to no one save the porter, who had communicated to Captain Musker the news that the General had placed in his care several heavy strong-boxes too large for the office safe. They were in the bullion-chamber, under seal, he said.

And in the mind of Dolores, a strange piratical mind for a woman, the same idea burned. Only with her the idea took the shape, sharp and clear, of a new life under northern skies. All her life, which had been of necessity perilous and subjected to the passions of unscrupulous, desperate and nimble-witted men, blown hither and yon by the winds of war, she had accepted treachery as an integral factor of existence. Captain Musker had loved her and left her; and now, since fate had flung them together again, she deemed it was her turn. To her untutored intelligence, this commander of a huge bright ship was as omnipotent as a general of armies. Her imagination illumined the future with grandiose adventures in the famous city of vast wealth, toward which they were sailing at marvelous speed. With naive prudence she veiled her designs from Captain Musker, and listened to his words as he told her of his plans.

And to do him justice, Captain Musker contemplated the future with an unusual pleasure. To him Dolores, with her fierce temperament and superb vitality, was a spiritual intoxication. She had that quality in which he delighted beyond measure, a vigorous belligerent personality, uncontaminated with the silly sophistication of so many modern women accustomed to men who are too busy to pursue them.

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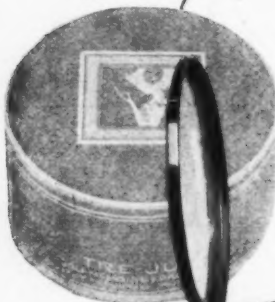
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TRE-JUR

So they dreamed each in the way life had inspired them, and so absorbed were they in their dreams they never noticed that General Cipriano Marino was entertaining a dream of his own, a dream born of an insensate jealousy.

Mr. De Courcy again! That very efficient young officer was on the bridge with Mr. Popham, the chief mate, looking out for Hatteras. He knew the Captain was not far away. He had been aware all the voyage up, that the Old Man was spending his time with that spiggotty woman, the wife of the General. He had heard old Drinkwater, the chief steward, tell the doctor that the military party in Suite Seven was going crazy. The electrician, sent to fix a fan, had had a gun poked in his face as he opened the door of Suite Seven. Mr. De Courcy heard a lot on the *Biskra*. He was very discreet. It paid, with Captain Musker, to attend strictly to one's business. He never interfered with his officers' affairs.

So that night, Hatteras expected any moment, Mr. De Courcy wasn't at all surprised to discover Captain Musker, in his dress uniform, on the bridge all of a sudden.

"Look at the log, will you," said the Captain, and Mr. De Courcy at once hurried along the top deck to where the log extended from a boom on the rail. He had a flash-light in his hand, of course, but he didn't need to see that the two private decks by the Number One boat were both empty. "She's gone down," he said to himself and gave the matter no more attention until General Cipriano Marino stepped out of the shadow of a ventilator with a revolver in his hand. "Looking ugly," said Mr. De Courcy, when he divulged the matter to Captain Musker later. What he did was in keeping with his alert and competent mind drilled by five years of naval discipline. He turned his flash on the tormented features of the distinguished passenger, who was disconcerted by finding nobody save this sharp youth whom he had never seen before, and who snatched the blue-barreled revolver out of the hand which wavered uncertainly.

"Look here, old chap, that's not allowed, you know." The thing suddenly described an arc over the rail.

The passenger glared. "Looking pretty sick about something if you ask me, sir," said Mr. De Courcy to the Captain, who hadn't.

Captain Musker, indeed, had made not a single comment upon his junior officer's confidential report of the passenger's sudden aberration in the dark. That was his way. Mr. De Courcy admired the way. He resolved to copy it. Least said, least lied about.

BUT in spite of his silence, Captain Musker was keenly alive to the significance of General Marino's presence up there on the top deck. It only hardened his determination to see the adventure through. Husbands who were wise behaved differently. The Captain was much too clever, and in this case much too alive to his responsibilities, to justify revenge of that nature. He sent the doctor, who understood Spanish, to the General's suite. And he told Dolores Marino exactly what he had heard from Mr. De Courcy. She turned lazily in her chair and regarded him through half-closed eyes.

"My Cipriano is sick—that is true," she said. "Sick with jealousy. Hast thou just discovered that, Henriquez?"

Captain Musker, celebrated for his gallantry, suddenly comprehended that this woman fed on jealousy as some spirits feed on honeydew. He ought to have known she would not take these things in a civilized way. That was part of her immense lure for him. He experienced a stab of doubt of the outcome. He could not be expected to see how each day's run from Costaragua had diminished the lifelong caution and fear of

tary force in the breast of Dolores Marino. For her that overdecorated dictator was less than Captain Musker now, and she was unable to understand why the latter should be in awe of her husband at all.

"Why do you not put him in prison?" she demanded.

"Too many questions on arrival," he told her. "The doctor is looking after him. When he goes to Washington—"

"He says he will not go to Washington," she replied. "He said tonight we shall never reach New York."

"And you are not afraid?"

"In San Benito, with his army round him, I would be," she muttered. "I was six months in a fortress, underground, because he thought I had tried to kill him. That was before he married me," she added.

"You! In a prison?"

"Well, I did try to kill him," she said simply. "The others were shot."

"Good God!" said Captain Musker to himself. To her he said nothing—only grasped her arm, firm, solid and powerful.

"Now I know what to do, my Henriquez."

It was time to go. She stood up and went to the rail. Her long black hair was down, and blowing in the cool wind off the shore. With a dexterous movement she rolled it up and secured it. Captain Musker admired long hair. He liked a woman to be a woman. That black mane of hers flying in the night wind was a symbol of her emotion for him. She turned, and in the darkness shot by fugitive gleams reflected on the painted deck, he saw her fierce eyes flashing.

"You remember, Henriquez, how I taught you to say *Vaya Usted con Dios*?"

"I remember," he said. "You said it to me, and I went."

"Say it now, then," she muttered, looking down suddenly, "and I will go. And I will see thee in New York."

MR. DE COURCY, just off watch at midnight, tapping at the Captain's door. Captain Musker, lying down in his clothes, a single light deep-shaded, said "Come in," and lay there in enigmatic immobility, like an effigy of some crusading knight, hands on his breast, a mysterious presence.

Mr. De Courcy had a communication to make. He had a *flair*, as the French say. While along to see the log again, leaning over the rail to haul it in from the boom, he had seen something, far down, emerge violently from a porthole and fall. Just a few minutes ago.

Captain Musker lay still. His unusually keen hearing had caught the sound of an unfamiliar scrape of feet outside. He waited. Then Mr. De Courcy, wondering, caught the sound. There was a knock at the outer door.

A curt gesture from the Captain sent Mr. De Courcy silently into the chart-room, closing the door after him. The young man stared at the chart, gleaming like a pool of delicate brilliance under the hooded lamp, and scratched his lip. He was worried by a suspicion whether the little chap from whom he had snatched the revolver and flung it overboard, had not been meditating suicide rather than murder. The sight of that amorphous bundle, resisting and clinging for a moment before dropping into the dark water, had upset Mr. De Courcy. What were they saying in there? He suddenly decided to go round and turn in. The secret of success on a ship, he believed, was to mind your own business, and he wished to succeed. Mr. De Courcy had had plenty of adventure in the Service. Now he wanted a job for life, promotion and superannuation.

But to Captain Musker sitting up and confronting his purser, doctor and steward, who had come to report the suicide of an important passenger, the problem was not to be escaped by turning in. The Señora Ma-

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rino was in a state of collapse in the ho-
pital, he was informed. General Cipriano
Marino had climbed through the open win-
dow, and just as his wife entered the room,
had plunged into the sea. When was this,
asked the Captain. That was just the trou-
ble, said the physician. Señora Marino was
incoherent with grief. How long it was be-
fore she rang for assistance could only be
conjectured. They were searching the ship
as a matter of form, said the purser, but it
seemed useless to discredit an eyewitness.
The doctor said the General had been dis-
traught in his manner while being attended
that evening.

"Better write a report," said Captain Mus-
ker, and the officers retired.

But Captain Musker could not lie down
again. It was not so simple as these people
imagined. He had a feeling as of waking
up half stunned, just after some terrific
explosion, wondering where he was and
whether he was alive now or in some pre-
vious existence. As the great ship vibrated
faintly to the thrust of her propellers, he
seemed to come to the surface again in a
world of extraordinary clarity and calm.
Captain Musker, celebrated and even envied
for his gallantry, seeing what he had let him-
self in for, suddenly realized also that the
past can never come back. Only the joyous
buoyancy of youth can enable us to sail
through the rapids and maelstroms of a pas-
sionate romance.

For him, he reflected, commander of
the *Biskra*, twelve thousand tons, there was
no return to the young Harry Musker, sec-
ond mate of the poor rotten old *Andromeda*,
ashore in Puerto Balboa. And yet there was
a tremor in his heart as he thought of what
he would be giving up, of what that mag-
nificent creature might do if she for a mo-
ment suspected him of treachery. He had
bade her "Go with God," and she had gone.
She had made him promise to come to her
in New York; and she would expect him,
her lover of old, to come.

And as they came up the channel and he
felt the tentacles of the land reaching out to
clutch him in the persons of pilots and im-
migration officials and Customs men, he was
at a loss. He knew Dolores. When she
wanted a man, she got him. She would never
understand that he couldn't do anything for
her now. This wasn't Costaragua. She
would have to go back there, anyhow.

He was pondering the subject when the
superintendent entered his cabin.

"Bad thing this, Musker," he said, sit-
ting down and taking a cigar. "Nothing
to do with you, though. We'll take it up
with Washington, after the inquiry. Now
you're for vacation, as you know, and as a
rule we'd be keeping you here to look after
things until she sails for Egypt. But the
Sonambula is sailing this afternoon for Liv-
erpool to refit, and you'll take her. Yards
coming here to relieve you. And you can
do what you like for a month on the other
side. Wish I was going with you. No, no
soda for me. I take it just the way the
Scotch make it."

HIGH up in a palatial suite of a hotel
like a vast Babylonian tower, from
whose windows could be seen the great
curves of the bridges and the lights of ships
going down the rivers to the sea, Dolores
Marino lay on a gilt and crimson lounge
and gazed out upon this monstrous and
gorgeous city of light, so different from the
chill and somber silence of San Benito. She
lay there in a mood of calm content and an-
ticipation, regretting nothing and unwit-
ting of the future. She lay there with an oc-
casional glance at the gold clock on the table
beside her, waiting for Captain Musker, who
at that moment, as the *Sonambula* sailed
eastward, was staring reflectively toward the
lights of the pleasure-harbors on Fire Island,
and the distant glare of the great city.

ZALZALZA

(Continued from page 100)

miserably at the frieze of skeletons. The woman had screamed and fallen across his couch in a faint.

"Tekek!" moaned the man at the window, "Tekek has it. We are lost."

Timbleton continued to blink. A definite idea had been slowly coming to life in him. Maniacs! A Society of Maniacs! He sat watching the tremendous nose. The creature held a gun in his hand. A canniness born of terror and despair came into Timbleton's brain. His conscious faculties overcome by panic, Timbleton's desire to live was thinking for him. The gun was lifting itself. To be shot, to be murdered in the midst of these nightmarish things, to be left dying at the mercy of the maimed Thing in the corner—it was gone but it would return! Timbleton, white inside, sat with his teeth together and his arms quivering. He would leap—

"Zalzalza will never forgive," the man of the tremendous nose whispered suddenly. "After so many centuries—"

Timbleton shouted. His hands leaped toward the gun. But the shot was over. The man of the tremendous nose had pointed it at himself and fired. Timbleton stared while the creature's eyes rolled wildly around the room and a skyrocket cry escaped his lips:

"Tekek! Find him!"

The man sank to the floor and lay inert. "Dead—dead!" moaned the woman, and Timbleton was aware that she had opened her eyes at the sound of the gun. She lay with her head in his lap and her beautiful eyes gazing piteously at him. The yellow-faced man stood up and came toward them on the couch.

"Hopeless to struggle any more," he said. He picked up the revolver and looked at it. "No, not yet," he murmured.

Turning to Timbleton, he said quietly: "Come. Follow me. Here's your overcoat."

BENDING over, the yellow-faced man lifted Timbleton in his long arms as if he were a child, and carried him out of the room. The canniness that had come into Timbleton's thought cautioned him now. It was going to end now. One way or another—but it would end. They were descending a long flight of stairs. The yellow-faced one lowered Timbleton to his feet and helped him put on his overcoat.

"I'll blindfold you," he said listlessly, and tied a cloth over Timbleton's eyes. A moment later the street-air struck Timbleton's face. The man walked him a few steps and lifted him up again.

He was riding in an automobile, but this time the motion was slower. There was no sound. Timbleton sat shivering. He had not yet started to think. The terror and nausea had left him, and the only memory that clung to his mind was the fact that through the window of the impossible room he had seen a towering factory chimney with the words "Jenny's Toasties" written down its length in great white letters.

The automobile stopped.

"All right," said the man. "You can get out."

Timbleton removed the bandage from his eyes and stepped dizzily out of the machine. He stood for a moment, his head spinning, and watched an inclosed electric cab lose itself in the boulevard traffic.

"The number—license number!" he exclaimed inwardly. And his eyes, suddenly alert, were rewarded with a final glimpse of a sign on the rear of the disappearing cab. "License Applied For." Turning, he found himself facing the hotel whence he had been abducted.

A clock in the window of an antique-shop announced it was five minutes after ten. Somewhat mechanically Timbleton moved toward the hotel entrance. He remembered,

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with a praiseworthy fidelity to his job, that he had an appointment to interview a man from Tibet at ten. The magnificent door-man hailed him politely as he approached.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the man, "but you dropped something when you got into the machine a little while ago."

And the magnificent door-man handed Timbleton a green disk, that looked like a tea-tile.

Timbleton found himself in the elevator, being gently lifted toward the room in which Sir Richard Frazer was waiting. He stepped out as the elevator boy called "Seven," and stood hesitatingly in the hall. It occurred to him that he wasn't doing the right thing. He should go to the telephone and bulletin in his office. But about what? He heard himself beginning to tell Holland, the city editor, a miserably practical-minded person, that he had just been kidnapped by a group of maniacs in quest of a green disk he had found on Madison Street, and that while in captivity he had seen— It would ruin him. Holland would grunt twice and hang up, muttering something nasty about moonshine.

If the police raided the place, that would be another matter. He recalled with a shiver the ghastly details of the scene and then remembered with a curious excitement the beautiful woman. She had kissed him. Her eyes had pleaded. She had wept in his arms.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," Timbleton muttered to himself. "Go easy—"

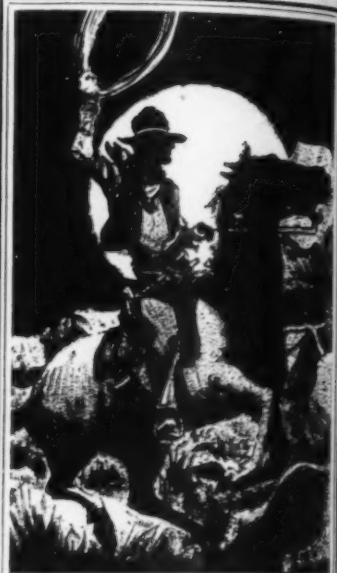
He moved slowly toward Room 757. He was thinking rapidly, however. Whirling through his mind were the preposterous incidents of the last hour. He was endeavoring to arrange in sane, chronological order the sinister absurdities which had been occupying him since he came out of the cigar-store at Clark and Madison streets and noticed a man in a brown suit looking for something.

LIFE, after all, is not the invention of a perverse mountebank, idly busying himself with the manipulation of events. Life, as the poet says, is real, life is earnest. Purpose and reason lie behind it—to a certain extent. Timbleton was trying to figure out what it was that had happened. He stood pensively in the carpeted corridor, his brows knit. The cool, cynical sanity of the newspaper man—the superficial but unblinking eye of the reporter—was searching for a lead. A lead is the beginning of a newspaper story. It is the smooth and perfunctory finality which starts the chronicle of some event—one of the day's Important Incidents which have achieved the dignity of newspaper print. Thus, "Eight men and a girl were killed today by a falling wall in a fire which destroyed the five-story furniture factory operated by—" or, "A nation-wide search was started today for Helen Hazelbaum, who was lured from her home at 546 East Maxwell Street by two men in light-colored clothes and straw hats—"

But no lead suggested itself to Timbleton. The incidents in which he had participated remained the brazenly incoherent and gruesome absurdities they had seemed. A sudden hopelessness seized Timbleton. Something had happened. He had seen Something. But he didn't know what. It refused to solidify into sanity. It is impossible even for a newspaper reporter to reason that life is insane. Accordingly the affair slipped tiredly from his brain, detached itself from his life and became for the moment the bewildering but nonexistent fabric of an impossible dream. He knocked at the door of Room 757 and was answered by a voice calling, "Come in."

Timbleton stepped into the room. A man with a drooping yellow mustache and an adenoidal turn of speech requested him to be seated.

"I'm from the Times," said Timbleton, sitting down and running his hand over his



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head. "We understand that you're visiting in Chicago for several days and are going to speak before the Woman's Club on Tibet, Sir Richard."

"Have a cigar," said Sir Richard. Timbleton took a cigar and looked indifferently at his quarry—a man of fifty with a hawk face and blue twinkling eyes, in a dressing-gown with yellow stripes, and a pair of Oriental slippers.

"The paper thought there might be a story in your experiences, or anything you're going to say about your travels, or something unusual."

TIMBLETON was speaking automatically. It was the interviewer's ritual—a series of garbled questions strung together, minus periods, grammar or intelligence. It invariably evoked a sapient cough from his quarry, followed by a garbled, grammarless and unintelligible series of replies. Timbleton sank back in his chair waiting for Sir Richard to remark: "Oh, I see. Indeed! Very interesting. I have had some connections with newspapers. That is, years ago. About my travels: Well, let me see. What paper did you say you were with?"

Instead, Sir Richard rose to his feet and looking down at the slightly slouched figure of the newspaper man, replied: "What's wrong, lad? You look rawther done up. Have a drink? Always carry me own flask, you know."

"Right-o," Timbleton answered quickly, and eyed the British nobility with mild astonishment.

"Deuced bore, I fawncy," went on Sir Richard, "having to come here and awsk a lot of questions of a silly old ass like myself. Here you are."

Timbleton accepted the glass and stared good-humoredly at the rather exceptional savant from Tibet.

"I've had a bit of a jolt," he said, falling with ease into the idiom of the British nobility. "Say,"—he paused with the glass to his lips,—“you're a scientist of some sort, aren't you?"

"Of a sort," smiled Sir Richard.

Timbleton swallowed the drink.

"I picked up something in the street," he went on, "that might interest you."

"I'd like to see it," said Sir Richard, eying him. "Here, there—steady, me lad. You are done up."

"I don't know what it is. It's something devilish," said Timbleton, flushing. "And it's sure given me one rough hour."

He stopped, fished in his pocket and brought out the green disk. Sir Richard took it in his hand, carried it to the window and studied it.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Sir Richard. "By Jove!"

Timbleton stirred uneasily. A curious expectancy had taken hold of him. The sight of the green disk had revived miserably the memories of his morning. He half expected Sir Richard to do something—begin barking or float gently out of the window.

"Unusual workmanship," Sir Richard was saying. "Wonderful color. And what an odd odor! Sulphur, I believe. Rawther warm, eh? An inscription. Hebrew. No, by Jove! Not Hebrew at all. More like Assyrian. No. Not Assyrian either. Cawn't make it out."

Sir Richard tapped the disk with his knuckle.

"What makes it warm?" he asked suddenly. "You haven't had the thing near a fire, have you?"

"Warm when I picked it up," said Timbleton, "about an hour ago. Still warm. What do you make of it?"

Sir Richard turned abruptly on him.

"Where did you find it?" he asked. His voice had wholly changed. It had become somewhat harsh.

"In the street," said Timbleton. He trembled a bit. The chloroform, the drink



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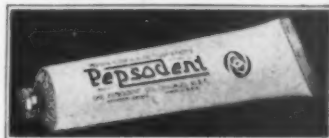
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and the Impossible Room were echoing in his nerves.

"What's the matter with you?" pursued Sir Richard in the same harsh tone.

"I don't know," answered Timbleton, "except that—that thing you're holding. Somebody tried to take it from me."

"Who?"

The question came like a shot. Timbleton jumped. Sir Richard was confronting him, his blue eyes no longer twinkling but ablaze with a strange light.

"Who?" he repeated.

"There were three people," Timbleton began slowly as if under the hypnosis of memory, "in an impossible room with—Things in it. One of them was a tall yellow-faced man. Another was a sort of dwarf with long hair and a big nose; and the third was a woman, a beautiful woman." He paused and then added: "I was kidnapped in front of this hotel and chloroformed."

HOLLAND, the sordid and practical city editor, would have guffawed. Sir Richard, however, stood as one riveted to the floor, his hawk face tense, his mouth opened, his eyes gleaming at Timbleton. Timbleton had risen.

"Sit down," said Sir Richard. Timbleton sat down. The Englishman moved quickly to the door and turned the key. He hurried back toward the window, and opening it, thrust his head outside. After several moments during which he seemed to be inspecting the walls of the hotel, the street below and the sky above, he drew himself in, closed the window, locked its catch, pulled the curtains together and turned to the newspaper man. Timbleton, sitting silently, reached for the flask on the table.

"Pardon me," he mumbled.

"Go ahead," said Sir Richard.

Timbleton poured a drink and swallowed it.

"It's the chloroform," he explained as his fingers shakily returned the glass.

Sir Richard was staring at him.

"If I show you something, will you tell me your story—everything?" he demanded hoarsely.

Timbleton nodded.

The Englishman dropped to his knees, drew a suitcase from under the bed and opened it. After a pause he brought forth a package, carefully wrapped and tied. Timbleton watched him open the thing.

"Here you are," said Sir Richard, and handed him three green disks. They were warm to the touch, and emitted a faint smell of sulphur. Timbleton held them for an instant, observing that they were inscribed with the same kind of letters which marked the rim of the disk he had found.

"They're the same sort of things," he muttered. "Well, I'll be damned."

"They're the same sort of things," repeated Sir Richard. "I found one of them near the second cataract of the Nile twelve years ago. I found another on the Hill of Rocks in Tibet four years ago. And I found the other while crossing the Strand near Trafalgar Square in London last month."

The Englishman drew a chair up to Timbleton and in a restrained voice added hoarsely: "Now tell me your story. It's important. There's nothing more important in the whole world than your story. If—if anything has happened to you this morning, it's more important than anything that has ever happened to anybody else—since the beginning of time."

Timbleton stared and drew a deep breath. "Tell me every detail of everything you've seen—and done."

"I was walking over from the office around nine o'clock this morning," began Timbleton, "when I came out of a cigar-store at Clark and Madison streets and saw a man in a brown suit looking for something—"

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He continued talking for a half-hour, the strained and silent face of the Englishman drawing him out, the gleaming, fascinated eyes of the traveler from Tibet inspiring him with a desire to detail all of the gruesome absurdities which had befallen him that morning. When he had finished, Sir Richard poured him another drink.

"Good God!" muttered Sir Richard. He began to pace the room, rubbing his hands together nervously and in turn tugging at his long mustache.

"What is it?" asked Timbleton after a pause. "What in God's name is it all about?"

"These disks," said Sir Richard, stopping short and pointing to the things lying on the bed, "these disks fell from the sky. You know that."

"The sky!" repeated Timbleton.

"The sky," said Sir Richard. He stared at the newspaper man and then spoke with a sudden snarl.

"Oh, what a triple-headed idiot our science is! Science! Science!"

He flung his arms out. "A madhouse full of stupid lunatics! A human race, indeed!" Contempt and rage were in his words.

"Freedom—liberty!" he went on, Timbleton listening in amazement. "Bah! A world in bondage. A race of slaves. A race held chattel by—by Zalzalza."

He stopped short, and Timbleton sighed nervously. Sir Richard was beginning to fit into the morning. A mad morning, and apparently, madder than he had suspected, even during the half-hour in the Impossible Room. He sat looking helplessly at Sir Richard, who had resumed in quieter tones:

"But light's coming. Fort has given 'em an opening."

"Who is Fort?" inquired Timbleton. He could think of nothing else to ask. In fact he could think of nothing at all.

"Fort," snapped Sir Richard, "is a scientist. The first scientist. Charles Fort. Never heard of him, eh? I fawncy not. The first faint gleam of reason that has ever broken the darkness of the race mind—that's Fort."

Sir Richard laughed without mirth.

"Scientists! Men of wisdom!" he snarled.

"Egad! The profound imbecility of the pack of them! Peeping through their damned telescopes and seeing less than moles underground. Planets, comets, algebra—damn it all. Knocking out every sane clue given them. Reading out of their court of idiocy every intelligent phenomenon pointing the great truth. Darwin! Hanging's too good for him. Newton and the rest of them! And the anthropologists. Gad! What a lot! Worse, damnably worse, than the astronomers. Fort beat me out. But it doesn't matter. Nothing matters now—or ever will."

DURING this strange tirade Timbleton contained himself with difficulty. He was beginning to think. Four mad persons in one day is somewhat of a record—even for a newspaper man. And yet—here was certainty. A man of science was talking, the kind of a man who could talk before a woman's club. Considering this, it would be best to listen, best not to interrupt. Sir Richard had paused for breath, but Timbleton held his tongue. The Englishman after staring curiously at his guest resumed:

"Have you ever heard of fishes falling from the sky," he demanded, "or of rains of blood? Or of balls of fire? Or of the great fire-wheels seen rolling over the sea? Have you ever heard of coal falling from the sky, and of the things people have seen through telescopes, things that are damned by science, things science says no to? Have you ever heard of the cup-marks scattered through the world, and the Chinese inscriptions that are found in Ireland, and of the things that are excavated—things that don't get into museums or textbooks, or systems? No? And why not?"

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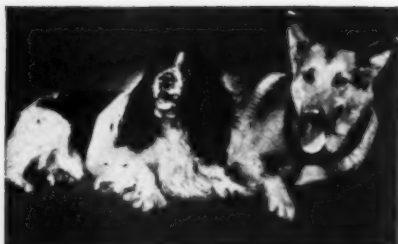
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Sir Richard fixed Timbleton's attention with a gesture—which was unnecessary.

"Because the world is insane," he answered himself, "because science is the ultimate insanity of an insane world."

Sir Richard sat down and poured himself a drink, which was just as well.

"This thing you've found," he went on, "is one of the thousands of things that have fallen from the sky. The records of scientific journals are filled with them. In 1883 there was a virtual bombardment: stones, coals, meteorites, axes, disks, cup-marks, gelatinous substances. And in Nova Scotia a group of terrible monsters—a variety of cuttlefish, the scientists proclaimed. Yes sir, cuttlefish! Cuttlefish that had never been sighted before in the history of the world, that when killed and dissected were found to contain minerals unknown to geologists.

"And what did science say to all this? Whirlpools, science said, pick them up and drop them again. Birds get into terrible fights above the clouds and kill each other, shedding blood that falls in a rain. Volcanoes send up clouds of cinders that fall five thousand miles away as unburned coal. Cyclones lift up a hundred thousand frogs, each two months old, out of a pond in Illinois and dump them down again somewhere in China! Interesting, eh? The explanations of science!

"Gad! Have you ever heard the cluckings of an infant not yet able to talk? These cluckings are infinitely more profound than all the bombilations of science. More learned, more truthful, in that they mean nothing! The bombilations of science, my dear fellow, mean less than nothing, infinitely less.

"This thing you've found, says science,—oh, I've had it up before the London Academy, and I know,—this thing, says science, with an eye on its systems and theories, is a tea-tile or something similar." An old woman dropped it from her shopping-bag. The reason it's warm is that it's been functioning under a warm teapot. Yes—a tea-tile made out of a metal no metallurgist has ever seen before, inscribed with words no philologist can decipher. A tea-tile that keeps warm for twelve years and gives off an odor of sulphur. Marvelous men of science!"

SIR RICHARD slipped out of his dressing-gown and moved about the room wildly in quest of clothes and linen. Timbleton, who was watching him, caught a glimpse of an open suitcase under the edge of the bed. Sir Richard had darted into the bathroom for a moment. Timbleton remained staring vaguely at the suitcase. He was not thinking of the suitcase. His thoughts, in fact, were describing illegible circles in a green mist, pursuing each other in a dizzy, wordless fashion.

Yet the superficial and unblinking eye of the newspaper man was looking at a suitcase. There were bundles of paper in the suitcase—notes, manuscripts, odds and ends. There was one paper, folded into a square that lay on top of the pile. A word now bizarrely familiar showed its heavy ink through the back of the folded paper; Timbleton picked it up and, almost unconscious of the act, thrust it into his pocket.

"The police first," cried Sir Richard, emerging from the bathroom with his hair combed. There was a violent certainty about his manner now.

"I still don't know what it's about," lied Timbleton. For as a matter of fact, he did know. But he knew something his brain refused to believe; hence the wordless circles in the green mist. It was something vast, twisted and ferocious. To a newspaper man all things are possible. The pinion of the great god Norm does not quite obscure his horizon. But they must adjust themselves into a lead. One must, in thinking of them, be able to start with a finality. And the



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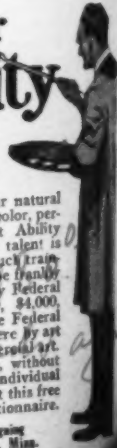
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necessary finality refused for the moment to arrange itself into words. It is difficult even for a newspaper man on observing that the moon is a salt mackerel to remark off hand and convincingly that the moon is a salt mackerel. It is a matter which requires effort. Timbleton was making the effort. Sir Richard, observing his blank face, paused in his toilet and went on:

"Since the beginning of time, so far as this world reckons time," he said, "things have been falling out of the sky. What I will tell you now has always been theory—until today. It is Fort's theory—and mine also. And there are perhaps another half-dozen men who hold it today—this theory. I have tracked phenomena for twenty-eight years. I've seen things which officially don't exist—which prove that modern wisdom is the flickering of a match against the gulf of night, that reason is a stagnant dream overgrown with moss, that the human race is but a faintly animated spawn!"

Timbleton marveled at the Englishman's language. Its persuasive redundancy beat pleasantly on his ear.

"But what you've seen," Sir Richard was saying, "the things you've seen—"

"What have I seen?" interrupted Timbleton warily. He was going to the police. This fact had suddenly placed a pleasingly tangible handle to the uncertainties. He had his lead, the finality with which all uncertainties must be introduced. Thus: "The police today raided a house in which—" And now if Sir Richard would get down to brass tacks and tell him what he had seen, the matter could be intelligently communicated even to a policeman, and—

"You have seen," said Sir Richard slowly, "the two men and one woman who own the earth! Who control the earth!"

"And the other things?" Timbleton inquired calmly.

"Mysteries," said Sir Richard, "minor mysteries which will clear up in the next hour. The great fact is what I've told you. The two men and one woman who own the earth."

"I don't understand," said Timbleton. But he did, in a hopeless, unhappy way. He was merely thinking of the police. There would have to be explanations to the police. A wagonload of harness bulls is a wagonload of harness bulls and not a purple barque loaded with Jasons sailing a golden sea upon a Quest. The superficial but "unblinking eye" of the newspaper man kept this fact well in sight.

"Sit down," commanded Sir Richard. "I'll take you entirely into my confidence. You deserve it. There's no use keeping you in the dark. You've already seen what no man has yet even dreamed of seeing. You and I are about to conquer—a universe."

CAPTAIN MORGAN of the South Clark Street police-station came miserably into the unblinking eye. Timbleton sighed. Conquering a universe would be a difficult matter to put up to Captain Morgan. He would refuse. Timbleton sighed and longed for brass tacks. He felt dizzy.

"Ages ago," Sir Richard was now saying, "strange ships sailing through the heavens observed our planet. The strange ships were filled with adventurers from, let us say, Mars. But it wasn't Mars. It was a country not in the system of La Place. It was Melzar. Melzar is a planet that La Place saw fit to call Saturn. The creatures in these ships attacked the earth, attacked the people of the world, and conquered them. Have you ever heard of the vitrified forts on the hills of Scotland—ruins that are made of glass? What turned them to glass? Bolts of fire from the attacking ships of the sky. Nothing else."

Timbleton, thinking desperately of the police, continued his longing for brass tacks.

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"Yes, sir, it must be great to travel around and see the world! When I was a young man, I was quite a wanderer myself. I had an old horse and wagon and I used to roam around over these here hills, sometimes clean over to Black Ridge, a'most twenty miles from home! Then I got married, and Delilah, my wife, she didn't care about rovin', so I settled down. I always wished, though, I'd gone over to Lebanon once, when I was still young and spry. It's a long ways—fifty miles—but I wonder sometimes why I didn't just go ahead and see it before my travelin' days were done."

You may smile at the old mountaineer's outburst but there is something pathetic in the glimpse it gives of the pitifully restricted lives of the hill people of his generation. To them a journey of fifty miles seemed an impossibly daring adventure. Modern facilities for rail and motor traffic have brought these isolated communities nearer the world but too late to be of any benefit to the older mountaineers. They, like Uncle Zebedee, feel themselves rooted in their native soil and can only look longingly back on unrealized dreams of youthful ventures "a'most twenty miles from home!"

Yet, how many of us are inclined to "settle down" and let a preoccupation with routine and the crowding affairs of daily life hold us back from the great experience of travel. When we do this, it is usually too late to appreciate life to the fullest extent. Too many of us are in danger of coming to old age with regrets for the journey we always planned but never took, the places we always dreamed of but never visited. Too many lives are the poorer for lack of the formative influence of travel during the years when the individual is most in need of its broadening effect.

We do not have to reckon with the physical obstacles which made old Uncle Zebedee's progress, over steep mountain roads, so slow and painful. The modern traveler can enjoy comfort and luxury at moderate cost. He has an unparalleled opportunity to store up for himself the treasures of rich and colorful memories.

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tions, let us call them, still sail the skies. They've been seen. Even scientists have seen them. Scientists have decided that they were balloons escaped from their moorings and touring the sky. They've also decided that the wheels of fire seen by scores of sea-captains—wheels of fire rolling majestically out of the clouds into the sea—were not wheels of fire and were not seen. Thus do scientists further the wisdom of the race."

Sir Richard digressed for several moments on the subject of scientists. He resumed his narrative with an abrupt oath.

"For centuries somebody, something, has been bombarding the earth with messages. There's a code that runs from Tibet to San Francisco. I've seen it. Hundreds of others have seen it. Cup-marks, things that stand out on rocks, spaced like Morse-code symbols. They spell something. A prehistoric race left them there, say the scientists. A prehistoric race, mind you, that reached from Tibet to San Francisco, and spoke an identical tongue. And is still alive. For the cup-marks are all alike, and are still appearing in places where they weren't. And the messages on axes and disks on the rim of meteorites, carbonaceous meteorites that give off an odor of sulphur. They don't exist, says science. There are no carbonaceous meteorites. A meteorite not constructed of true meteorite material is not a meteorite—and therefore is not allowed in the museums. But we'll talk only of the messages. For whom have they been intended? For the human race? Beautiful conceit! Fawncy the supermen of the heavens caring to communicate with the little moles who creep over the surface of the earth!

"I'll tell you for whom. Zalzalza, ruler of a planet called Melzaz, conquered the world and established a guard upon it—a group of Melzazians to hold the world for him. Of what use was the world to Zalzalza? Of what use is conquest to anyone? Nevertheless, since the beginning of history there've been on this planet a group of creatures guarding it for Zalzalza, perhaps guiding its destiny. God alone knows their powers. The men and woman you saw today are those people. Of this I'm now convinced."

TIMBLETON remembered the man in the brown suit looking for something with a compass and a telescope. He recalled again vividly the kidnaping, the Impossible Room, and the Adventure. His thoughts, like excited flowers, began to grow and wave about. His mind had fallen into a dreamy, exotic state. He was saying to himself:

"Is it true?"


And the question was answering itself with memories of what he had seen that morning, and with other questions. What do we really know? Has it all been wrong? What are scientists with telescopes? Nobodies? Lunatics? Perhaps. . . . Sir Richard was continuing:

"And beginning centuries ago, something strange occurred in the skies. A war started. Blood of birds, indeed! Great ships with creatures of fire and flesh guiding them, with interstellar monsters guiding them, fought each other in the skies. Grain has fallen from the skies—and coal—and balls of iron, and gelatinous things, and monsters that resemble cuttlefish. Rains of blood all over the earth, and black snows. And all the time messages—disks, stone axes. It's obvious, man. Great heavens! It's obvious! The messages contain instructions. For what? For the conquest of the earth? Who knows? For—for sending us, our planet, charging like a cannonball through space to wipe out an enemy. Who knows?"

"Tsk! tsk!" said Timbleton.

"Obviously, a part of the Enemy. You saw the room. They're desperate. The messages of Zalzalza have been miscarrying—centuries. Or rival missionaries—crea-

Your ship is in/



Stacks smoking and gangplank down. You've been dreaming. You've said: "When that ship comes over the horizon and heaves herself into port, I'll go to Paris. Maybe I'll go around the country in England. I think I'll go down to Santa Margherita where the boatmen sing Neapolitan songs while they haul. Anyway, I'll go to Monte Carlo."

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tures like Tekek—have been seizing on them."

Sir Richard paused and stared at Timbleton.

"Sounds insane, eh?" he inquired bitterly. "No," said Timbleton. "I'd like to go back. I'll go back with you."

"That's the spirit!" cried Sir Richard. "All I remember," said Timbleton, "is that there was a chimney with the words 'Jenny's Toasties' painted on it. We'll hunt up the chimney—there can't be many like it in the city; and then—"

"We'll find it," interrupted Sir Richard. "We must. We'll need two hundred policemen."

"Two hundred!" gasped Timbleton. "And as many firemen as we can get—several hundred, with hose, ladders and things. There'll be trouble. God knows what'll happen. We must be prepared. If—if we could get the army!"

"The nearest police-station is on South Clark Street," said Timbleton hastily. His unblinking eye was functioning of its own accord.

TIMBLETON walked in silence through the teeming little avenue. It seemed a little avenue, a tiny, unimportant, almost nonexistent kind of an avenue. His eyes, despite himself, sought the sky. It was after twelve, and the spring haze obscured the sun. Timbleton shivered. People passed—a tiny, nonexistent kind of people—little infinitesimal blurs drifting around in space: these were people.

"What paper did you say you were with, Timbleton?" suddenly asked Sir Richard.

"The Times," said Timbleton.

"Hm! What time do you go to press?" inquired Sir Richard.

"We've gone," answered Timbleton automatically, his mind on wilder things. "It's too late for anything but an extra today. The morning papers'll clean up on it."

They walked on. It was the most memorable walk in Timbleton's life, perhaps in the life of any man. He was no longer thinking. He had transcended thought. Ideas, huge and flaming, rocketed through his head like cannonballs in flight. His vision, the superficial but unblinking eye of the newspaper man—for the moment seemed to pierce the little film that is known as Life and Reality.

Beyond the tiny confusions of the street, beyond the miniature blur of faces swarming past, he perceived the monstrous shapes of the Unknowable, the demoniac figures and leaping nightmares of the eternal mystery. He perceived the shape of the earth, the uncharted vastnesses of the heavens. The terrific tumult of a wordless scene was in his mind. A universe had focused itself for Timbleton. An Ultimate Explanation nibbled at his consciousness. He was walking face to face with an Apocalypse.

Yet he did not go mad. He did not even lose the cool, cynical sanity of temper which distinguishes the newspaper man. His eye—the insatiable eye of the reporter—had adjusted itself. A new fact had been added to the world; a new story had broken.

He walked, tense and practical, toward the South Clark Street police-station. He remembered the station clearly. It floated like some miniature puppet house in the back of his brain. It was a place where the tawdry miseries, the infinitesimal maladjustments of a puppet city passed in daily review. Thus he thought of the realities,—realities he had for fourteen years faithfully reported. They had become, in an instant, meaningless trifles, nothings. For his quick reportorial brain was vaulting through an Apocalypse, grappling with the titanic shadows of ideas, reducing a nightmare and an infinity to a "lead."

And then the whirling little storm-center, the three and a half inches of gray matter that belonged to Kenneth Timbleton received

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a shock. Timbleton, obeying the frantic messages swarming from some excited point inside his skull, came to a dead stop. The messages said to stop. They said nothing else.

Accordingly Timbleton stopped and found himself staring at the full-sized, gayly colored lithograph of a woman that decorated the entrance of the Fine Arts Building. Still the messages said nothing else. He remained with his mouth opened, and Sir Richard tugging at his elbow.

"Good Lord, man," said Sir Richard irritably, "we're losing time!"

Timbleton continued to stare, but slowly his mouth closed. His head had begun to ache violently.

"I feel rather faint," he objected in a far-away voice.

Sir Richard laughed shortly.

"You'll be all right," he said.

Timbleton turned and gazed at the Englishman in silence.

"You're wearing a false mustache," said Timbleton. And without further word, he turned and walked past the lithograph poster to the box-office window of the theater inside. As he mounted the steps of the auditorium, he turned and peered back into the street. Sir Richard had disappeared.

SEATED in the gloom of the theater, Timbleton watched the figures of the moving-picture film going energetically through the shadow drama. A woman appeared, entering a bedroom and removing her hat and furs. Timbleton sighed. It was the woman of the Impossible Room—svelte and beautiful and dramatic. Timbleton sat and watched with interest. After fifteen minutes he sighed and arose. He felt somewhat stiff. He moistened his lips and walked slowly out of the theater. In front of the theater he stopped and stared at the lithograph: "Jeanne Faith—in 'Two Husbands.'"

Timbleton nodded half-consciously to himself. He desired to smile but accomplished it only indifferently. The woman on the lithograph was the woman of the Impossible Room. The superficial and unblinking eye of the newspaper man promenading through a roaring of worlds down a nonexistent avenue, had perceived it, registered aloofly the fact and given Timbleton a headache. Turning upon Sir Richard, the same unblinking eye had observed for the fifth time—a false mustache.

Sir Richard was gone. Timbleton thrust his hand into his pocket and withdrew the folded sheet he had picked from the suitcase in Sir Richard's room. He opened it and clearing his throat several times of a curious dryness, read in silence the excited type.

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Don't Fail To—

TIMBLETON stopped reading, refolded the document and resumed his way down the avenue alone. It was quite a



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good-sized avenue. He walked along with a faint smile on his lips and a normal gleam in his eye—his unblinking eye. He observed a stout woman almost get run over, and paused professionally for a moment. He noted a familiar face and nodded. He stepped into a cigar-store and invested fifteen cents in two inferior ropes. It would go on the expense account as "Telephone." He walked on puffing with a meditative air unusual to him. As he walked, his thoughts arranged themselves into cool, finite sentences—miserably mundane sentences.

"A plant," said his thoughts. "Spotted me when I left the office. Well—" A long pause and a number of puffs. "Spotted me and planted that damn' disk! Well!" Another pause and more puffs. "Framed it cold from the start. With an English press-agent at the hotel. Ouch! Of all the half-witted, fat-headed idiots! Of all the kidney-footed imbeciles!"

Another pause, during which Timbleton endeavored vainly to summon up further unflattering identities for himself.

"The floating men of Vuluria. O-o-h!" Timbleton laughed out loud. "And Sir Richard!" Another laugh.

He kept on walking. The universe was pleasantly out of focus. There was no Apocalypse. The Loop was the Loop—a dirty aggregation of streets, elevated girders, faces and traffic-cop whistles—and nothing else. A man in a brown suit was a man in a brown suit. The sky was the sky, and life was life—a succession of incidents crowding a specific and goodly number of chartered square miles. Even a movie press-agent with a false yellow mustache couldn't alter such things.

"But what a story it would have made," said Timbleton, "if I'd have fallen for it! Wow! What a yarn! What a yarn! Half a hundred police and three hundred firemen looking for Zalzalza! Seven-column headline: War of the Worlds! And the dénouement tomorrow—Zalzalza, the super-movie, released!"

Timbleton entered the local room of his paper and glanced guiltily at the clock. It was one. Holland, the sordid-minded city editor, looked up.

"Where the hell you been?" demanded Holland, still eying the clock as if to convince himself of a dubious fact. "Did you see Sir Richard Whatshisname?"

"No luck," sighed Timbleton. "Chased him all over town. Had him paged in six hotels."

He was thinking of the expense-account. "Paging Sir Richard—fifty cents—"

Runk, the assistant city-editor, looked up. "A dame been trying to get you on the wire, Ken," he remarked. "Says she's Jennie Faith, the movie star. Here's her number. Pretty soft—"

And Runk grinned significantly. "Go on, get out," snapped Holland good-humoredly. "See if you can pick up anything for tomorrow. It's duller than hell today."

And Timbleton, claspings a telephone number—one that would not go on the expense-account—sauntered listlessly out of the office.

"She owes me an apology and—a cup of tea, at least," Timbleton murmured to himself as he stepped into the street and looked about him for a telephone-booth—a private telephone-booth in which he might talk freely, and perhaps feelingly.

WE LIVE BUT ONCE

(Continued from page 87)

"Valerie!" her mother gasped. "You think I am swept away by insane sensuality?"

"My child!" her father roared. "You think it's just sex-mania?"

"That awful word!"

"But my real love for Blair is as sexless as the love of a man for his country, and I'm as willing to die for him. I love him as a woman loves a man, too, of course—terribly! But that's only a part of it—the least part of it, too. Oh, what's the use of wrangling? I love him. I know he is what I need to complete my life. I believe I can complete his life. I feel for the first time in my life that I have a real ambition and a real chance to do what I think is my sacred duty. Don't, for God's sake, hand me out a lot of trademarks and mottoes. The one question is, will you give or lend me the money I need?"

HER father answered the scorn of her generation with the scorn of his:

"We are not the only ones who deal in trademarks. But there are certain fundamental—"

"The money—do I get it?"

"Positively, absolutely not. Never!"

"Then I'll take my own money," said Valerie. "I've got some, haven't I? About twenty-five thousand, I think it was, but Uncle Lemuel willed me. You have it in trust. I'd like it, if you please."

"Oh, my darling! I implore you—"

"Will you give me my money?"

"What if I won't?"

"Then I'll sue you for it."

"Good Lord, listen to the child! Will nothing stop you from this insanity?"

"Nothing."

"When you've spent all your money, what will you have?"

"Blair Fleming."

"What if you lost him?"

"Then I don't want anything else."

This threw her mother into a paroxysm of tears. But Valerie would not be diverted by tears, arguments or threats. Her final word was:

"Do I get the money?"

"Of course. It's yours."

"All right. Shall I draw on you, or will you deposit the money to my account in the bank?"

"I'll deposit it tomorrow—or today. For it's morning now."

"Then you poor dears had better get in."

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bed. I hope you'll forgive me for being so bad a child and bringing your gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. But I've got to live my own life. If I succeed in being happy, I'll not blame you for opposing me. If I come a cropper, you can say, 'I told you so!' and I'll never bother you again."

"Oh, my baby! You wouldn't desert us just because we tried to do what we thought best. You'd always come home, wouldn't you?"

"If you'll let me, I will. Just leave a lamp in the window, and I'll find my way back, carrying the fatherless child in my arms."

"Don't joke about such things!" her father stormed. "Go your way and God bless you. I hope that all my prophecies prove false, and that you find the greatest happiness the world has ever known. But I doubt it. Otherwise I'd invest in it. So run along to bed and pray the Lord that you wake up cured of this mania."

VALERIE laughed, and embraced her father and mother, and kissed them again and again. They felt that she was going on a long journey on an uncharted storm-haunted sea, and they were beaten out with the fatigue of the vain warfare against her imperious resolution.

Her father murmured "Bon voyage!" as he left; and her mother said: "Heaven help you, my baby!"

When they had gone, Valerie raised a curtain and glanced out upon a garden where the climbing sun had already nearly despoiled the roses of their dew.

She yawned, and climbed the stairs to her room. But she was no sooner abed than she was awake again. How could she rest before she had made sure of Blair's freedom? She leaped from her sheets, bathed and dressed, and putting about in the pantry while the servants slept, made herself coffee in the electric coffee-pot and took from the electric ice-box enough for a breakfast. She was used to short rations of sleep and food, and early excursions. She had often danced until dawn, only to run home and change her ball-gown for the riding habit of a day-break hunt. Now she was out for big game.

She hurried to the garage and took out her car again, after filling the tank with gasoline, and seeing to the oil and the water.

Then she drove softly down the lane of tall trees to the highway, swung south and gave her car a chance to show what it could do.

Chapter Thirty-one

THERE was almost nobody on the road, least of all a traffic officer, and Valerie sent the arrow of her speedometer quivering up and up past fifty miles an hour, to sixty, past sixty to seventy-five. For one long stretch she touched eighty.

The ocean was dazzling in the fire of the morning sun, and the waves spilled caldrons of molten silver on a strand of gold. The eucalyptus trees made aisles of gigantic plumes, and the sidelong sierras slid backward as she pressed her furious way toward the battle. Through sleeping Ventura she sped, and turned away from the sea to the foothills, which rose and fell beneath her wheels like billows under a sloop scudding before the wind.

She made such haste that when she came again to Santa Susana Pass, her wrist-watch told her she would reach Los Angeles before anybody was out of bed. That would do her no good, and now her riddle was how to kill the hours that must be overpassed somehow before she might decently call upon Amy again. She had no haven but the home of her aunt, and so she drove thither and horrified the butler by encountering him

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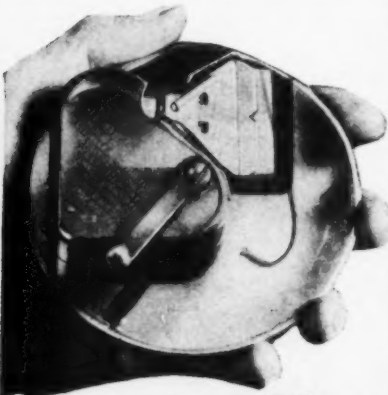
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unshaven, in his shirtsleeves, and smoking a pipe as he perused the morning paper with a jaundiced eye. She whispered to him:

"Under no circumstances wake my son. I'll sit in the living-room and read the morning paper. If I should chance to fall asleep, call me at nine."

She stretched herself out on a divan and glared at the headlines with blurred eyes that saw nothing. Her heavy eyelids felt as if they were lifted them with effort, but they fell again. . . .

It seemed that almost instantly the butler's voice was begging her pardon for its being nine o'clock. She stared up to find him spick and span, and wondered where she was, and why she was so lame of muscle and so drugged with slumber.

She fell back asleep with such dreams that the butler had not the heart to go beyond the letter of her directions. She had told him to call her, but not to call her again. Later Mrs. Pashley stole in and gazed at her and stole out, giving orders that she should not be disturbed. Mrs. Pashley had lain long enough to come to the conclusion that there is nothing on earth quite worth spoiling a good sound sleep to accomplish.

It was high noon before Valerie woke with a start, lifted her wrist, stared at the little clock on it and decided that it must have stopped at midnight—then remembered that midnight had found her in Santa Barbara and morning again in Los Angeles.

She got to her feet determined to have the butler's life, but encountered Mrs. Pashley, who took the blame and insisted upon an explanation.

When Valerie described her mission, Mrs. Pashley expressed her horror forcibly, and proclaimed the wisdom of Valerie's father and mother. Valerie interposed:

"Save your breath, Aunt Ada, darling. I've heard it all. I've gone over it all myself. Everything you've said and are going to say is perfectly true and wise and lovely, but it won't change me in the least. If my mother and father couldn't bring me to my senses, you can't, can you? I love you for your intentions, but my mind is locked."

MRS. PASHLEY saw at a glance that argument was futile. Having been young and rash herself on at least one occasion, she understood Valerie's obstinacy. It occurred to her that since the girl could not be dissuaded, she ought to be helped, and so she said:

"I think you're stark, staring mad, but there's no reason your cell shouldn't be padded. Perhaps you're wiser than all of us. They called Columbus crazy, and you may be a bigger discoverer than he was. I don't think so, but I want to save you any hardship I can."

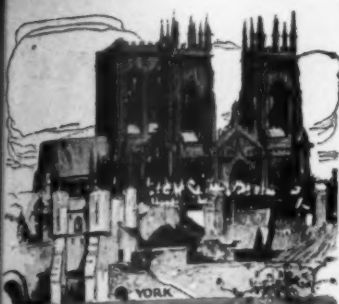
"Now you say you're going over to France or bribe Mrs. Fleming into going to Paris. She turned you out once, and she may not let you in at all this time. Then you'll lose your temper and tear her house down. Your temper is something magnificent; it is even more reckless than you are, and you'd better watch it."

"You say that you got your idea of sending Mrs. Fleming to Paris from my invitation to you to cross with me. Well, just to show you how much I love you, and what I'm willing to do for you, I'll invite Mrs. Fleming to go along with me in your place, and I'll do my best to keep watch over her and see to it that she gets the divorce instead of spending all your money on clothes the first week."

Valerie fixed blank, wide eyes on her aunt, and reached out to touch her as she said:

"Am I still asleep, or am I as mad as everybody says? Did I really hear you offer to take that atrocious woman to Paris under your wing?"

"That was my suggestion."



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"But, Auntie, people don't do such things. You couldn't mean it. Knowing you, and what such a woman means to you, I know you don't realize what you're promising."

"It won't be much fun, but I've spent a longer time in a hospital, and I'll put it down as a major operation."

"But darling, even if you could be such an angel—such an archangel—as to undergo such an ordeal, I couldn't be fiendish enough to subject you to it. Why, I'd be worse than Mrs. Fleming. I can't tell you how I love you for offering it, but it's wildly impossible, unthinkable. I seem to be dragging everybody through hell along with myself, but I simply refuse to destroy you to make a holiday for me."

Aunt Ada smiled and insisted:

"When a woman gets as old and fat as I am, my dear, there isn't so much difference between being happy and being miserable. Amy Fleming would be only a fleabite; but the feeling that I was helping you out of a tangle would make every hour with her one grand sweet song. You can't deny me the blissful feeling that I am doing something for you. I beg you not to. I've got my heart set on it."

She and Valerie wrangled like a pair of early Christian martyrs contending for major honors in suffering. Mrs. Pashley finally convinced Valerie that it would break her heart to be denied her share in the plot. She was fairly glowing over the fun of conspiracy, and Valerie accepted her as an accomplice.

Mrs. Pashley grew radiant as she wove her net: "I'll invite Mrs. Fleming over here to luncheon, and then you'll have her at your mercy. You can lock her in and not let her out till she listens to reason."

VALERIE admitted it was worth trying, and Mrs. Pashley had her butler call Mrs. Fleming to the telephone. Then she took his place and assumed her most irresistible voice: "Mrs. Fleming, this is Mrs. Pashley. How do you do? You don't? You did? Oh, how unfortunate! But everybody has a cold now, it seems."

"I hope you'll forgive me for calling you so informally and on such short notice, but I wonder if you wouldn't be good enough to run over and have lunch with me. There's something I so want to talk to you about. I'd come to you, but I'm not feeling my best. It will be just we two. Could you?"

Amy suspected instantly that Valerie had something to do with the matter, but her curiosity was aflame to know just what. Besides, an invitation to Mrs. Pashley's had been her high ambition for so long that she simply could not reject this first chance to sit at table with the great lady.

She accepted, called a taxicab, ran back upstairs to change her clothes, and presented herself at Mrs. Pashley's door on the dot of the hour.

She looked about for Valerie, but there was no sign of her, and no mention of her throughout the luncheon. Mrs. Pashley talked mainly of Paris and her approaching journey.

"You've been there of course—often, my dear?"

Amy was tempted to boast of one or two visits, but she thought the truth safer, and confessed with a sense of degradation and infamy: "No, not once!"

"Oh, how unfortunate! You must lose no time in running over. Can't you persuade your husband to send you?"

"He was talking about it only last night, but—well, he can't get away and I hate to leave him. Besides, going alone wouldn't be much fun."

"You could come with me," said Mrs. Pashley. "I'm going over alone this time. It would be pleasant to have your companion—"



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"Very good!" said Valerie with a smile. "Call it common, vulgar, indecent, infamous—I don't care. But common sense says that it is—well, not nice for a wife to hang on to a husband who wants her to let him go. Forget us and our low tastes and think of your own pride. Your husband and I have never kissed each other—yet."

Amy sniffed incredulously and stung Valerie into forgetting her vows of self-control. She lashed back:

"I suppose it is impossible for you to believe it, since you gave your lips so very playfully to Mr. Jimmy St. John."

"How dare you!"

"How dared you—without making sure that nobody could see you? Well, you had Mr. St. John, but you lost him. You want to keep your husband and have your lovers on the side. There are millions of women like you. You think divorce is shameful, no matter what happens. I think your way of living is so indecent that divorce is as clean as an antiseptic in comparison."

"I love your husband so deeply that I'm going to have him or die trying. But before I take him, I'm going to try all the decent and honorable steps first. If they fail, then I'll take him anyway—you can't stop me."

"YOU think you can compel me to let him go?" Amy asked scornfully.

"You've let him go already. Your own heart let him go. If your love had not died, you would have died before you could have endured Jimmy St. John's hands on you. Instead of playing round with that imbecile on the sly and going in for children's kissing games and dilly-dallying with fire, you'd have killed Jimmy St. John for thinking you would even look at him askance!"

"Where there's perfect love there can be no temptation. Temptation comes round like microbes where the resistance is low. You can think what you please but I tell you your living with your husband after taking Jimmy St. John's kisses is the indecentest thing you can do. I'm not blaming you for flirting. An idle heart has to have something to keep it going. I've flirted in my day and I've flirted with married men. I'm ashamed of it, but I don't deny it."

"The trouble with you is that you're such a hopeless little liar about everything, that the truth is simply impossible to you. You can't see it, let alone say it. Most of the world is like you, and the truth has a hard time getting heard."

"But me—I'm simply viciously truthful. I've told you frankly that I want your husband. He's told you frankly that he doesn't want you. You take refuge in lies and fake respectability. You think I'm mean, but you don't know how mean I can be."

"I'm mean and I'm rich. I can pound the life out of you. I can make you so contemptible that you'll come and beg me to take your husband off your hands. You can't scare me with gossip or headlines. If the newspapers make America too uncomfortable, I'll go somewhere else—and I'll take your husband with me, for I'll make America just as impossible for him as it is for me."

"But what will you get out of all that? You'll be an abandoned pauper. You'll have to go to work. And what work can you do with those dainty hands and that daisy-dowdilly mind of yours? You'll be a saleswoman, or a fine laundress, or a seamstress making baby clothes for other people's babies, or crocheting dollies. You can imagine how much you'll earn."

"It's rotten of me to take advantage of your poverty of purse and intellect, but what's the use of money if it doesn't get you anywhere? Why did my father and all his fathers work hard and pile up wealth if it was to mean nothing?"

"You can't fight me, and you'd best not try for I'll crush you just as willingly as



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me love him as I do. He is suffering agonies for fear he will hurt you in some way, for he's noble and I'm not. If I can make you happy and open a new life to you, that will please him and please me, and we'll all be happy and wise and decent. Can't you see it?"

Amy was unwilling to see anything that Valerie presented to her gaze. She answered: "You may be rich, but you haven't got enough money to buy me, I tell you!"

"Bravo! Spoken like a true American and a virtuous wife! But everybody has a price, they say. Surely you can't be altogether immune?"

"Perhaps not. But you can't buy me! Somebody else might, but not you!"

The heroism of making the great renunciation drained Amy so that she had no strength left to rise and sweep out.

Chapter Thirty-two

VALERIE was nonplused. Nervously she began to twist round and round on her finger a diamond of such purity and depth that its size was atoned for. It sent flashes of recurrent light into Amy's eyes like the gleams of a revolving lighthouse. Valerie noted that Amy was staring at it with the fascination of a hypnotist's victim. She had plainly the lust for diamonds that is born in woman.

In a sudden devilishness of audacity, Valerie leaned forward, caught Amy's hand and slipped the ring on her finger.

Amy started to brush it off. It stuck. What a pity that her pretty little hand should always have been, should always be, naked of diamonds! Valerie played Mephisto:

"That ring seems to belong there, somehow. It doesn't suit my big old hands. I'll give you that to seal the bargain."

AMY was already corrupted by the gem. It gazed at her with basilisk power. She tried to take it off, but it winked and she toyed with it a little longer. She was panting as if she had run a long way.

The heartless Valerie tried to nail her to a bargain:

"I'll give you the ring as a token of my everlasting gratitude, and I'll give you a lot of money besides."

Amy had not the faintest idea of accepting, but it amused her to torment her tormentor:

"How much money do you call a lot?"

"Whatever is necessary."

"Half a million?"

"Francs? Yes."

"Dollars."

"God, no!"

Amy asked idly:

"How much is half a million francs?"

"About twenty-five thousand dollars, I think, as francs are quoted—perhaps a little less."

"Oh, is that all?" she sniffed.

Valerie was angered at her ignorant contempt for real money:

"It's better than nothing. Which is what you'll get if Blair divorces you."

"How could he divorce me?"

"Anybody can divorce anybody in this country. Your husband is a lawyer. He's got a lot of people divorces in spite of bitter contests. Better take the money and Paris. You'll never have another chance at both."

Amy was reveling in the diamond's sheen and in her dramatic power over the frantic Valerie:

"My husband would never let me accept your money."

"Of course not. But you don't have to tell him, do you? That can be our secret, can't it—just yours and mine."

"How could he help finding out?"

"I'll never tell him. Why should you?"

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"I'll think it over."

"Say, yes!"

"I'll think it over." She rose to go. She was afraid to stay a moment longer lest she yield and lose the pride of keeping Valerie in suspense. She had not often had the opportunity to keep anybody as important and as loathsome as Valerie in suspense. She was so dizzy that she dared not linger. She sprang to her feet and dashed from the room, flung back the sliding doors and slipped through the crevice.

Valerie followed, trying to elicit a promise from her, but she darted through the front door and almost ran to the taxicab that she had ordered to come back for her.

Mrs. Pashley was waiting in the music-room to hear the outcome. She came out to question Valerie:

"What did she say?"

"She wouldn't say."

"You mean she wouldn't decide?"

"Well, she said no. But she carried off my ring."

"Not that big diamond?"

"Yes."

"But it's worth—"

"Nothing is worth anything to me except Blair Fleming."

AMY in the taxicab was swinging from greed for luxury to greed for revenge. She could not throw away the visit to Paris. But how could she accept it from Valerie or from Blair, both of whom had ground her pride to flinders? Valerie was rich and Blair was a brute. How could poor little rabbit Amy beat them at their own game? She just had to spite them somehow.

That diamond of Valerie's caught her eye. It winked at her still. It seemed to be shaken with merriment, to be laughing with light instead of sound, and to be laughing with malicious rapture.

Suddenly the diamond seemed to suggest a way to overthrow all her powerful enemies, and make fools of those who were trying to make a fool of her. She would keep the diamond, take Valerie's money, take all she could squeeze out of Blair, bleed him dry, take all she could get from Mrs. Pashley, enjoy herself to the utmost in Paris, and then—refuse to get the divorce.

What could they do to her? Blair would still have to take care of her. He would still be unable to marry Valerie. Valerie could not sue for her money back or her diamond ring. Mrs. Pashley, who had joined the conspirators, could not ask for her money or her hospitality back.

The plan was so deliciously impish that Amy shook with laughter. They would walk over her and crush her, would they? Well, the best laugh, after all, was the last one. She could afford to wait for her turn because she would be reveling in luxury every moment of the time. She could hardly wait, though, to see their faces when she played the joker on all their aces and blandly declined a divorce.

The denouement of this powerful story of ruthless love is interesting indeed. Be sure to read it in the next, the June, issue.

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THE TECHNIQUE OF THE SIRENS

(Continued from page 63)

only slowly growing to be interested in anything else. And this pretty Sue talked as if she had actually slogged along with a fixed bayonet herself. She even knew the names of company heroes. Hastings, as they walked their horses, constantly bumped into her. He felt that he could never get too close to this girl who actually understood and cared about the war.

After they had parted, Sue rushed upstairs to her room with shining eyes. She felt like a runner who has completed a difficult race. Hastings, she knew, was practically hers to command.

"The question," Sue said, "is this: this ecstasy I feel, is it joy that I've got Harry again, or is it glee that I have bested Helena, or is it both? Further, having practically got Harry, what am I going to do with him?"

THE only way to make sure of that, of course, was to see as much of him as she could. For a fortnight they were constantly together. Sue was sure that his desertion of Helena was almost complete. Helena was evidently taking his defection gracefully. Mrs. Swayne reported that she had gone to several middle-aged parties with Marston Wheeler, a widower several years younger than herself. Sue granted that a woman as undeniably attractive as Helena was, would undoubtedly find ways of consoling herself.

One of Helena's ways she discovered on the night that Hastings took her to the first of the plays that a stock company had come from New York to confer upon Creston. Across the theater, in the rows of seats that she knew were reserved for the holders of season tickets, sat Helena and Foster. The sight caused Sue no concern. Helena, of course, had got season tickets, and would no doubt invite various young men to be her escort, Foster among them.

During the intermissions, however, whenever she remembered Helena and Foster and looked across the house, she found them absorbed in talk. Sue was anything but obtuse. A little grin stretched her innocent mouth, as she thought:

"Why, the cunning old thing! She's going to try to slap me back. And she's got my Wally. Never mind—never mind. It won't take me long to quash that. I can handle these two men as easily as a juggler handles two balls. All the same, I wish I knew what she was saying to him."

What Helena was saying was this:

"Yes, Wallace, I think, on further consideration, that you are right about the heroine's motive and I'm wrong. What confused me was the apparently sincere way she expressed herself. I suppose it is naïve of me, but for all my experience of life, I'm inclined to take people at their surface value. But I see now that your reading of her character is right. I hope you don't mind my telling you, Wallace, that you have unusual penetration. You know I feel like a sort of elder sister to you, and elder sisters may surely say pleasant things as well as unpleasant ones. From the very first, I was struck with the way you seem to know life. You really have the point of view and effect of experience of a man of thirty-five."

This was said in Helena's sweet throaty voice, that somehow shot over to most of her masculine companions a sense of obscure but pleasurable emotion. She gave him her most mysterious glance, one that was languorous and personal, and just as it seemed to be telling a man something, slipped away into impersonality.

"Well, I don't know," Foster responded; "I always felt a lot older than I am."

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That's why I like to talk to a woman like you who is beyond the silly schoolgirl stage. A man can't be serious with most of the young fry of today. They're all right when a fellow feels flippant, but they're often unscrupulous, use a man for all he's worth and don't think they even have to pay a little loyalty and consideration. Now, a woman that is older seems so generous somehow; you, for example, you act as if you would give anything to a friend and not expect a single thing back."

"Oh, I'm afraid I do want sympathy and understanding back," Helena murmured, "but if you mean I never make demands, of course, I never do. I can't imagine a firm friendship between a man and a woman if she begins making demands. It doesn't seem like playing the game."

"Well," said Foster, "all I can say is that you are the most generous and big-hearted woman I have ever met, and I feel very flattered that you have agreed to go to these plays with me. Only, Mrs. Race—"

"Helena," she murmured, "Helena, when we're alone."

"Heh—Helena," he gulped, "only if I ever bore you or anything, just let me know. I know so many fellows who would be so glad of your society—"

"Yes, you dear boys are so good to me," she said; "but then, there aren't so many Wallace Fosters among you."

The curtain rose at this point, and Helena leaned back in her seat, well satisfied. That little Waldron girl would presently see that she was being taught a lesson.

THE little Waldron girl saw this the next day. She met Foster by a naturally planned accident just as he was leaving the bank. From old habit he fell into step beside her, and they walked to the foot of the hill on the crest of which stood the Waldron house. There Foster paused.

"I wish I could do the climb with you," he said, "but I'm due for a game of tennis."

"With Mrs. Race?" asked Sue in a teasing voice.

"Yes. She's taking it up again. She thinks I can help her in her game."

"She would," said Sue, laughing.

Her airiness nettled Foster.

"You've never done her justice, Sue," he said. "I must say I don't think you've treated her very well. Of course I know you are fond of Hastings and all that—"

"Who said I was?" inquired Sue dangerously.

"The whole town is talking," he replied simply. "But Sue, I must say, I think your method of whistling him back was crude."

Sue's face was scarlet with irritation. This was new indeed for Wallace Foster to take this schoolmaster attitude toward her.

"Well, your opinion is most interesting," she said. "I suppose you inherited it?"

"If you mean that Mrs. Race has said things against you, you are most thoroughly mistaken," he told her. "She has talked of you in the loveliest way. She admires you extremely. I wish you could take a lesson from her in generosity. She is the most whole-hearted, noblest woman I have ever met."

Sue glared at him and then stared at him. Yes, he believed it. No, he wasn't playing a game, just trying to make her jealous. What in the world should she do? What she did was to lose her temper, shake her fist at him furiously and shout:

"You make me sick, Wally Foster!"

On that they parted. It was Sue's belief that every huntress of men should have a sense of humor. Therefore she laughed with valiant hilarity as she climbed the hill. That silly Wallace, to be so easily fooled



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by an ancient like Helena Race! But her laughter grew more hollow as her breath grew short, and her confusion and irritation expanded. The result was that when she found Hastings waiting on the porch waving a tennis-racket, looking cool and sure of himself, and of her too, her mingled feelings escaped in a hurricane of wrath. She went through the process vulgarly called cutting off the nose to spite the face and so stabbed his vanity that he flung away from her, vowing that it would be a long time before he would return.

"Let him go," cried young Sue, still breathless, fanning her flushed face, and stamping her weary feet. "Let them both go! I'm sick of them! I could whistle them back in a minute, but I won't. Let old Helena Race have my leavings if she wants them. It isn't hard for me to get men."

IT wasn't. Sue proceeded to summon various swains who were only too glad to take the places of Hastings and Foster. What somewhat took the edge from her actions was the fact that Hastings carried his wounded vanity to Helena for poulticing. Sue had half expected that. Still, it was something of a shock to go to the Junior Ball and see Helena assiduously attended by both Hastings and Foster. She had to admit that she had never seen Helena looking so young and beautiful in blue and silver. When Hastings cut in upon her, she was sweet and apologetic for having lost her temper. He forgave her, but he did not quite melt. She must be punished a little longer. With Foster she was nonchalant; he had, her manner said, merely become a boy she had known all her life and never thought of when he was not before her eyes.

Between dances when Sue was freshening her face in the dressing-room, surrounded by a whorl of chattering girls and matrons, Mrs. Swayne drew her aside.

"You're behaving beautifully, dear," she said, "in not dragging your beaux away from Helena in some spectacular manner. You'll never be sorry for having let her prolong her day."

"So you think I'm being generous?" murmured Sue. "Well, anyway, Aunt Minnie, I'm sick of men. If you offered me two pins, I'd be off them for life."

Mrs. Swayne emitted an unbelieving chuckle.

"Humph," she said, "not you! If there weren't any single men, you'd go after the married."

Sue looked at her aunt fixedly, her innocent eyes widening.

"That," she thought, "is a great idea, supplied by the most respectable woman in Creston. For this kind suggestion many thanks."

She went straight from the dressing-room to the corner where Alex Baldwin, Helena's middle-aged brother-in-law, was yawning, wondering when he could go home. Baldwin's only merit, the severe of Creston thought, was that he was married to a woman who was the salt of the earth. He barely made necktie-money from his insurance business. His wife supported him by writing children's stories. He had been very handsome and very wild in a youth he had prolonged till his strong-minded sister-in-law, Helena Race, set a period to his wildness by taking charge of her sister's finances and putting him on an allowance. He still had leanings toward a Romeo rôle, but did not exhibit his tendencies in college circles. Sue approached Baldwin with her head innocently on one side.

"Why didn't you cut in on me, Mr. Baldwin?" she said. "You've hardly danced at all tonight."

Baldwin felt flattered that this pretty girl had noticed that he was not dancing. He did not care to dance with women of



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his own age, and young girls signaled wildly to their friends when he cut in on them from the stag line.

"I'm getting to be aged, Susie," he said with a resigned smile.

Sue hated to be called "Susie." She gritted her teeth, still beaming on him, and said:

"Oh, I don't think you're old at all, Mr. Baldwin. And if only you knew how sick I am of boys."

She sat down beside him and went on:

"They never say anything worth while. They all say the same things. I could shut my eyes and listen to them, and except for the difference in their voices, I would think it was the same mind behind the voices. Have you noticed anything like that, Mr. Baldwin?"

She turned a wistful gaze on him. Baldwin insensibly moved a little closer to her.

"Well, I've noticed that the young men of this day don't seem to have the sense of responsibility the youth of my decade had," he agreed.

A little ironic imp was chuckling within Sue. The idea of Alex Baldwin, the old leader, talking of a sense of responsibility! It was to howl.

"I'm sure you weren't like that, Mr. Baldwin," she said. "And I'm old-fashioned, myself, though of course on the surface I have to keep up with the times. But I can't get anyone to be old-fashioned with me. I just love to go walking in the woods. But no young man cares for that—"

It did not occur to Baldwin to suggest that she go with another girl, though for a moment Sue was afraid he might. It seemed to her that what she was doing was so obvious that even a middle-aged relic of the slow days would see through her. But he rose to the lure blindly.

"If I weren't such an old fellow," he said, "there are some walks here—"

Sue clasped her hands ecstatically.

"Oh, would you, Mr. Baldwin?" she murmured. "I'd love to go with you, and I know Father would be happy to have me. He has sometimes said he wishes he could hear some improving conversations when he is listening in to the talk that goes on in our library."

THEY fixed a date for the following afternoon. Sue remained beside Baldwin despite efforts of her friends to dislodge her, until she saw that Helena had seen and was approaching. Foster and Hastings beside her. Then she rose, and said ecstatically:

"Oh, Mrs. Race, Mr. Baldwin and I have been having the loveliest time. I do so love to talk with an older man. They have such a wonderful knowledge of the world. You don't feel that you are wasting time with them."

Baldwin received this with fatuous satisfaction, Foster with a couple of blinks, and Helena with an inscrutable smile, under which was a provoked wonder. Was this girl up to some more mischief? Or was this incident designed merely to trouble Foster? At least Sue would bear watching.

Sue's tactics were direct and as open as she could make them. She walked with Baldwin; she danced with him noticeably at parties. She lunched with him in the cafés from which she supposed that gossip would most quickly spread. But Sue's well-known distaste for anyone over thirty was so much a conviction with her friends that it was some time before the talk for which she was angling began to spread. The first who rose to it was Hastings.

He had begun, though cautiously, to see more of Sue after the Junior Ball. He was by way of being genuinely interested in her. A little more, he told himself, and he would be in love with her. But he did not intend, being thirty, to let any girl tow him about



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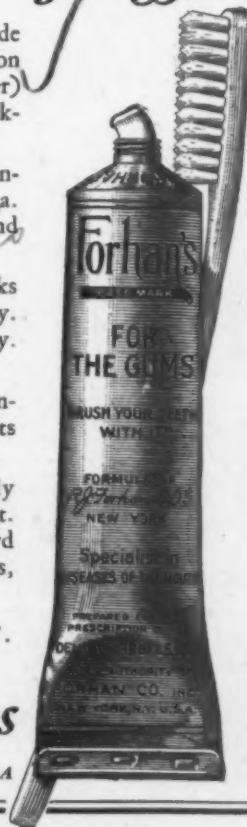
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to show her power. No scars for him. He was feeling his way carefully, when it came on him with a shock that young Sue was spending a large part of her spare time with Baldwin. He told himself that what he felt was not jealousy, but a sense of protectiveness.

He took occasion, when they went riding to introduce the subject. They were following a country road where opulent young summer had already made a leafy tapestry about them. Sue's face was dreamy, as it often was when she was out of doors and on a horse that fitted her mood like a glove its hand.

"SUE, dear girl," Hastings said, his tone taking on a note partly admonitory and partly fatherly, "do you think it quite wise to see as much of old Baldwin as you do?" "Old? Do you call him old?" asked Sue in an amazed tone.

"Well, I'm glad I'm not so far along in the history of my life as he is," Hastings said. "But it's not his age. You're seeing such a lot of him."

"Am I? Not a bit more than I have at other times of other men."

"Yes, but he's married."

"Is he any more married," she said softly, "than Helena Race?"

Hastings felt a touch of gratified vanity. The child was jealous. Darling little creature! He pondered silently. He must proceed tactfully, must prove to her that dictum, so dear to the heart of man, that a man takes nothing from a girl by having a corner in his heart, more or less large, for another woman. Before he could speak, she upset his calculations by saying:

"Of course, no sensible girl would ask any man to give up any friend whatever. He gives her what he has for her, and what he has for others is none of her business, and if she is thoroughly modern, has no effect on her feelings."

This remark decidedly dashed Hastings. If it were true, he didn't like it to be true. He wanted Sue to be jealous but to let him have full freedom. He was translating into modern terms the feelings of the ancient Turk that inheres in modern man: that while his woman must not philander, she must allow him to philander with well-mastered regret, for if the regret were not there, it would be a sign she didn't love him irrevocably.

"But," he said impulsively, "can't you see, my dear, that for a man nearing thirty"—Hastings was thirty-one—"to have a married friend is quite different from a girl of twenty having a married-man friend?"

"No," said Sue, gazing dreamily into the leafy arches above her, "I don't see it. You are talking of the past and not of the present."

"And old Baldwin, who's pretty nearly a moron—"

"I've never found," said Sue slowly, "that the kind of men you call moron are any less appreciative of a girl than the intellectuals. The compliments Mr. Baldwin pays me are quite as intelligent as any you ever paid, for example. I don't say he has brains, but he has experience; and at the present stage of my history in life, as you call it, he can give me a lot, and he happens to interest me extremely."

"But you're so young, so inexperienced. Presently he may make love to you—"

"Is zat so?" mocked Sue.

She flicked the whip lightly against her horse and darted ahead of Hastings. Her heart was singing joyfully. She had Hastings just where she wanted him, and presently she would have Foster. Then she would show those two!

She had Hastings beyond where she wanted him, for after that ride he no longer attempted to stem the flow of his feelings. He was in love with Sue, and for her sake



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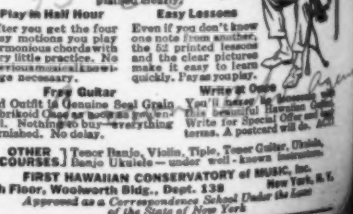
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he would have gladly sacrificed his friendship with Helena Race. He had just sense enough not to make the offer in words, but his sentiments did not escape either Sue or Helena. Sue also had Helena where she wanted her. Helena's strained pleasantness showed this not only to Sue but to anyone else who happened to be looking. For the first time in her adult experience, Helena was unable to be mysterious, elusive. She was, where Sue was concerned, as unmistakable as the Rock of Gibraltar, and as stony.

The one person Sue did not have where she wanted him was Wallace Foster. He remained on pleasant, casual terms with her, but he was apparently oblivious to her interest in Baldwin. For days after Hastings' capitulation, Sue waited for Foster's surrender, at first with triumphant expectation, then with impatience, and finally with unmixed anxiety. She flirted with Baldwin, not only where Foster could see her, but where all the world could see her. Everyone except Foster appeared to be shaking their heads over her. Sue came to the conclusion that she could only attract Foster's attention by committing murder. There were enraged moments when she wished she could murder him. Foster, her patient servitor, to behave in such fashion that he could not be said to be behaving at all!

The late June days were hard on Sue. The students departed, thus leaving Creston pretty well drained of men who interested her. There remained of her train only Hastings, who irritated her; Baldwin, who was becoming troublesome; and Foster, who apparently did not see her. She admitted that her attempt to put Helena Race in her place had had a boomerang effect. Her only consolation was that, if she had not won in the contest, neither had Helena Race. One of them was just as uncomfortable as the other. Sue began to think she would have to resolve the situation by going away for the summer. Helena Race would stick—and so, apparently, would that tiresome Baldwin, and the almost equally tiresome Captain Hastings.

THE situation was resolved by Mrs. Baldwin. The wife of the president of the college gave a moonlight garden party for the benefit of those who were to spend the summer in Creston. Mrs. Baldwin, who rarely went anywhere socially, appeared with Baldwin. She looked as Helena Race might have looked had she been drained of color and charm and vitality. But she had a sweetness and a sensitiveness that did not belong to Helena.

It was a beautiful garden party, held under elms that soared like the arches of a cathedral, and beside a gorge the walls of which fell in ripples of living green to dark and foamy water far below. Somewhere in the shrubbery was hidden an orchestra with not too many saxophones. The music, the voices of people, the sound of the water, a little breeze in the trees, made Sue wistful and presently made her slip away from an attendant youth and go alone among the winding paths of the rose garden. She sat on a bench and gazed up at the moon, wondering if she were quite as insignificant as she felt.

Light steps sounded on the path, and she looked down to see Mrs. Baldwin, who sat down beside her with a gentle deprecating smile.

"I followed you, Sue," Mrs. Baldwin said softly, "because I want to talk to you a minute, dear."

Sue's heart was beating uncomfortably. She knew she had not been considering Mrs. Baldwin's feelings. When she had thought of her, it was to assume that she couldn't possibly be interested in such an old pill as Baldwin.

"Oh, I'm not going to scold," said Serena sighing; "scolding never gets any-



"Cheer up, Ed; a couple of years ago I changed four tires at once and I haven't had any tire trouble since."
 "What—changed four tires at once?"
 "Yes, for a set of Kelly-Springfields." 1/3 Page 1360
 Andrew Wells
 Sue



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where. I'm only going to say, Sue, that the cruellest thing a girl can do to a middle-aged man, a man almost elderly, is to make him ridiculous."

"Why—why," stuttered Sue. It rushed over her that she had never considered Baldwin's feelings at all in her campaign—as little as she had his wife's.

"If a man is getting old," Mrs. Baldwin went on, "and knows that he has not succeeded financially or socially, he wants to score somehow. If he thinks he is making a young girl fond of him, and then wakes up to find she is only making a stalking-horse of him—it is going to hurt him pretty badly, Sue."

"Why—why—" muttered Sue again.

She suddenly burst into tears. "How dreadfully you must love him not to think of yourself at all," she said. "Oh, I do hope I'll never have to love anyone like that."

Serena Baldwin patted her lightly on the shoulder and withdrew. Sue sobbed on in the moonlight, realizing in a confused way that she had been selfish and ruthless, and that in the end she had devastated herself as well as other people. Here she was, deserted by Foster, and lowered in her self-respect because, from vanity, she had hit at a good woman who loved a dull and vain and faithless man. It was a bitter world where a girl who, like herself, had had everything, could bring about pain to people who hadn't had very much. She wished sincerely that she could take on herself whatever mortification or grief she had caused anyone whomsoever.

HEAVY steps sounded on the gravel path, and Sue hastily dabbed at her eyes. That infernal high-school boy who had been dogging her lately, she supposed. She whisked open her vanity-case, and by the time she had closed it again, and looked up, Foster stood before her.

"H'lo," she said weakly. "Where's Hel—I mean, h'lo—how are you?"

He sat down and suddenly drew her into his arms.

"I'm feeling better than I have for some time," he said with a broken gruff laugh. "Sue, I love you, but I can't be your doormat. Mrs. Baldwin told me I'd find you

here. She said—say, that woman knows everything."

"She's a saint," Sue said, tears stinging her eyes. "She knows more about life than Helena Race or Captain Hastings or—or any of the people around here that pride themselves on their experience. She—she knew I wanted you when I didn't know it myself, Wally. And—and she was so big that she waited for the right time even if it hurt her, maybe, to wait. She did something for me as well as herself."

Foster assented. "We'll talk some more of her during the next fifty years, if you like," he said. "Meantime, I've told you where I stand. I'm not going to be a doormat. I'm not going to stand for flirtations with Hastings or old Baldwin. I'm going to give up Helena Race, and I'm going to marry you. How about it? About the time the students come back, you can have the showy sort of wedding you'd like."

Sue leaned to him with an adorable smile, behind which was a little dancing devil of delight. He wasn't going to be a doormat—wasn't he? Just let him wait! Dear blessed Wally, how blind she had been! Never, never would life apportion to Sue Waldron the lot that had been given to poor good Mrs. Baldwin, not even the lot that had been given to mysterious Helena Race. She had won over Helena—hurrah!

"I don't mind your calling on poor Helena Race," she said, "provided you understand that she is something of a cat."

"I like Helena," he said, "and I owe a lot to her. But it happens to be you I'm in love with. We'll both walk the straight and narrow, shall we? And let me remark, that though I don't care if I never see Helena again, if she is a cat, you're a scratchy kitten. I love you, my darling, but you'll never be able to fool me again."

Sue nestled closer. See through her? Not he! But would it be possible that some day she would have to adopt the mysterious ways of Helena in order to keep her husband guessing? And was it possible that after all, she could never again turn her Wally into a doormat? That problem they both left on the wide lap of time and yielded joyfully to the moonlight.

HIGH JOHN, CONQUEROR

(Continued from page 67)

Fourth Avenue the leading colored mortician hung around his telephone closely, lest there be any unseemly delay or competition when the medical profession gave up.

For Ocie Willis was going to die. It was being telegraphed now to distant relatives, as far away as Vicksburg and Flomaton. It was reflected in the sight of a forehanded lodge member here and there, busily shining his band instrument and dusting his uniform, in preparation for the biggest burying in months. Everything had been fixed but the date, and that couldn't be far off. Bella was leaving no doubts for blocks around that she was facing sore affliction, yet cannily keeping back a few of her higher notes for later use when the doctors actually gave up the fight.

Ocie himself lay motionless in a coma and a suit of awning-striped pajamas. Distributed liberally over him were dressings and bandages. In none of this was there any change since he had been brought home some two days previous. The neighbors flocked and buzzed. Rumor and conjecture continued in the air. Ocie, the insignificant, the worm, it was reputed, had turned. Details were vague and conflicting, but they spoke unanimously of battle and riot. Report generally had it that "dat Rabbit-houn" sho done hissef noble twel he tried to fight dat truck."

Through the crowd and into the sickroom shuffled Henry, with the air of an important witness, and still slightly wall-eyed from his recent harrowing experiences.

"Whut ail him most, de High John or de truck?" he queried respectfully.

"De High John st'it him,—but de truck hit finish him," explained Bella between loud sobs.

"Yes'm, he look like he finish," responded Henry tactfully. "But he aint look nothin' like s' bad as dat nigger whut Ocie fight befo' he tackle de truck. You know dat big yellin nigger dey call James?"

"I knows him," answered the widow-to-be ominously.

"Well, you aint li'ble know him now. He aint sca'cely de same nigger a'-tall. I aint see all of hit—I jes' see de las' part of hit. When dey pass me, goin' up Red Mountain, Ocie done th'oug' beatin' James over de haid wid a pick-handle an' wuz tryin' overtake him so's he could trim him down smooth wid a meat-ax he wavin'. I aint never see no nigger run so fas' an' bolter so loud as dat James, goin' uphill, too! I spect hit take nine dollars by now jes' to send him a postcard, he run so fur."

The soon-to-be-bereaved sobbed dutifully, but showed pride and interest in these details, nevertheless.

"Ocie always wuz fine strong man," she averred. "Dat's reason I look up to him

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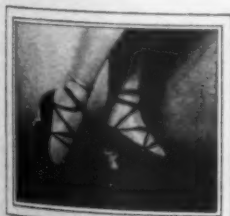
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so. An' I aint know nothin' 'bout postcard, but I gits me a letter from James dis mawnin'."

"Is you!" Henry was learning something now. "What he say?"

"He say Bumin'ham too small to hold him an' Ocie. He aint know Ocie gwine die—and I aint never gwine tell him, neither, 'count whut else de letter say: Specially when de po-lice done got two white gent'-men in jail whut dey seen in James' car de night befo'. But dem men wont tell whar at de car is."

"Mis' Willis," interrupted one of the doctors, "we is got to have a consultation 'bout your husband. We understand everything except why he's alive. There's evidences of enough cocaine in him to petrify a elephant. How he got it ought to be looked into after the post-mortem. We retires for a brief pe'iod now."

Henry itched with unsatisfied curiosity. Also he smelled a rat.

"Huh!" he grunted suddenly. "I und'-stands mo' 'bout dis High John dan I knows. Hair of de dawg whut bit him," he continued, "dat's de med'cine us wants fo' him."

"You talks foolishment," snapped Bella. "He done been bit too much now."

"Ne'mind. You wait. An' whut you say dat James write you?"

"He say he aint comin' back no mo'. He say Ocie too rough. He say Ocie pick on him so much dat las' night he wuz in Bumin'-ham he jes' 'bleeged to move 'way. An' he make writin' in de letter dat if po-lice find he car, I can have hit—he make me present of hit free 'ca'se he aint gwine come back in same town whar at Ocie is."

Henry pricked up his ears. "Say dat 'g'in, Mis' Bella."

Bella said it.

Henry grew entirely too cheerful for a death-chamber.

"Come wid me," he urged. "Right out back. I kin show you somepin now."

"DAR in de shed all the time," sounded the returning voice of Henry a few moments later. "Hit git Ocie in sich a jam he has to git de High John. Now ev'thing straighten' out: You gits a car jes' same as you wanted. Ev'body fix fine but Ocie—and he always wuz kind o' trislin'."

The doctors saved the situation by their return. Bella postponed her defense of Ocie to hear their report. When she got it, she reached for a high note and began to scream. In their opinion Ocie was a total loss on two counts.

Ocie lay still and heard nothing. At least not until—

Henry leaned over the recumbent form, his lips close to the lifeless ear.

Crash went a window. Flash went Ocie's awninglike pajamas, with Ocie inside them. To the right and to the left parted the astonished crowd as the corpse dashed wildly through.

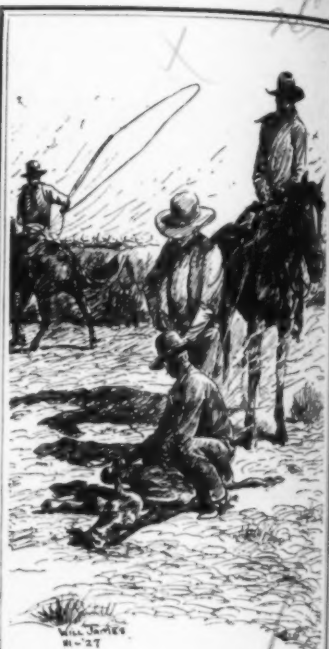
"Gimme room!" implored the voice from the dead. "Gimme lots of room. I needs hit in my runnin'! Fo' Gawd's sake, don't let 'im!"

Long had the dust of Ocie's passage settled before Henry and the two doctors restored to consciousness Bella, the newest auto-owner in Alabama.

"Name of de Lawd, boy!" she addressed Henry with her first full breath thereafter. "Whut dat you put in dat li'l daid nigger's ear?"

"Aw, nothin' much," explained the prideful Henry modestly before the astounded M.D.s. "He be back befo' long. I jes' whisper in he ear dat de doctors done gone out to call in Doc' Alexander in he case—and he better hurry!"

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May First has been set aside by the nation as a day on which mothers and

fathers, philanthropists and public-spirited men and women, interested in America's future, join in one great purpose—the big, important work of checking up the health of the children of this country.

It is a great forward step to set aside a definite day to have eyes, ears, noses, throats, and teeth examined for possible physical defects. But why stop half-way? Examine minds just as thoroughly for possible mental troubles.

In May, then, after you good fathers and mothers have found out whether or not your children are sound and healthy, physically, you will want to have an old-fashioned, heart-to-heart talk with

the youngsters and learn what they are thinking about, who their companions are, and where they spend their time.

More especially will you want to do this if you have ever spent a few hours in a Juvenile Court where you will have learned that the young offender, in nearly every instance, lands in court because of bad companions or want of proper home training.

Lacking a friend at home, a child may need a friend at court.



Each year more than 200,000 children are brought before the Juvenile Courts charged with more or less serious offenses. Seventy-five per cent of all adult offenders begin their criminal careers before reaching the age of 21. The steps are fast from petty thieving to murder.

In the three year period, 1923, 1924 and 1925, the homicide mortality rate in the United States mounted to the highest point ever recorded.

In 1926 there were approximately 10,000 homicides. In recent years our homicide rate has been 600% greater than that of Canada and 1400% greater than that of England and Wales.

Even the best of children develop tendencies hard for parents to understand. These faults, if uncorrected, may produce serious consequences. As Judge Arnold of the Juvenile Court of Cook County, Illinois, says, "The first job of a parent of a boy is to understand him, not only physically and morally, but emotionally."

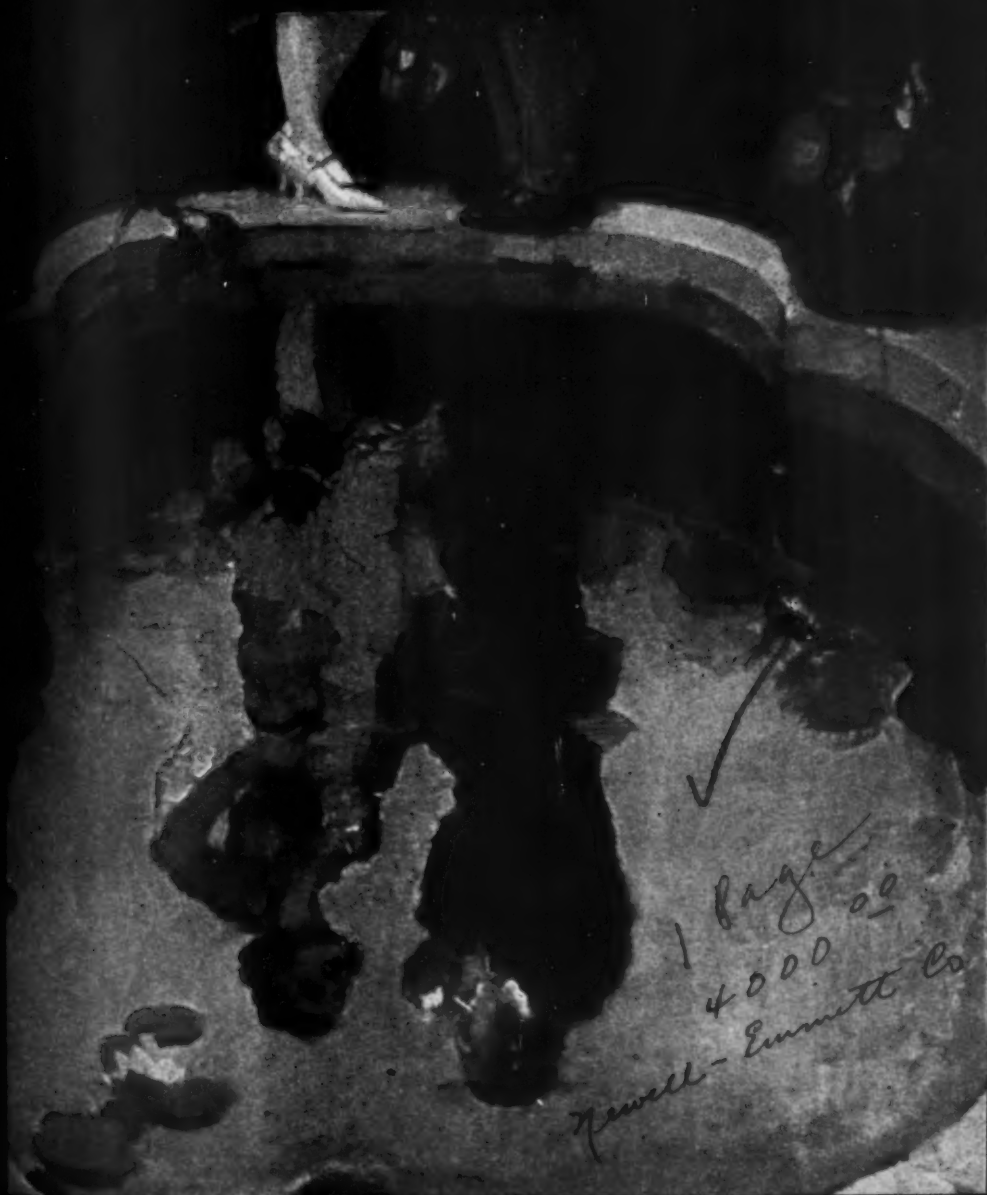
The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "The Mind of the Child". It may help you to deal fairly and wisely with your children in solving the many vexing problems that come up in connection with them. Send for it. It will be mailed without cost.

HALEY FISKE, President.

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